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CUBA OF TODAY



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BY

A. HYATT VERRILL

AUTHOR OF "PORTO RICO, PAST AND PRESENT,"
"PANAMA OF TODAY," ETC.

With Illustrations



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INTRODUCTION

I DOUBT if any country—not even excepting California—has been more widely advertised than Cuba. And, unfortunately, in their overwhelming desire to “sell” Cuba and to lure more and more visitors to the island’s shores, the Cubans, and the Americans interested in Cuba, have grossly exaggerated many of their statements. Not that Cuba is not admirable in many respects. One might confine oneself to the most conservative statements and yet paint a glowing word picture of the island and its manifold attractions. There is no necessity and no excuse for overrating the island’s charms and advantages. But those who have a personal or public interest in the island have been carried away by their own enthusiasm and have—either unwittingly or for business reasons—ignored everything that might in any way be considered adverse to the island or might by any possibility prevent visitors from going there. If we believe the tour companies, the steamship folders and the hotel advertisements, the island is a veritable Eden with never a serpent to mar its paradisical perfection. In fact Cuba’s praises have been sung so loudly and so insistently that

one becomes a bit suspicious of flies in the ointment, so to speak.

Anyone who has traveled about to any great extent is quite aware that no spot on this earth is absolutely perfect. And anyone at all familiar with the tropics and semi-tropics, and with Latin America, has learned by observation and experience that there invariably are drawbacks—objectionable features and faults that must exist.

We are told that Cuba is the “most beautiful country in the world”; that its climate is the “most perfect on earth”; that Havana is the “Paris of America,” etc. Such statements actually do more harm than good. It would be far better for a visitor to Cuba to find it better than expected and so be agreeably surprised rather than to find it far below what he had expected, and so be disagreeably disappointed. The truth of the matter is that Cuba is no better and no worse than any other semi-tropical land, in as far as climate, insect pests, natural conditions and surroundings are concerned. Its climate is no more perfect than that of any other West Indian island—and not so good as the climate of many. Scenically it cannot compare with the Lesser Antilles, with Porto Rico, Santo Domingo or Jurnaien. And Havana is by no means so beautiful, so exotic, so attractive, so colorful or so replete with historic interests as many other Latin-American cities. Practically every Spanish-American capital lays

claim to being the Paris of America, though why any of them should desire to compare their attractions with those of Paris is incomprehensible to me.

On the other hand Cuba *does* possess many attractions and many qualities not found elsewhere in the American tropics or semi-tropics. No other Latin-American city possesses more modernities, more comforts, luxuries and attractive shops; more imposing buildings, more beautiful avenues and parks or more up-to-date hotels than those of Havana. And in point of health and cleanliness it leads the world. Neither can anyone deny that there is no other city where there are more ways and means of enticing the money from visitors' pockets, or that the Cubans are the world's past masters of the fine art of inducing their visitors to part with their funds.

Moreover, Cuba's proximity to the United States, the rapid and adequate steamship and air-plane services between the two countries, the fact that no bothersome passports or other red tape are required to enter or leave Cuba, are all matters in which Cuba stands alone.

In short, taken by and large, from the point of view of the transient, the tourist or the winter visitor, Cuba's admirable features far outweigh those less desirable.

But don't be carried away with the idea that Cuba is a Paradise on earth. Don't expect to find

the island a place of scenic wonders and transcendent beauty, for if you do you will be horribly disappointed when you see Cuba.

And don't think that the Cubans love us Americans. I have lived in Latin America for more years than I like to recall, and I have yet to find the Latin-American country whose people have any real love—I might even say friendship—for the *Gringoes*. They may be outwardly courteous, urbane, even hospitable, but in their hearts they hate and detest us as a race, though they may like us individually. But the Latin Americans are, by nature and by custom, polite and past masters at dissembling, and they know on which side their bread is buttered, as the saying goes. As long as the North Americans have money to spend (and in the eyes of Latin Americans all of our countrymen are millionaires) our neighbors to the south are willing to tolerate us for the sake of our pocketbooks. Not that I blame them. We—or our government—have given them cause enough to detest and mistrust us. We are doing rather better today than we have done in the past when dealing with our Latin America sister republics; we are beginning to learn, beginning to realize that the Latin Americans are not a lot of uncivilized, crude, semi-barbarous beings on whom we can foist incompetent consuls and ambassadors from the backwoods, on whom we can unload inferior merchandise, and over whose heads we can wave

the "big stick" as if they were a crowd of unruly hoodlums. We may eventually learn to keep our hands off their private affairs and their politics, and we may some day learn to treat them like our equals and cease to regard them with our unwarranted and irritating air of superiority.

Perhaps when that millennium arrives the Latin Americans may acquire a genuine friendship for the *Gringoes*, but until then they will continue to regard us as the barbarians, as meddlesome busybodies whose sole redeeming feature is that we possess unlimited funds which they can borrow in time of need and which we are willing to spend for what they have to sell and for the sake of visiting their countries.

And as the Cubans depend very largely upon the tourist trade and upon North American visitors for their incomes, they are wise enough not to show or express their true feelings, and thus jeopardize their own interests. Moreover, as the Cubans, perhaps through contact with ourselves, have as a whole lost quite a large percentage of the traditional Spanish politeness and polish, it is not at all unusual to find Cubans—and more particularly the petty officials—woefully lacking even in ordinary courtesy when dealing with North Americans.

That fact, however, should not deter anyone from visiting Cuba. When it comes right down to brass tacks, there are very few countries on this

earth where the people *do* love Americans. We seem to possess the unhappy faculty of rubbing most other races the wrong way; but that does not prevent us from being the most insistent and insatiable globe-trotters in the world. And there are plenty of Cubans who are delightful, charming, hospitable and really friendly folk and who take individuals at their face value instead of judging all by the few.

Besides, Cuba is Cuba and Havana is Havana and both are unique. Both possess attractions unlike those of any other spot, and, as long as there is no such thing as perfection on this old earth, Cuba and its really fascinating capital may still lay claim to being the ideal winter playground for visitors from the north.

Each year more and more visitors flock to the island; each year more and more of these visitors take their automobiles with them to Cuba, and while vast stores of information—in the form of leaflets, folders, guides and propaganda—are distributed, yet a very large portion of those who visit or intend to visit Cuba, are at a complete loss when it comes to accurate and unbiased information regarding the republic and its capital.

This book is intended to supply this knowledge and to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about Cuba, Havana and the Cubans.

Sixteen years ago *Cuba Past and Present* was written. The book met with a flattering reception

both in the United States and in Cuba, and recently, at a meeting of the Havana Rotary Club, on the occasion when the new American Minister, Mr. Guggenheim, was tendered a reception, one of the leading Cubans present paid me the compliment of declaring publicly that no one had ever written a book on Cuba that was as good as *Cuba Past and Present*.

The present book has been written to supplant the former work; for Cuba, and more especially Havana, have altered far too much during sixteen years to permit of *Cuba Past and Present* being revised and brought up to date.

It has been my aim to make *Cuba of Today* as informative, as wide in its scope, as replete with facts and figures as was *Cuba Past and Present*, and in addition to make it a far more readable and interesting volume. I have endeavored to describe matters as they are and not as we might wish to have them. If certain illusions are destroyed, if the Cubans do not feel flattered or complimented by certain of my statements, it cannot be avoided without deliberately misrepresenting or else ignoring facts. And if here and there I have criticized certain matters, I have found many more matters on which to bestow unstinted praise. Besides, criticism is sometimes of more real value than praise, at least when it is constructive criticism.

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CUBA OF TODAY

CHAPTER I

THEN AND NOW

NEVER shall I forget my first view of Havana; Havana at sunrise nearly forty years ago when the red and gold banner of Spain fluttered in the early morning breeze above grim old Morro and tourists were undreamed of in Cuba.

Bathed in the rosy light of dawn the city seemed unreal, almost a phantasmal thing—more like a painting than an actuality—with its low flat-topped, multicolored houses above an amethyst and turquoise sea, with a background of hazy green hills. Spirals of blue smoke rose upward in the still air, only the crowing of cocks and the tinkling of mule bells broke the silence as the ship slipped through the narrow channel between Morro and La Punta fort and dropped anchor in the crowded, shark-infested, filth-recking harbor.

Today Havana presents a very different picture. The sea is as blue as ever, the sunrise is as gorgeously beautiful as of yore, and Morro is almost unaltered; but above the ancient fortress the lone-star flag of Cuba flutters from its staff, the pastel-colored houses have vanished, and high above the sea of flat-roofed buildings rise great palatial hotels, immense office buildings, and, most conspicuous of all, the mighty golden dome and

imposing bulk of Cuba's eighteen-million-dollar capitol. And even at daybreak the air hums and vibrates with the multitudinous noises of a teeming, busy modern city, a city of more than half a million inhabitants, with streets and avenues crowded with automobiles, with trolley cars and busses and—during the winter months—swarming with tourists.

Even the harbor has been transformed. No longer does the filth and sewerage cover its surface with a veritable crust. No longer does it swarm with sharks. It is as free of the one as the other, and great concrete and steel docks line the entire water front of the city, culminating in the superb Ward Line five-million-dollar terminal.

Even greater changes have taken place in the city itself. In the old Spanish days, when I first knew Havana, it was a delightfully foreign, exotic spot, more picturesque, more redolent of romance—yes, even dirtier and more malodorous—than many a city of Old Spain. Over its narrow, roughly cobbled streets gaily caparisoned mules with jangling bells drew rumbling, rattling carts. Brigandish-looking, fiercely moustached rascals, in broad hats, short jackets, scarlet sashes and sandals, cracked their long whips and cursed volubly in Spanish at their tassel- and brass-decked beasts. Women in high combs and mantillas peered curiously at strangers from behind iron window grills. One either walked or rode, in

jolting, lurching *coches* or *volantes*, from the tumble-down sheds, that served as docks, to the central plaza or elsewhere. Everywhere were sidewalk cafés such as one finds in Madrid or Paris; everywhere were strutting gorgeously uniformed Spanish officers and barefooted, woeful-looking Spanish soldiers and police. And everywhere was filth—decaying fruit, pools of green, slimy, stagnant water with repulsive black vultures gorging themselves on offal. With all its exotic picturesque charm Havana in those days was a pesthole, a city where plague, typhoid and yellow fever raged unchecked and where—after nightfall—one took one's life in one's hands if one ventured into a side street or about the water front where street lights were unknown and thugs and cutthroats lurked in every black doorway and shadow.

Today the streets of the city are all of asphalt or concrete. One drives in a motor car wherever one goes. *Coches* and horse-drawn vehicles have practically disappeared; motor trucks and chauffeurs have supplanted the besashed muleteers and their bedecked mules, and the *volante* is as extinct as the dodo. High combs and mantillas have given way to short skirts, bobbed hair and the conventional feminine attire of New York, Paris or London. Gone are the sidewalk cafés with their iron tables and chairs. Smartly uniformed police direct the congested traffic, operate the signal lights, patrol the streets and help out confused strangers

courteously and efficiently. Few cities anywhere are more brilliantly electrically illuminated. One is safer anywhere in Havana than in New York or any other large North American city. No city in the entire world can lay better claim to being a genuine spotless town, and Havana of today is the world's most healthful city.

Unquestionably the tremendous changes that have taken place in Havana since Cuba won her independence have all been for the best. No one can deny that its modern buildings, its great hotels, its paved streets and avenues, its vast civic improvements, its sanitation and its amazing beautification have transformed Havana from an all but impossible sink of disease and iniquity to one of the finest, most beautiful, healthful and orderly towns in the world. But the great pity is that, in this transformation, much, in fact most, of the city's real charm—its romance, its color, its strangeness—have been lost. Today Havana is not—with the exception of a few spots—either unusual or particularly interesting. As far as life, customs, business, people, shops and nearly all other features are concerned, Havana differs little from any other city. Electric signs, motion pictures, automobile salesrooms, the American magazines and papers, and, most of all, American tourists, have almost destroyed everything typical of the country and the city. Havana is rapidly becoming Americanized; English is spoken almost

as much as Spanish, and before many years have passed Havana will have become little more than a suburb of New York.

To me and to the few others who visited Cuba in the old days, the island's charm lay in its delightfully colorful, exotic, old-world atmosphere and its fascinatingly foreign characters, features and customs. But those are all things of the past. One may find stranger customs, more unusual sights and a far more foreign atmosphere in certain sections of any of our large cities than in Havana. All that was once so alluringly redolent of Old Spain has vanished along with the sidewalk cafés, the roughly cobbled streets, the gaily caparisoned mule teams, the besashed, brigandish mule-teers, the mantillas and the Spanish flag.

Today the attractions that annually lure thousands to Cuba are very different from those of the past. Its proximity and accessibility are strong points in its favor. It is an ideal spot, only a few hours from our own shores, wherein one may escape all the rigors of a northern winter. It has become almost as fashionable a winter resort as the Riviera, Palm Beach or the Lido. There is a magnificent and exclusive country club with wonderful golf links; three yacht clubs, the alluring and fashionable playa or bathing beach, and the world-famous race course. And finally it is the nearest most accessible spot where there is a palatial casino—a veritable Monte Carlo in miniature.

—dedicated to the goddess of chance in every form, and where liquid refreshments of every variety are good, safe, abundant and cheap. Possessing all these attractions and more; with wonderful opportunities for making "Whoopee" unrestrained; with splendid motor highways stretching far into the interior; with bathing, yachting, fishing, polo—every form of sport and pastime—and only two hours by plane or a few hours by steamer from Florida, and less than three days from New York, it is no wonder that Cuba has become such a prime favorite resort for thousands of pleasure-seeking North Americans, not only during the winter but in the summer as well.

Considering all this, in view of the fact that the Cubans have devoted every energy to luring tourists to their shores and American dollars to their pockets, considering that Havana and the Havanese have specialized, commercialized and modernized their city primarily and principally with the sole purpose of affording modern comforts and luxuries and ultra modern forms of entertainment and recreation for American visitors, it is rather remarkable that any of the old Havana should remain. But it does persist in spite of and not because of the modernization of the city, and to a certain extent the Cubans realize that historic spots and a foreign atmosphere have a strong appeal to strangers. They still feature their old Morro, the vast rambling Cabaña fortress, and the

few old edifices scattered about Havana. But they would find a still stronger attraction—and even greater profits—in the old time sidewalk cafés, the jangling, betasselled mule teams, the gaudily awninged streets, the high combs and mantillas and the multicolored buildings could they restore them for the delectation and delight of tourists.

But if the Cubans cannot restore that which they have lost, neither can they completely destroy that which remains—that is, not until the city is completely razed and rebuilt. Until then we shall still find the ancient, narrow, cañon-like streets between massive-walled buildings with iron-grilled windows and facings of Spanish tiles; with their patios, their flat roofs and their out-jutting balconies. And to those who did not know Havana in the old Spanish days the city will still appear a delightful, quaint and most interesting spot.

WHEN one first enters the harbor of Havana one feels most keenly the disadvantage of not being able to be in two places at the same time. On the one side rise the gray bulks of old Morro and Cabáña castle, the heights of Regla, the observatory, and many another interesting sight, while on the opposite side lies Havana itself, the old La Punta fort, the glorious Malecon drive, the magnificent Prado, the sea of flat roofs, the lofty modern buildings, the great National hotel, and, dwarfing, dominating all, the golden dome and massive bulk of the Capitol—perhaps the most incongruous note in the whole of Cuba. As the ship slips farther into the harbor, the waterside docks, the shipping, the chugging launches and busy traffic of the port, together with the streams of automobiles, busses and clanging trolley cars ashore, bring vividly to the stranger the fact that Havana is a busy, noisy, commercial center as well as a pleasure resort and a semi-tropical playground.

Few ports in the world possess finer concrete docks. They are modern in every sense of the word, and the stranger—reading the printed instructions on the Cuban baggage declaration forms—may quite reasonably expect that the busi-

ness of landing and of passing the ordeal of the Customs is carried on in an equally modern and up-to-date manner. But never believe too implicitly in what you read or hear—nor, for that matter, even in what you see—in Cuba. One of the Cubans' great failings is their love of gesture—their desire to impress the stranger. Their mammoth, eighteen-million-dollar Capitol, with a seventy-carat diamond set in the floor beneath the dome—a capitol large enough and magnificent enough to serve the greatest nation on earth—is a typical example of this Cuban characteristic, and the same almost childish love of outward show is everywhere in evidence. The printed directions on the declaration forms inform all and sundry that their baggage will be placed under the numbers corresponding to their staterooms, and instruct the new arrival to wait until all of his or her impedimenta has been gathered in its proper place and then notify the nearest inspector, exactly (apparently) as one would do in New York.

It all reads most promisingly and savors of machinelike efficiency and order. But all order and efficiency end with the printed words. Once within the customs shed, it is pandemonium. Officials, negro porters, hotel runners, guides, transfer agents, disembarking passengers and welcoming friends rush, crowd, jostle, scream, shout, gabble, swear and sweat like a New York subway crowd during rush hours. Trunks, bags and other

luggage are thrown here, there and everywhere, regardless of order or ownership. One must dash hither and yon, searching wildly for one's property, pouncing upon a piece here, another there, until at last—provided one has good luck and is a skilled hunter—all are more or less reasonably together on some bench. Then one peers about in search of the "nearest" inspector. There are inspectors everywhere; some lazily and half-heartedly examining the contents of some passenger's baggage, others chatting and smoking quite oblivious of the fact that a dozen or more passengers are gesticulating wildly and are vociferously demanding that they examine the waiting baggage. As likely as not the "nearest" will ignore every request—in Spanish or English—and will wander to some distant spot to begin an examination; or—when at last one has managed to corral an official, he may—in fact the chances are ten to one he will—leave one's baggage half examined and begin the examination of some other person's luggage, perhaps eventually to return or perhaps to completely disappear.

Neither is it possible to foresee what may or may not happen when a Cuban customs inspector once takes it into his head to inspect. Although the Cuban rules are very liberal and visitors are permitted to import almost anything they desire for their personal use, and although no declaration as to the contents of baggage is demanded,

and although in the majority of cases the examination is more of a formality than anything else—still, one never knows. The psychology of the Cuban is absolutely unfathomable. For no reason whatsoever, an official may take it into his head to go through one's luggage with a fine tooth comb. He may dump every article onto the dirty bench or floor, paw the contents over piece by piece, examine every separate article with the intense interest and minuteness of a scientist discovering some new and undreamed of form of life. He may tear out the linings of bags or trunks, rip containers to pieces and—in his inexplicable search for something which even he cannot explain—he may order one stripped naked and searched to the skin. I am not exaggerating. This has been done and done without the slightest reason, the least cause, the least explanation and—naturally—without the least result save the humiliation, the shame and the insult to the innocent victim of some ignorant, pig-headed Cuban's whim.

Only a few months ago an American lady—the wife of an Englishman who is an official in a large American industry in Havana—fell a victim to this sort of thing. Though she had declared and paid the required tax on two cartons of cigarettes, though her baggage had been examined and nothing dutiable found, the inspector not only ripped her trunks apart and dumped all her possessions upon the floor, but ordered her stripped and

searched by a female inspector. In vain her husband protested. In vain he demanded an explanation or a reason for the action. Nothing availed, and the unfortunate young lady—who had been under a physician's care and was in a highly nervous and delicate state—was seized, stripped and searched, without of course finding anything dutiable or contraband. The only excuse offered for this inexcusable and humiliating ordeal was that the lady had a "bulge" in her dress, which she did not declare or reveal, although the officials admitted that the matron's search proved the "bulge" perfectly natural. Obviously a boyish form possesses distinct advantages when ladies are dealing with the Cuban customs. But the most astonishing part of the entire affair was that the Cuban Ambassador to the United States declared, in writing, that the proceeding was "no more than is customary when dealing with the thousands of tourists who visit Havana." So if we are to accept the word of Cuba's representative in Washington, all American women who visit Cuba may confidently expect to be stripped and searched—especially if their contours disclose "bulges"!

But, once past the customs, the visitor to Cuba is welcomed with—well if not with open arms, at least with outstretched hands. In the minds of the Havanese all tourists are fair game. One cannot blame the natives overmuch for this attitude. Very largely the visitors have only themselves to

blame—or rather their fellow countrymen. For some inexplicable reason the shrewdest, most hard-headed American business men—and women—appear completely to lose all common sense and idea of values once they join the tourist class. They become the most gullible and easily cheated of people, and, judging by results, they place implicit faith in whatever a jitney driver, a professional guide, a peddler or any other fakir tells them. Often, when watching the remarkable behavior of American tourists in Cuba and elsewhere, I have felt much as did the farmer when he first saw a giraffe: that “there ain’t no such critter!”

Although abundant literature and leaflets aboard every ship contain explicit information regarding the jitney fares, the tariffs for livery cars, porters, baggage transfers and similar matters, and although every licensed chauffeur of a public vehicle is obliged to produce a printed tariff upon request, and although everyone knows or should know that the taxi fare is twenty cents for one or two persons anywhere in Havana, yet visitors nine times out of ten never question the charge of some swarthy taxi driver who barefacedly charges a dollar to drive the new arrivals from the dock to a hotel. It is the same everywhere. The average tourist at once advertises himself or herself as a sucker ready to be trimmed, and the Cubans are past masters at trimming. I have repeatedly seen

tourists purchasing strings of cheap glass beads—both from sidewalk vendors and at the curio counters in the hotels—and paying three, four or even five dollars for beads which are displayed in the Woolworth ten cent stores across the street and which may be bought anywhere in the States for a few cents. Strings of palpably artificial red coral are avidly bought at prices which would be exorbitant for the genuine article, the apparently sane tourists accepting as incontrovertible truth the Syrian peddlers' assurances that they are native Cuban coral! Curios of every description are purchased as native Cuban, although their counterparts marked "Made in Germany" are for sale in every hole in the wall on Broadway and Sixth Avenue. And this despite the fact that there are plenty of genuine and interesting Cuban products—fans, native wooden articles, snake- and alligator-skin objects—for sale at reasonable prices. So why should we blame the Cubans, the Spaniards, the Syrians or the Turks if they profit by the childishness of full grown men and women whose money seems to burn holes in their pockets once they set foot on Cuban soil?

Neither should we waste sympathy on the visitors who—thinking to be really devilish—flock to third-rate (but thoroughly orderly and respectable) cabarets and pay a dollar for a drink—either of ginger ale or watered spirits. Perhaps this mania for recklessly throwing away money is a

local disease to which the resident foreigners and the natives are immune. Perhaps it is the result of visitors' fear of being considered pikers or close-fisted. Or again it may and very probably is the result of the terrific rates charged by hotels, restaurants and practically every business during the winter season. Rooms that ordinarily—from May until January—may be had for two or three dollars a day soar to twenty or even thirty dollars daily during the time of the tourist invasion or, as the Cubans call it—"the second sugar crop." Restaurant prices, the prices of practically every luxury and necessity, go skyward in unison, and the stranger who visits Cuba during the winter must literally "pay through his or her nose." No wonder the Cubans think all Americans millionaires! No one but a millionaire could—legitimately—afford to pay the exorbitant rates in vogue in Havana during the time when the tourist harvest is ripe for the garnering.

Yet there is much to be said for the Cuban side of the matter. For practically nine months in the year, Cuba and Havana are deserted by strangers who visit the island for pleasure only. For nine months the great palatial hotels, the restaurants, the cabarets are almost empty. For nine months the merchants—of whom there are fully six times as many as are warranted by Havana's resident population and purchasing power—barely manage to exist. Then comes the wave of winter visitors,

and tourists flock like swarms of locusts into Havana. For three months—if the season is a good one—they will arrive by airplanes and steamers at the rate of hundreds—often thousands—per day. Hotels will be filled to overflowing. Jitneys and livery cars will be in constant demand. Restaurants will be taxed to their capacity. The streets will be thronged, the cabarets, the Jai Alai *fronton*, the *playa*—every resort, every place of entertainment, every historic and most non-historic spots will be crowded with Panama-hatted, golf-trouserered, Kodak-equipped, gaping-mouthed visitors from the north. The second sugar crop will have matured and in three short months interpreters, guides, taxi drivers, livery car owners, sightseeing busses, restaurant keepers, dealers in curios, cabaret performers, gambling houses, saloons, bars, hotels and what not, must garner the crop of dollars that provides practically their entire annual income.

And just so long as Americans will uncomplainingly part with their money without getting value received, just so long as they will offer themselves as fair prey to every Tom, Dick and Harry, to be fleeced at every turn, the Cubans—and the American hotel proprietors in Havana as well—will make their pecuniary hay while the tourist sun shines—and the more power to them, say I.

Of course the above does not apply to all visitors to Cuba. There are many who go to the

island again and again, who know the ropes, who speak Spanish, who cannot be swindled, who are "wise" to the Cubans' ways, who are familiar with places and prices, and who can pass the winter in Havana without expending a fortune, and who get value received. There are many others who—though strangers to Cuba—are experienced travelers, who do not lose their heads—and their money—the moment they arrive in a foreign port, who have no desire to make a splurge, who know what to expect, what they want and how to go about getting it. Very quickly the natives learn to discriminate. Now and then some novice or over-zealous guide or sightseeing promoter may accost one of these "wise" ones. But as a rule the Cuban seems to be blest with an almost uncanny intuition and ability to recognize the "tenderfoot," the out-and-out tourist. But even for the most seasoned and blasé traveler, Cuba is undeniably an expensive spot in winter. Even the resident Americans and British find it a costly land in which to live, and, while certain commodities and necessities—meat, vegetables, native fruits and products, and a few other items—are cheaper than in the States, rents, servants, clothing, furniture—nearly every luxury and the majority of necessities—are far higher in price than in New York or in any other North American or European city.

So do not expect to find Cuba a cheap place to

visit—even in summer when everything is at its cheapest. And if you wish to see Cuba and Havana, and desire to see the island and its capital without expending an inordinate amount of money, and are not thrilled by rubbing elbows with fame, fashion and fortunes, by all means choose the spring or summer for your visit. You may find it a trifle warm—though never as unbearably humid and hot as New York. You may have a few rainy days, and you will find most of the tawdry, mediocre cabarets and the race course closed. But you will find bathing at its best. You will find roulette, baccarat, crasp and every other form of gaming in full swing. You will find fruits and vegetables at their finest. You will find anything you desire in the way of accommodations—both in location and in price—available. You will be able to secure a much more intimate insight into Cuban life and customs. You will see the outlying country, the vegetation, the flowers—the gorgeous poincianas in all their very glory; and, best of all, you will be able to secure anything and everything you desire at less than one third of what it will cost your friends who visit the island during the winter months.

I often have been asked if a knowledge of Spanish is essential in order to make a visit to Cuba enjoyable and satisfactory. It depends largely upon circumstances. If one plans to remain in or about Havana, Spanish is by no means necessary.

English is spoken in all the hotels, in the great majority of the restaurants, in the cabarets, the Casino, at the Playa, by a large number of the police, by most of the chauffeurs of livery cars and jitneys, and by clerks in most of the better stores and shops. On the other hand, if one plans to visit the outlying country, to motor or travel in the interior of the island, a working knowledge of Spanish is essential if one is to get on without a vast amount of trouble and irritation. But in either case, the person who understands and speaks Spanish—even to a limited extent—is at a tremendous advantage. Not only does he obtain a better insight of Cuban ways and customs, but he saves himself a great deal of trouble, time and expense, besides occupying a very different status—in the estimation of Cubans—from that of non-Spanish-speaking visitors.

To the Cubans the line drawn between tourists to be fleeced *ab libitum*, and non-tourists to be dealt with cautiously and with a certain amount of respect, is measured by the strangers' ignorance or knowledge of Spanish. Once a visitor speaks Spanish and can haggle or protest in that language, the attitude of the native son completely alters, and prices drop by leaps and bounds. To be sure, even the Spanish-speaking stranger may, and nine times out of ten will, be charged far more than the native or the resident foreigner. But, unless he deliberately wishes to be cheated and

overcharged, he will secure anything and everything (aside from accommodations in the big hotels) far more cheaply than his fellow countrymen, whose ignorance of Spanish at once stamps them with the hall mark of the tourist. And once a visitor is known to speak Spanish, he will be almost, if not entirely, relieved of the exasperating importunities of the army of touts, guides and interpreters who swarm everywhere during the season. So if you plan visiting Cuba for more than a day or two, by all means try and acquire a working knowledge of the Spanish tongue.

CHAPTER III

ROUND HAVANA

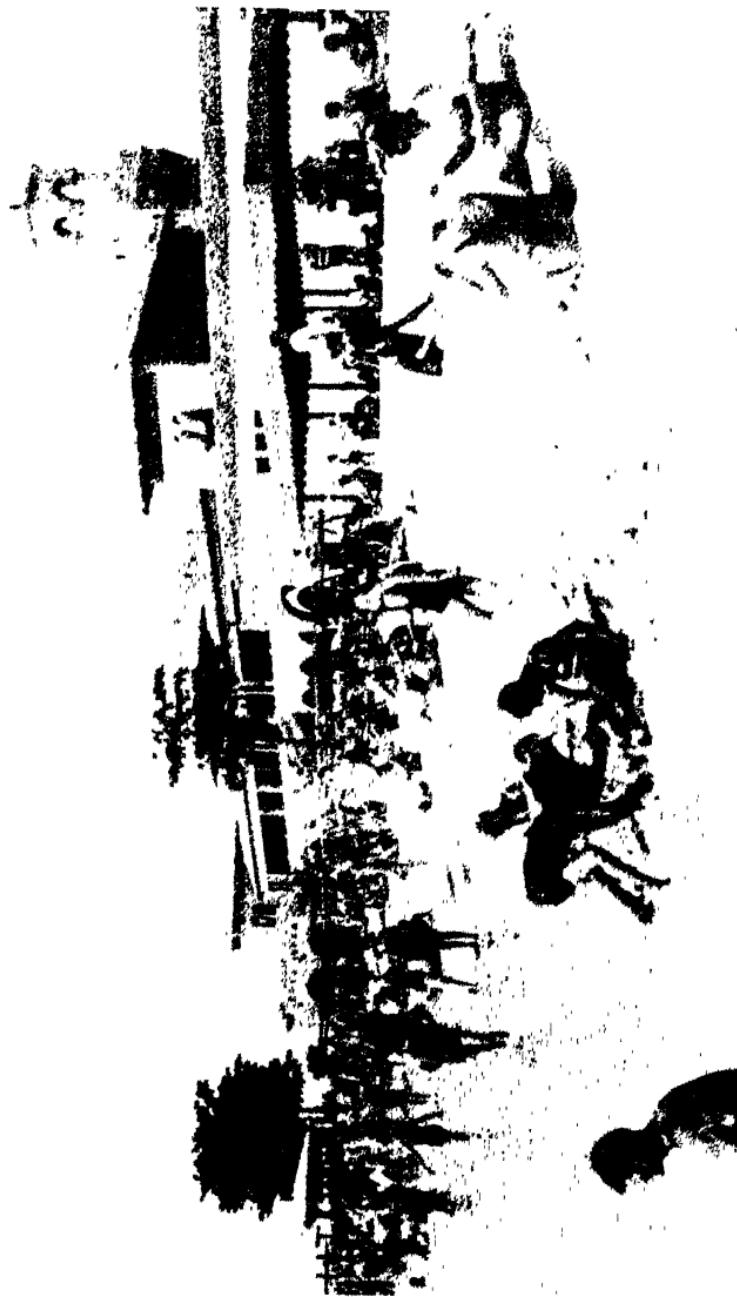
FORTUNATELY the oldest and most interesting portion of Havana is that in the vicinity of the docks and water front, so that the visitor, as he drives from the pier to the central plaza, where are centered most of the hotels and modern buildings, passes from the old to the new and obtains a sort of cross-sectional impression of the city's growth and progress.

Here in the older portion of the town are the narrow, ancient streets, often barely ten feet in width—veritable cañons between massive old Spanish buildings fronting directly on the strips of sidewalk—the hoary old churches and the majority of historic structures. Through these thoroughfares, where the dweller in one house may almost literally shake hands with a neighbor across the way, there flows a steady stream of modern traffic, incongruously out of place where all the surroundings, the very atmosphere, are redolent of centuries past. And the stranger cannot fail to be filled with wonder that collisions, traffic jams and blockades do not constantly occur. Motor cars, lumbering busses, clanging trolley cars rumble, rattle, shriek and roar in a steady procession. But the streets are all one-way traffic thorough-

fares and, while collisions seem imminent at every blind corner, accidents seldom occur.

It seems little short of miraculous that the vehicles find space to pass between the buildings, and still more miraculous that they can navigate the sharp, short corners. In many places, as a matter of fact, there really isn't enough space; at many corners the ends of the trolley cars actually scrape the walls of the houses, and pedestrians upon the sidewalks must flatten themselves against the buildings or must dodge within the nearest doorway to avoid being crushed when a trolley car or bus passes.

In places, too, the ancient buildings are joined by bridge-like passageways, spanning the streets, while ever and anon one comes most unexpectedly upon some tiny, sleepy, almost forgotten plaza, like an oasis in the wilderness of crowded buildings and the labyrinth of cañon-like streets. Very often, so narrow are these downtown highways and so closely packed the buildings, that from a motor car it is next to impossible to catch sight of some of Havana's most historic old edifices. Packed in between warehouses, shops, tenements and other buildings, are fine old churches and convents—massive fortress-like structures of gray coral rock, centuries old, with discordant clanging bells and interiors veritable treasure houses of faded tapestries, discolored Old Masters and once magnificent furnishings.

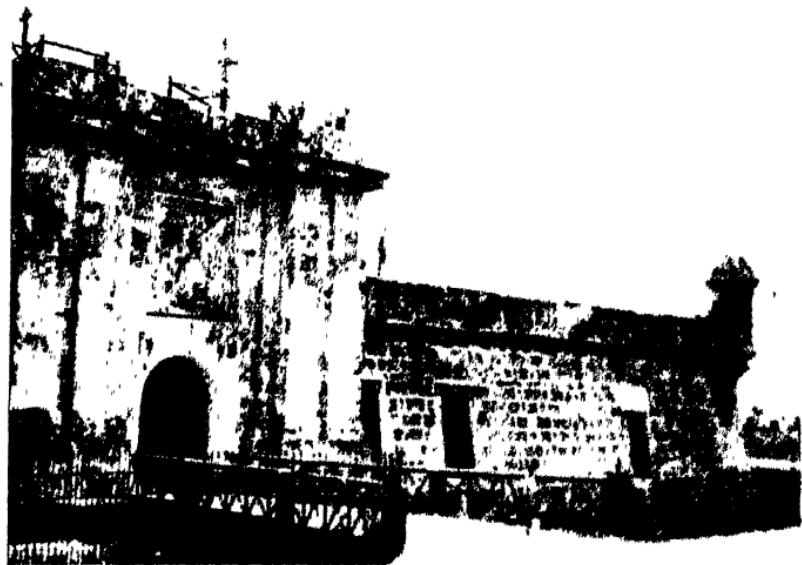


Courtesy, "Havana Post"

Cuba's "Lido." The beach at La Playa, Havana.



The old San Francisco Church, now the Customs House and Post Office, Havana.



A corner of Principe Fort, Havana.

But to see these, to find the historic spots tucked away in Havana, one should go exploring afoot. In one's first drive through the city one catches only the briefest of glimpses of old Havana before being whisked as if by magic into the new city with its wide avenues, its great plazas, its modern concrete buildings, its palatial hotels, its electric signs and its gigantic Capitol. But if you are interested in the romantically historic old, rather than in the garishly modern new, the glimpses afforded will whet your appetite for more.

In olden days Havana was surrounded by an immensely strong and heavily fortified city wall with lantern-like sentry boxes at every angle. But years ago the city burst its bounds and spread fanwise far beyond the walls. Only remnants of the structure now remain here and there. One such is near the new Presidential Palace, another is near the Capitol, another at the foot of the Prado, with a few others elsewhere, all carefully preserved monuments to the past. Yet the limits once set by the ancient wall may still be traced by the character of the streets and buildings, the line of demarcation between the old and the new being almost as sharply defined as though they were two distinct cities, the nucleus of the one being the Plaza de Armas and that of the other the Central Plaza.

To be sure a few modern buildings have been

erected here and there in the old part of the city, and a few ancient structures and narrow old streets may be found in the newer portion, but these are exceptions rather than the rule.

The Plaza de Armas in Spanish days was the hub, the official center of Havana, and is the oldest portion of the city, dating from 1519. It was here that the founders of Havana first landed, the spot being marked by the "Templete" on the eastern or harbor side of the square. Above the little building spreads a silk-cotton tree, an offshoot of the original ceiba tree in whose shade the first Mass was said in Cuba. A few rods to the north stands an equally historic pile—the La Fuerza fort, the oldest building in Havana. Built in 1538 by Fernando de Soto, it was—in those days—deemed the most powerful fortification in all Spanish America. And when, a year after its completion, De Soto sailed for Florida, he left his wife, Doña Isabel, within the safety of the massive walls of La Fuerza. Here for four long years she waited patiently, gazing seaward each dawn in hopes of the joyous sight of the returning ships of her adventurer husband, whose body rested beneath the waters of the Mississippi, until, realizing there was no longer hope, she died of grief and a broken heart.

Though De Soto is always associated with the discovery of the Mississippi, few realize that he played a most important part in the conquest of

Peru. Of all the romantic adventurous Dons of his day, De Soto was by all odds the most chivalrous, the most humane and the most admirable; and in the building of La Fuerza he proved himself as unusual an engineer as he had proved himself an unusual conqueror. For centuries the grim old fort stoutly and successfully withstood the assaults of pirates, buccaneers and all enemies of Spain, and only fell when the guns of Morro were trained upon it by the British forces under Vernon.

For centuries it was not only a fortress but a treasure house. Within its walls have been stored millions in gold, silver and precious gems, the cargoes of galleons and plate ships from Peru and Mexico, incalculable fortunes awaiting convoy to Spain and once within La Fuerza, safe from even the redoubtable Drake or the dreaded Morgan.

Once neglected, falling to bits, its moat filled with rubbish and filth, this famous old fort was rescued from its impending fate at the time of the American invasion and now, partially restored and used as a barracks, it is preserved as a most historically interesting monument of Cuba's past. Unfortunately the other ancient buildings fronting on the Plaza de Armas have been so extensively remodeled and restored that little of their original form or character remains. The old Presidential Palace on the west, once the residence of Governors General and the center of all the

pomp and ceremony of a Spanish court, was until recently a most interesting spot. Its spacious patio filled with flowers and palms, and containing a magnificent statue of Columbus, its throne room with its gorgeously upholstered golden furniture, its splendid hangings and its regal fittings, its broad marble stairways and its stands of arms were all redolent of the days when Spain was the greatest power in the New World.

But today the president occupies a new and thoroughly modern palace up town. The massive old structure on the Plaza de Armas has been stripped of its wonderful old furnishings and has been so rebuilt that little, aside from the age-gray stone of its walls, remains. And to complete the modernizing of the square whereon the first settlers offered up their prayers, huge, ugly concrete and steel office buildings have supplanted the old Spanish structures and look down supereciliously upon the once famed fortress, the once proud palace and the tiny Templete with its centuries-old ceiba tree.

How the old Dons and velvet-clad grandees would rub their eyes and gaze in mingled amazement and terror could they look upon the Plaza de Armas today! Where once columns of mail-clad men-at-arms paraded, dozens of motor cars are parked along the curb. Where halberdiers in polished casques and steel corselets paced the ramparts of the ancient fort, are now smart khaki-



Courtesy, "Havana Post"

Havana's magnificent capitol, La India statue in the foreground.



A bit of rural Cuba. Entrance to an estate in Oriente.



The Morro, Havana.

clad soldiers with high-powered rifles. Where be-wigged, belaced, plume-hatted grandeses strolled in the cool shadows of the palace *portales*, perspiring, red-faced tourists listen to the raucous voiced professional guides in "rubber neck" busses. A clanging trolley car bangs and rumbles along the street where hurrying link-boys lit the way for the gilded sedans of haughty *grandes dames*. And where once the proud banner of Castile and Leon flaunted its folds from the mastheads of stately high-pooped galleons and pot-bellied, purple-sailed plate ships, moored along the water front or swinging to anchor in the harbor, belching steamship funnels loom high above the busy docks, and wire rigging and radio antennæ form a network against the blue sky.

Only a short distance from this historic bit of old Havana is an almost equally historic if not as ancient edifice. This is the cathedral on Emperado Street, begun in 1656 and completed in 1724. An imposing Latin-Gothic building of gray limestone though it is, the cathedral's real interests and wonders are all within its walls. Among the magnificent paintings it contains is a Murillo showing the Pope and his Cardinals celebrating mass on the eve of the sailing of Columbus. The floors are of truly wonderful marble mosaic; the altar is a marvelously beautiful affair of Italian marble; while the golden and gem-encrusted chalices, candelabra, decorations and vestments are

priceless things which can be viewed only by making application to the sacristan.

But it is none of these contents that have made the Havana cathedral world famous, but the fact that for many years it contained the supposed body of Columbus, the remains having been transferred to Spain and reinterred in the cathedral at Seville when the Spaniards evacuated Cuba. Whether or not the bones that rested for so many years in the Havana cathedral were those of the discoverer or of another member of his family has never been quite satisfactorily and conclusively determined. All that actually is known is that Columbus was first buried in Valladolid, Spain, in 1508, the body being later taken to Seville and still later to Santo Domingo, where the casket containing the remains was deposited in the cathedral. In 1795, when the French captured Santo Domingo, the retiring Spaniards removed some human bones which they believed to be those of Columbus, and carried them to Havana where they were reburied in the cathedral amid great ceremony and pomp.

So far all is undisputed, recorded history. But the trouble is that, after the casket with its crumbling skeletal remains had been taken from the Santo Domingo cathedral and had been received and buried with high honors in Havana, a second casket was found beneath the floor of Santo Domingo's cathedral; a casket containing human

bones and bearing an inscription stating that the contents were the remains of "The Illustrious Cristobal Colon, Discoverer of America, First Admiral, etc." Naturally this discovery did not at all suit the Spaniards in Cuba, and the controversy twixt the Dominicans and the Cubans became quite heated, each side claiming to possess the poor old discoverer's real remains and accusing the other of faking. Probably the real truth may never be definitely established, but unprejudiced parties—such as the Italian government, our own minister to Santo Domingo and others who have investigated the matter—have come to the conclusion that the genuine remains of Christopher Columbus were those in Santo Domingo while the bones taken to Cuba and thence to Spain were those of his son, Diego.

Still, regardless of whether the niche in Havana's cathedral held the bones of Columbus or his son, the cathedral is well worth a visit. And as one reads the inscription upon the tablet where the alleged body rested:

"O Grand Columbus,
In this urn enshrined
A thousand centuries thy bones shall guard,
A thousand ages keep thine image fresh,
In token of a nation's gratitude."

one cannot but ponder on the controversies and the ingratitude that seemed ever to surround Co-

lumbus, that hounded him during his life and could not even let him rest in peace after death. But in the light of recent studies, researches and investigations, one can feel very little pity for the great navigator who, despite his skill as a mariner and the knowledge of America which he gave to the world, was a cruel, double-faced, utterly unprincipled impostor and a most accomplished liar and cheat.

It has been clearly proved by unquestionable documents—some written by himself—that Columbus had discovered the New World on a previous voyage nearly twenty years before he set out in 1492! It has been thoroughly established that he was perfectly aware of the fact that he had not reached Asia, and that, fearing his sailors might reveal the truth of the matter, he ordered their tongues cut out to prevent them from talking! That he exhibited the most devilish and fiendish cruelty in torturing and murdering the peaceful and hospitable Indians, merely to provide meat for his dogs and to afford himself and his officers a day's "sport," has long been known.

Finally, we must, if we admit the truth and incontrovertible history, destroy the last shreds of romance and illusion from his history, for he did not even originate the idea that the earth was spherical! The fact that the earth was a globe was known to the Arabians and other Orientals centuries before Columbus appeared at the court

of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the spherical theory—as well as models of the earth—had been introduced into Spain by the Moors long before Columbus's day. In fact the Church had prosecuted and put men to death for holding this heretical view before Columbus had learned to walk.

No wonder he had perfect faith in reaching a "New World"; no wonder he offered to turn back if he did not sight land within three days! He had been over the same ground—or rather sea—already; he was merely sailing a route he had traversed before, and was approaching a land he had already discovered by accident. He knew perfectly well where it lay and how far distant, but Columbus was a firm believer in the spectacular, in publicity, and in impressing his ignorant countrymen with what to them appeared almost supernatural powers of divination. And, by a strange whimsy of Fate, even after death his remains continued to deceive the world.

Of course no visitor to Cuba feels that he has adequately "done" Havana unless he crosses the harbor and inspects Morro and Cabaña. And as both these ancient fortifications have played most prominent parts in the Island's history they are well worth a visit. Crossing the bay by ferry or motor boat one finds a winding, covered way leading up the hillside to Cabaña, and, as the climb is stiff, hot and tiresome, the wisest plan is to choose the early morning for the visit.

Although Cabaña was originally designed as a fortress, yet it never actually has been used for that purpose and has always served as a barracks and as a prison for political captives during the numerous revolts of the Cubans in old Spanish days. In those troublous eras in Cuba's history, countless patriots were imprisoned, tortured and executed within the confines of the immense pile and—if we are to believe apparently reliable sources of information—the heights still echo frequently to rifle shots as some unfortunate man who has been too outspoken or too actively antagonistic to the existing government faces a firing squad.

In the old days when summary executions were not carried out so secretly as at present, the condemned men were forced to kneel facing a wall in the dry moat known as the "Laurel Ditch" and were there riddled by the bullets of Spanish soldiery. Even today the line of bullet marks is easily seen extending along the wall for nearly one hundred feet, and is known as the "Dead line." Here, too, a bronze tablet marks the spot where innumerable Cubans were martyrs to the cause of liberty and, quite naturally, all patriotic Cubans regard the place almost as sacred.

But old enmities have been forgotten in the few years since the last Cuban was shot down by Spaniards in the Laurel Ditch, and today the Cubans are far more friendly toward the Dons than toward Americans who enabled them to throw off

the irksome Spanish yoke and made their dream of liberty come true. But after all that is but natural and to be expected. Blood is thicker than water; the ideals, the customs, the psychologies, the languages, the traditions, as well as the blood of Cubans and Spaniards, are one; while the Iberian and the Anglo-Saxon are separated by racial, linguistic, traditional, psychological and other barriers that never may be overcome. Moreover, the great bulk of the commercial enterprises—the more important mercantile houses, the restaurants and other businesses—are largely, I might even say almost wholly, in the hands of Spaniards. In fact it may truthfully be said that in many respects the Spaniards control Cuba more completely today than when the island was a colony of Spain, even though it is a commercial control and maintained by dollars instead of by the grim old guns that point their useless muzzles through the obsolete embrasures of old Cabaña.

Once within the walls of this famous structure that completely covers the heights above the harbor, one realizes the vast size of the fortress. Over one thousand feet in width, it stretches for more than a mile—a gigantic labyrinth of massive masonry—and it is not surprising to learn that it cost over fourteen million dollars and was eleven years in the building, the work having been commenced in 1763 and completed in 1774. So great was the cost and so stupendous the labor involved,

that it is said that King Charles III—when told of the outlay—peered from his window toward the west and remarked that in his opinion the walls of such a costly edifice should be visible from Spain!

Perhaps the most interesting sight at Cabaña is the splendid view of the city that is spread before one: a magnificent panorama of Havana, the busy harbor, the rolling green country beyond, and with star-shaped Atares fort standing boldly forth on the hill at the head of the harbor—a lasting monument to Crittenden and his fifty companions, who were shot down, without even the farce of a trial, within its walls.

Far greater in historic interests than Cabaña and much older is the Morro which was completed and in use in 1597—six years before Cabaña was begun. Much of the original fort has, however, vanished, having been replaced or added to by more modern structures and defenses, with the result that Havana's Morro does not appear nearly so ancient or mediæval as the Morro at Santiago de Cuba or San Juan, Porto Rico. Still it is a stout old fort and, while it could be reduced to dust by a few well placed modern shells, it was impregnable to the assaults of centuries and was never taken but once. At that time it proved more of a menace than a safeguard to Havana, for when, in 1762, the British under Vernon took the Morro by strategy, they trained its guns on the

helpless city and forced the Spaniards to surrender.

Clinging to the wave-washed, rugged rocks like a barnacle, the walls of Morro rise sheer for one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet above the sea. To scale those walls on the water-front side would be humanly impossible, and the landward side is protected by great moats, seventy feet in depth and forty feet in width, hewn from solid rock and provided with a drawbridge in true mediæval castle fashion. Within the immensely thick walls is a large central court or parade surrounded by casemates and with a stone ramp leading downward to the dungeons and the sea. Many of these gloomy cells are cut from solid rock and are below sea level, while in one spot is a steeply inclined chute leading through the thick walls. In the old days this served as a slide by means of which prisoners—both living and dead—were dumped into the shark-infested sea, the "*nido de tiburones*" (sharks' nest) below the walls.

Today Morro serves the useful purpose of a lighthouse and signal station—the lighthouse having been erected in 1844—while the few serviceable guns in the fort are used only for saluting or—as recently happened—for shelling an approaching waterspout and thus preventing it from breaking over the harbor and town.

Of course there are many other old and historic buildings in Havana, not to mention such interest-

ing places as the museum, the university, the botanic gardens and other public institutions. But there is also much to be seen in the new and modern portion of the city. Here facing the great central Plaza, with its statue of Martí, are the splendid Asturian Club (Centro Asturianos) building, the Hotel Inglaterra, the National Theatre, the Gallego Club, the Hotel Plaza, innumerable typically Spanish arcades or "portales" and—close at hand—Cuba's crowning pride, her greatest gesture—the "*Capitolo*."

That the capitol is a magnificent, a most beautiful and impressive edifice, no one can deny. It may almost be conceded to be—as the Cubans claim—the finest capitol in the world. Its immense dome is covered with real gold, its architectural proportions are sublime, and its interior decorations and furnishings are indescribable in their regal magnificence. But it is wholly out of place in Cuba. It is criminal folly and inexcusable extravagance, for an island in sore financial straits, and with barely three million inhabitants, to expend over eighteen million dollars on a capitol building in a city of half a million people. The Havana capitol serves its most useful purpose in standing as an enduring and impressive monument to the Latin's inherent love of what is most aptly designated as "splash." But as the Cubans almost worship the grand gesture, and as they possess a marvelous superiority complex, there is

every reason why they should regard their Capitol as the very epitome of their ideals and should be inordinately proud of it. And there is every reason why they should be proud of the magnificent parks, gardens and drives that surround it.

No city in the world can boast of a more beautiful section than that that has been developed as a setting for the Capitol with its broad, perfectly surfaced avenues, its wide brilliantly lit sidewalks, its lawns, parks, flowers and trees. If there is one thing which the Cubans can do really well it is that of beautifying a boulevard, a street, a park or the grounds of a building by means of lawns, flowers, shrubbery and trees. And no people on earth can even approach the Cubans when it comes to the incredible rapidity with which such beautifying is accomplished.

Take the grounds surrounding the Capitol, for example. When the building was at last completed, the surroundings appeared like a battlefield. The earth was torn up, covered with debris, littered with concrete forms, broken boxes, cases and crates; piled high with discarded stones, heaps of gravel and rubbish. Thus it appeared at sundown on the eve of its formal opening, with the ceremonies scheduled for ten o'clock the following morning. But when day dawned and crowds gathered about the new Capitol, to witness the ceremonies, a miraculous transformation had taken place. Well might the people have rubbed their

eyes and stared incredulously. No longer were the Capitol grounds a chaotic eyesore of litter. As if by magic the rubbish, gravel piles, broken boards and timbers, empty crates and cases, concrete mixers and idle machinery had vanished. Before the imposing building were broad green lawns, rows of flowering shrubs, clipped hedges, ornamental flower beds and stately palms! In twelve hours, the bare, rubbish-strewn area of holes and mounds had been transformed into a bit of park-like grounds that might—as far as appearances went—have been there for years.

No wonder a visiting American, who had seen the Capitol grounds a week earlier and now, returning from Panama, saw them in their altered state, declared that Cuba must possess the most fertile soil and most wonderful climate in the world in order to have produced lawns, shrubbery and trees in six days! But in reality it was all very simple. Great rolls of turf-strips had been rapidly laid. Palms, shrubs, plants and bushes, growing in wooden tubs, had been set in the earth, and in a few short hours that had been done which in another land would have required years to accomplish.

It was the same with the Prado. Overnight this magnificent avenue, that stretches from the plaza to the sea, was provided with a double row of shade trees, lawns and flower beds. When it comes to transforming barren grounds to parks or

gardens there is nothing of the *mañana* habit about the Cubans.

Of all Havana's streets, the Prado and the Malecon are perhaps the most famed, and while many of the newer avenues are wider, better paved and more beautiful in some ways, still the Prado and the Malecon hold their own; and nowhere in the world is there a more delightful or beautiful drive than the Malecon at night, with the moonlit sea on one hand and the seemingly endless curve of gem-like lights on the other. Most appropriately have the Cubans nicknamed it the "Sea's Necklace," for it is a necklace that even the gloriously blue sea might well be proud to wear.

The Prado itself was designed and built by the Spaniards when General Tacon was in power, but it was not fully completed nor brought to anything like its present state until the time of the American occupation. It was at this time, too, that the Malecon was built, thus continuing the Prado to form in conjunction with the Malecon, one of the most attractive parkways in the world. At the foot of the Prado, where it joins the Malecon, are the band stand and the ancient La Punta fort, with the narrow harbor mouth and the Morro beyond. Until recently the Malecon ended at La Punta, but recently it has been extended and now is carried in a broad, curved sweep along the edge of the harbor to the Plaza de Armas and the docks. Although old La Punta fort possesses con-

siderable historic interest and is one of the original fortifications of Havana its most interesting features are on its exterior, the interior having been transformed to naval barracks, government offices, etc.

To the right of the old fort is a large savanna or plaza, beyond which, and facing a broad avenue leading toward the sea, is the new Presidential Palace, one of the finest of Havana's newer buildings. Hardly a stone's throw from this imposing and magnificent home of Cuba's executive, with its beautiful park-like surroundings and the broad avenues, is the narrowest and one of the oldest streets in Havana—the Loma del Angel, with the Los Angeles church, its roof and spires prickly with miniature steeples—one of the most attractive bits of the older Cuban architecture. Here, too, close to the Palace and in striking contrast to it, is one of the few remaining bits of the old city wall, with a single outjutting sentry-box on one corner. On the other side, between the Palace and La Punta, is a monument to commemorate the massacre of eight youthful Cuban students in 1871. Accused of insulting the memory of a Spaniard, they were tried and acquitted. But later, to appease the clamor of the Spanish rabble, they were mercilessly shot near this spot.

One of the most interesting places in any Latin-American country is the market, and Havana's largest market—the Colon—is close to the Palace,

only one block from the Hotel Plaza and occupying the entire square between Montserrat and Zuleta Streets.

Here let me digress long enough to mention the fact that practically every street in Havana has at least two names: one the old—often Spanish—name, the other the new Cuban name. But it is very doubtful if one could find a dozen residents of Havana who are familiar with the newer names of a tenth of Havana's streets. The names they have borne for centuries still stick and will remain for many years to come. The government may officially rename Calle Obispo, Calle O'Reilly, and the Prado, but to the majority of Cubans—and to most visitors as well—they will still be Obispo, O'Reilly and the Prado.

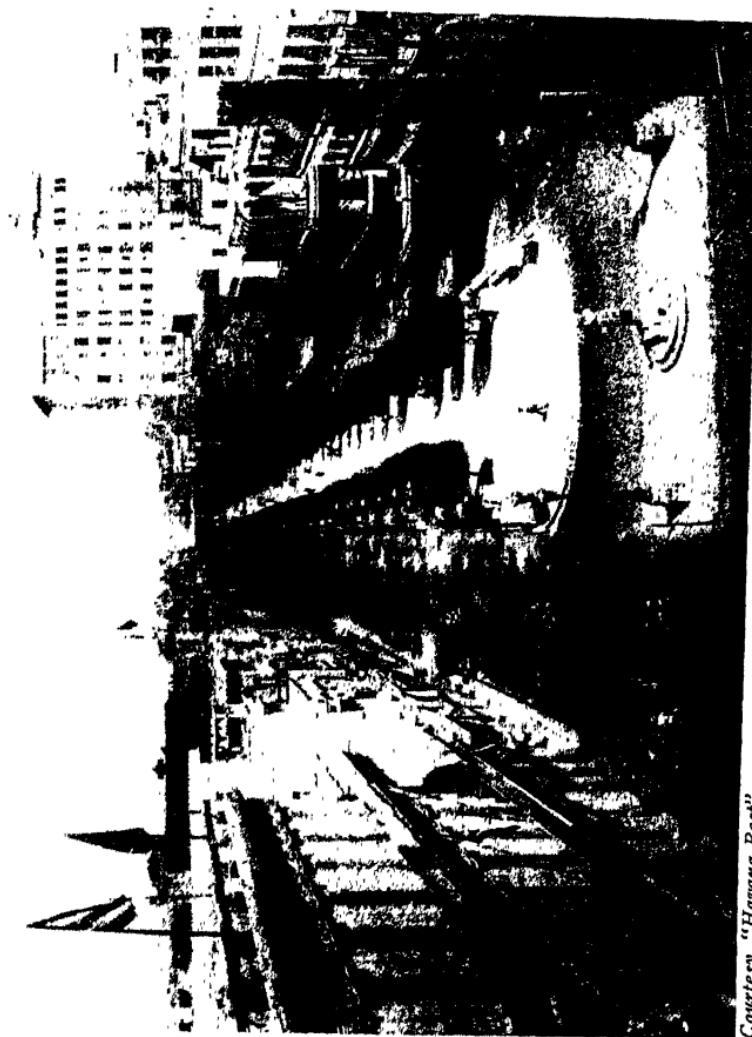
But to return to the market. Everywhere in the closely crowded stalls are fruits and vegetables of every variety, color and size. Many are familiar—there are pumpkins, squashes, melons, corn, eggplants, turnips, cabbages, beets, peas and beans, bananas, oranges, strawberries and scores of others that seem like old friends. But there are fully as many more which are totally strange to the visitor who has never before been in the American tropics.

Here are bananas such as are never seen in the north—bananas of every imaginable size, form and color; tiny, thin-skinned, sugary-sweet bananas; slender green-and-red-spotted varieties;

mottled bananas that look as if covered with snake or lizard skins; short, stout, orange bananas; varieties that are bright green when ripe; varieties that are covered with black blotches and appear half decayed but are among the most delicious of all, while side by side with them are the innumerable varieties of their cousins the plantains which, boiled, baked or fried, are among the most delectable and nourishing of vegetables and are the staple articles of diet throughout the tropics.

Pineapples of course are legion, for no better pines exist than those grown in Cuban soil. Limes, lemons, grapefruit, tangerines, oranges and delicious sweet-limes are in great piles on every hand. Then there are the rough, pear-shaped green *guanábanas* or sour-sops used in concocting refreshing drinks and in making ice cream; *anonas* or custard apples—than which there is no more delicious fruit; *cherimoyas*, star-apples; rose-apples—with the scent and flavor of attar of roses; *sapotes*, rough, leather-colored fruit with spicy orange meat; *nisperos* or *sapodillas*, with rich sugary pulp though they appear externally like decayed peans; *fruta de bomba*, known elsewhere as papays. (a name that cannot be mentioned in Cuba); *guavas* and prickly pears and—during the spring and summer months—the greatest favorite, the most popular of all tropical fruits, the mangoes.

During the mango season the vendors of these



Courtesy, "Havana Post"

The Prado (now Paseo de Marti) with Morro in the distance.



"Loma del Angel." The narrowest street in Havana.

fruits are everywhere. Men and women stand or sit at every street corner selling them. Carts embowered in palm leaves and drawn by horses with jangling bells are laden to overflowing with them. Every tiny shop displays them, and the markets are filled with them. To the Cuban—to all dwellers in the tropics, in fact—the mango is the fruit *par excellence*. The mango season in tropic lands is like the apple or the peach season to us of the north, only more so. And while many northerners do not like the mango—or claim it requires an acquired taste—this is usually due to the fact that the average visitor never tastes a really good mango. Mangoes vary more in quality and flavor than do apples. There is as much difference between the ordinary or garden variety of mango and a really select grafted mango as between a wild green seedling apple and a tissue-wrapped Jonathan from the orchards of Oregon or California. A poor, even a mediocre, mango is about the worst fruit imaginable. Its rind is tough, its pulp a mass of fibers, its seed a huge furry stone, and it reeks of turpentine. But a really fine mango has a skin like satin, its pulp is as smooth and free from fibers as that of a peach, its stone is small and smooth and its flavor is beyond words to describe. So do not condemn the mango until you are sure you have sampled the best, and nowhere are there better bests than those of Cuba. Interesting as are the sections of the market de-

voted to fruits and vegetables, they form but a small portion of the whole and are by no means the most interesting. Aside from their odor, the fish stalls are most attractive and no devotee of angling should fail to visit them. Here are denizens of the tropic seas that will make the stranger's eyes fairly bulge. Giant yellow and black Morro crabs; immense clawless lobsters with peacock tints; crayfish and shrimps; eels, oysters and shellfish; and piles of cuttlefish or octopus—great favorites with the Cubans and Spaniards. But most in evidence of all are the multicolored, rainbow-hued, weirdly formed fish. Brilliant scarlet *pargos* or snappers; crimson squirrel fish with immense blue eyes; green, golden, black and orange, silver and purple, turquoise and cerulean blue angel-fish, with filmy streaming wings and tails; flounders gleaming with the prismatic colors of the rainbow; parrot fish with protruding teeth and with bodies painted in the most gorgeous blues, greens, yellows, reds and purples; scintillating, jewel-like *pompanos* and *bonitos*—amethyst-colored trigger-fish with immense heads seemingly without bodies and armed with long lancet-like spines; trunk-fish and cowfish; porcupine-fish and swordfish; mackerel and kingfish; and—nine times out of ten—a few good-sized sharks, for sharks are excellent eating despite popular ideas to the contrary.

Fully as interesting and unusual is the poultry

section, for while barnyard fowl, ducks and geese, turkeys and guineas, doves and pigeons—even quail, partridges, pheasants and wildfowl—are all familiar enough, the Cuban method of selling poultry is unique. If one wishes an entire bird it may be purchased either alive, dead but unplucked, or properly drawn and plucked, as one may desire. But if one's needs are less or one's family is too small to require a whole chicken, duck or turkey, one is not forced to buy more than one requires. The Cuban poultryman sells fowl in sections as readily as whole, and one may purchase a breast, wing, leg, neck, tail, or even a head or giblets, separately. It strikes the northerner as strange to see a stall where all conceivable portions of fowls' anatomies are separately displayed. But it is perhaps even stranger to find the poultrymen's stalls surrounded by stalls wherein women are selling flowers and plants, where the sweet scent of roses, jasmine, tuberoses and gardenias mingle with the odor of fish and fowl, of raw meat and ancient codfish, while next door are shoes or laces, cheap jewelry or dry goods. But like all Latin-American markets these huge indoor markets of Havana are veritable cities of stores under a single roof, and all possible and many seemingly impossible objects are for sale.

Yet in many ways the out-of-doors markets are more unusual, more exotic and more interesting than those held indoors. In certain sections—as

in the suburbs known as the Vedado—free public markets are held in the plazas on certain mornings each week. From dawn until eleven in the forenoon the plaza is transformed into a chaotic riot of color, sound, smell, crowds, vegetables, fruits, poultry, fish, litter and rubbish. But at the stroke of eleven the market ends. Like the traditional Arabs, the black, brown, yellow and white or near-white vendors fold up their tents, their tables, their awnings, and, gathering their remaining stock into sacks, baskets and crates, vanish as if the earth had swallowed them up. No sooner are they gone than the scavenging brigade appears. The plaza—strewn with fruit skins, paper, decayed vegetables and rubbish of every sort and seemingly as hopeless of cleansing as the famous Augean stables—emerges as clean, neat and orderly as any well-kept park. Within half an hour from the time the plaza was a babel of voices and a bedlam of buying and selling, it once again is a shady restful park with children playing on the lawns and nursemaids chatting on the benches under the trees.

Here again the Cubans score. If cleanliness is next to godliness then surely the Cubans should find a short road to heaven. Whatever else their faults may be, whatever the shortcomings of Havana, lack of cleanliness is not among them. Nowhere in any city I have ever visited is there a more efficient street cleaning department, and no-

where is there a garbage collecting system that can compare with that of Havana. In the first place, the householder whose garbage can is outside the door before the collecting force appears is fined. If, on the other hand, it is *not* placed in readiness for the approaching brigade, a penalty is imposed. And the brigade—for it can be called nothing else—moves, works and carries on with the speed, precision and efficiency of a military force.

With warning bell the great tank-like, covered motor-truck comes ponderously, steadily along the street. Ahead of it run two denim-uniformed blacks; beside it hurry a third and fourth; on its tail-board are perched two more, while behind it comes a rear guard of two more uniformed negroes. The advance guard seizes the waiting cans, tosses each in turn to their fellows beside the truck who toss them to the men on the tail-board. Quickly the contents are dumped into the tank, the empty tin is tossed to one of the men following in the rear and is replaced in the doorway whence it came. In an almost continual stream the cans move from hand to hand as the truck proceeds slowly—never stopping—and the rattle and bang of the containers, as they are emptied, tossed and replaced, sounds like the clatter of some mechanical device. Not the least important part of the outfit is the fellow following in the rear of all. To him falls the duty of picking up every stray

bit of paper, every fruit skin or cabbage leaf or other flotsam that falls or has fallen into the street or upon the sidewalk. As a result, when the ponderous gray tank with its attendant black crew has passed by, the streets and sidewalks are as bare of litter as Mother Hubbard's cupboard was bare of bones. Moreover, Havana's thoroughfares are swept, washed and—yes—actually vacuum-cleaned, nightly, in a way that puts even our boasted Canal Zone to shame. Indeed, were I asked to name the most commendable and outstanding feature of Havana, I should unhesitatingly reply: its cleanliness.

CHAPTER IV

THE PLAYGROUND

A FEW years ago, when one ventured beyond the confines of Havana, it was to find oneself in a waste of dumps, unkempt, weed-filled waste lands, small farms and squalid *barrios* or settlements of poverty-stricken, ragged negroes. Here and there muddy, rutty, almost impassable cart-tracks meandered across the waste of brushy pastures, badly tilled fields, reeking swamps and occasional estates. Here and there one might find a fairly decent house surrounded by palms and an attempt at gardens. Still more rarely one might come upon a really fine home. But as a whole all attractiveness, all comforts, all civilization, one might say, ceased at the outskirts of the city. But today the suburbs of the city form the most attractive, the most beautiful, the most fashionable and the most favored and frequented portion of all Cuba. Here is the real winter playground, not only of thousands of northern visitors, but of all well-to-do Cubans as well. Here are the innumerable palatial temples of the cult of "Whoopee." Here are the homes of the richest Cubans and millionaire winter residents. Here are great hotels and the lavishly designed and magnificently appointed means of enjoying any and every sport

and recreation. And here are the beautiful and select residential districts.

Nearest of all these charming suburbs is the Vedado reached by bus, trolley line or motor car, with its countless beautiful homes, its hotels, its splendid parks and gardens and its princely mansions embowered in palms, shrubs and flowering trees. Driving along the splendid Malecon, past Maceo park and the imposing *Maine* monument, the magnificent sweep of sea and parkway are only marred by the poor condition of the roadway. Few drives in the world can compare with the Malecon for sheer beauty, yet for some inexplicable reason the Cubans—who are quite pardonably proud of the Malecon and never tire of boasting of it—appear to think its pavement was laid to endure forever without attention. It is full of cracks, hollows and holes, and in places is in worse condition than many of the country cart roads. Still, in comparison with the majority of the streets in the Vedado, reached at the end of the Malecon, it seems almost perfect. To be sure the main avenues of the Vedado are in fairly good condition, but the majority of the cross streets are indescribably awful, and in many cases are impassable. Unpaved, deep in red mud, filled with holes, ruts, puddles and stones, they are more like river beds than streets; yet they are bordered by beautiful grounds and magnificent homes, and the stranger marvels that the residents do not rise in

arms and demand that something be done to render their homes accessible without endangering life, limb and vehicles. Indeed, when the United States Minister to Cuba took a residence in the Vedado, it was found that the thoroughfare leading past it was in such utterly impassable state that a gang of men were forced to repair it before the diplomat could approach his new home by motor car.

But as the Cubans do not appear to mind bumping into holes and over hogbacks and splashing through pasty red mud in going to and from their homes, and as the resident foreigners' protests and demands carry no weight, it is highly probable that the roads in this otherwise admirable residential district will long remain—as they have remained for long—a disgrace to any community and irrefutable evidences that the Cubans still have much to learn in regard to municipal administration and improvement.

Aside from several large hotels—one quite exclusive—the tallest apartment buildings in Havana, and a few public buildings, the Vedado is wholly composed of residences. But once the Vedado is passed and the Almendares bridge is reached, the residential area is left behind, and one enters Havana's beautiful system of parks and playgrounds. Close to the drawbridge is the baseball field and tennis club. Dozens of yachts—steam, power and sail—lie at anchor off the club

house below the bridge, and beyond stretches the magnificent "Fifth Avenue" with its dual roadways separated by lawns, flowers, shrubs and trees, with a central concrete footway.

In every way the Cubans have laid themselves out to transform this straight five-mile stretch of avenue into a beauty spot. And they have succeeded admirably. Everywhere are beds of gorgeous flowers. Everywhere are shrubs, trees and vines, clipped into fantastic shapes; and, on either side, the road is lined with formally trimmed pine trees. It is claimed by Floridians that the Cubans received their inspiration for clipping trees from Miami, but the Cubans as stoutly maintain that the landscape gardeners of Miami were the copy-cats and followed Cuban ideas. However the case may be, the fact remains that to a northerner the extremes to which the Cubans have gone in tree and shrub trimming are a revelation and never-ending source of wonder and admiration. Not only are the privet, box, cedar and other shrubs clipped into innumerable forms, but vines are subjected to the same treatment; and one sees magenta- and scarlet-flowered bougainvillea—not clambering over porches, fences, walls or trellises—but forming gorgeous, glowing masses in the forms of immense baskets, symmetrical cones, pyramids, globes, urns, stars or even clipped to the shapes of birds and animals. And it must be confessed that bougainvillea, thus clipped, shows

off to far greater advantage than as a meandering clambering vine. And while pine trees might appear to present the least of possibilities for the tree-clipping artist, in Havana they yield as readily and as satisfactorily as yews to the process.

Speeding along this fine avenue, one passes but few residences, for it is a comparatively newly developed section and waste land stretches on both sides. But presently one passes the Almendares yacht club and *playa* and, a little farther on, the Marianao *playa* and Casino are reached.

Perhaps of all this winter playground's many attractions, the Playa is the most popular and the most patronized. Not only does it possess a magnificent white sand beach (brought, by the way, by the shipload from Florida) with over one thousand bath houses for the accommodation of visitors, but in addition, a bar, a ball room, a dining pavilion and a casino; in short the Playa is a self-contained pleasure resort with all the trimmings complete under one roof. Moreover it is cheek by jowl with the splendid Havana Yacht Club and the Navy Yacht Club, with their equally excellent bathing beaches and their fleets of star-boats, yachts, speed boats and launches anchored a few rods off shore so that, taken altogether, the Playa is a colorful, gay, lively and quite properly fashionable spot.

Across the avenue from the grounds of the

Playa is the Country Club Park, an indescribably beautiful stretch of nearly one thousand acres of hills, vales, lakes, woods and meadows with a winding river, beautifully kept drives, avenues of palms, clumps of exotic shrubs and glorious flowers, the whole forming the most attractive of residential sections, with imposing palatial residences of wealthy Cubans and Americans here and there. The Country Club itself is one of the finest in America, a very exclusive organization, with a most perfect golf course and an out-of-doors dance floor where, on Sunday afternoons, all the "Who's Who" of Havana and most of the visiting élite gather for *thés dansants*.

Rather more popular, and with no pretence to exclusiveness, is the Casino, a few steps distant. Here, during the winter months, is a miniature Monte Carlo—and not so miniature at that—where, to the half dozen roulette tables, the games of baccarat and other gambling devices, thousands flock nightly to lose or win or merely to look on. Although the Casino is neither a very beautiful nor imposing building, either within or without, the pool and fountain of dancing nymphs before its entrance is one of the most beautiful things in Havana, the sculptured nymphs encircling the fountain invariably arousing the greatest expressions of admiration from all visitors.

But the Country Club, the Playa, the Yacht Club and the Casino are by no means the only

resorts for pleasure seekers and "Whoopee" makers that Havana offers. A mile or two beyond the Country Club is the Château Madrid, and opposite it the Sans Souci—by all means the best, the most select and the most attractively situated of all Havana's innumerable cabarets and night clubs. Yet neither the term cabaret nor night club really fits these two popular resorts. They are open-air restaurants, dance palaces, ball rooms, gardens and cabarets combined, wholly unlike anything to be found in the north.

Surrounded by beautiful gardens, are the Spanish-tile dance floors, bordered by numerous tables under the shade of gaudy umbrellas, and illuminated by thousands of colored lights festooned amid the trees and foliage. To add to the exotic and unusual atmosphere, peacocks strut about the lawns; gaudy macaws and parrots chatter and screech from perches amid the shrubbery; tropicbirds, mocking birds and other songsters whistle and trill; deer graze between the flower beds; and there is even a quota of monkeys, with long-necked, scarlet flamingoes stalking in the lily-filled pools.

As is a common custom in Cuba, these resorts sport two orchestras each, one dispensing American music, the other a native Cuban band; and the dreamy *danzon*, the *rumba* and other native dances alternate with jazz, fox trots and waltzes.

But if the visitor desires the real thing in Cuban music and dances, he should patronize one of the less pretentious cabarets in or near town. To be sure there is nothing very devilish about such resorts as the Inferno or other equally suggestively named places. Very largely they are most innocuous and quite orderly; the "show" as a rule is second rate; and outrageous prices are charged for everything edible or drinkable. Still they are worth a visit for the purpose of obtaining a new slant on Cuban night life—as doled out to tourists—and as a general thing a fairly good *rumba* dancer or two will be numbered among the performers. But to see the *rumba* as it should be danced—and often as prohibited by the Havana police—go farther afield. Drive to Hoyo Colorado, to any of outlying villages, and slip into a native dance hall some *fiesta* evening. There is no danger; the natives, brown, black-and-tan, and evil looking as they may be, will consider it a great honor—and incidentally great profits—to have an *Americano* or two among them. Despite the fact that they have all the earmarks of cutthroats, thugs and robbers, you need fear neither for your person nor your possessions, if you behave yourself and keep your pocketbook in an inaccessible pocket.

Like many another dance considered "native" in Latin America, the *rumba* is of African origin. But the symbolic, suggestive, savage dance of the

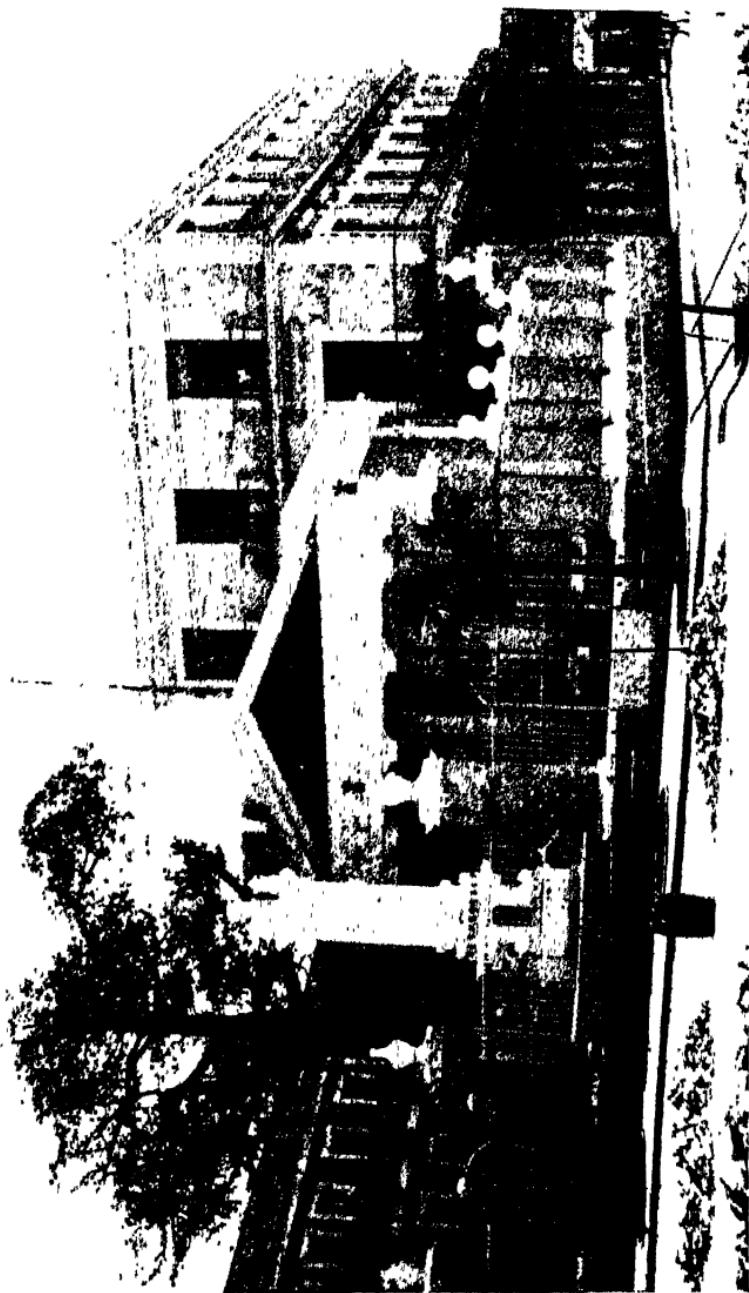
natives of the Dark Continent has been combined with features of the Cuban aborigines' dances, and with a little of the Spanish, in addition. As danced today, it is quite distinct from anything of the sort elsewhere. In some respects—in its body wiggles and abdominal contortions—it is reminiscent of the *hula-hula*, while the vibration of the upper portion of the torso is an exaggerated "shimmy." "Evil is to him as evil thinks" may be most aptly applied to the *rumba*. Regarded purely as a native dance, there is nothing really objectionable about it; but if one is looking for the sensual side of it, for the suggestiveness, those features will be obvious enough.

Properly performed, the *rumba* calls for a man and a woman, although in most places it is danced by a woman alone and, preferably, by a rather more than plump woman, for the motions demand an abundance of flesh to wiggle and shake properly. Probably the most attractive feature of the *rumba* is the costume worn. This consists of the now wholly obsolete gala dress of the Cuban country girls in the old days—a rather filmy inadequate bodice, low-necked and sleeveless, and a lacy, elaborately draped and beribboned skirt gathered as high as or higher than the knees in front, open almost to the waist on the sides and falling in a train in the back—in some ways not so very different from the latest styles in evening frocks. On the head is worn a sort of turban. Aside from the

body contortions and amazing shimmies, the dance consists principally of short steps, a suggestive lifting of the skirt, and singing the decidedly *risqué rumba* song to the barbaric rhythm of so-called music produced by a small drum, a gourd rattle, a violin, a fife or piccolo and a nutmeg-grater-like instrument which produces a peculiar rasping sound.

Fortunately for the average tourist or American visitor, the words of the song are unintelligible, and one catches only the oft-repeated refrain: "Oh, Mamá Inez—" which is shouted as a chorus by the audience. In its proper setting—in a native village under the whispering palms, with the eager half-savage faces of the audience revealed by the light of flaring torches, with the black night lit by giant fireflies and with the brilliant stars of the tropics in the indigo sky overhead—the *rumba* becomes fascinating in its expression of primitive nature. One watches it, tense, with a vague inexpressible thrill. The subconscious, never quite dead savagery in one's veins responds, and, almost before one is aware of the fact, one finds oneself joining in that shouted, long-drawn, chant-like refrain—"Oh—Mamá Inez—!"

But in the city—in the garish, electrically lit cabarets, in the midst of curious tourists, sight-seers and half-nude, painted-faced cabaret performers, with evening dress on every side and



The "Temple," Havana.



A vista in Country Club Park.



In Miramar Park.

motor horns honking outside the door—the *rumba* becomes a cheap, tawdry, vulgar exhibition, staged wholly for the purpose of shocking—or attempting to shock—puritanical-minded ruralites from the States.

CHAPTER V TAKE YOUR CAR TO CUBA

To the great majority of persons, Havana is Cuba and Cuba is Havana. Comparatively few realize that Cuba is a big country, a country comprising about 45,000 square miles of land, an island six times the size of Jamaica or a trifle larger than the State of Pennsylvania. Few stop to realize that from Cape Maysi, its eastern extremity, to Cape San Antonio, at the western end, Cuba measures nearly nine hundred miles, and that from the Atlantic to the Caribbean shores it is from twenty to over one hundred miles in width. Figures as a rule convey little meaning to the average person. Comparisons are far more impressive and convincing. So let us say that, if placed on a map of the United States, Cuba would reach from New York City to Indianapolis and would cover a space the width of New Jersey! Or again, if we should swing Cuba around so it lay parallel with our Atlantic coast, it would reach from Florida to New York. In fact from one end of Cuba to the other is pretty nearly as far as from New York to Havana.

Almost as many false ideas exist as to the character of the island's surface. Even those who have visited Havana and the vicinity of the capital

imagine Cuba as an almost flat, rather level country whose highest elevations are low rolling hills. Yet Cuba is in reality a mountainous rather than a level land, and a large portion of its eastern and southeastern surface is covered with the towering ranges of the Sierra Maestra with their highest peak—Pico Turquino—rising to 8,320 feet above the sea, thus surpassing the Blue Mountains of Jamaica by 1,000 feet or Mount Washington by nearly three thousand feet. Flowing across the level plains from these mountains are numerous rivers, many broad and beautiful, and one, the Cauto, being navigable for some distance from the sea. In many places near the coasts, especially in the south-central districts, there are extensive swamps, while in the eastern provinces are immense forests and rich mineral deposits. To be sure, the country round about Havana is monotonous, flat and broken only by low limestone hills and small streams; but Havana Province is by no means typical of the entire island, and the visitor to Cuba would be just as foolish to judge the entire island by one small section of the republic, or to form opinions of Cuba as a whole from jaunts about Havana, as would the visitor to New York who judged the entire state by the Hackensack meadows or by a tour through Long Island.

Until recently, however, to travel over any considerable portion of Cuba was tiresome, unpleasant, difficult and costly. The only means of trans-

portation was by horseback or railway, and the Cuban railways are by no means of the best. Moreover, even then the traveler saw comparatively little of the island.

But today, thanks to Cuba's system of wonderful new motor highways, one may tour practically the entire island by automobile, in comfort and without any difficulty. Not only that, but one may take one's own car and drive anywhere and everywhere as readily and freely as if in one's own state.

Through the activities of the Havana Automobile Club, laws have been passed which facilitate the entry of foreign-owned cars into Cuba. Not only do the laws facilitate—they make it as easy and simple to bring one's car from the States or elsewhere into Cuba as to take it from one state to another at home. There is not one cent of expense, not a tax, bond, surety, dock or landing charge nor a license fee to be paid. Within half an hour after a car has been unloaded from the steamer, the owner is at liberty to drive off with it wherever he wishes. It is only necessary to answer a few questions put by the customs officers in charge of motor-car entries—give the description, motor and State's license numbers and other data—and in a few moments, and without any delay or red tape, the officials will hand the owner of the car two documents—one a certificate of entry, the other a temporary driving and car li-

cense—and you may drive away. For ninety days the car may be kept and driven in Cuba without taxation or licenses and, if necessary, an extension of a second period of ninety days may be secured.

Neither is there any difficulty nor any great expense in taking a car to Cuba. If sailing from New York, it is only necessary to drive the car to the Ward Line pier, check it as excess baggage, pay the charges, and the car will accompany the owner to Havana, where it will be discharged and on the dock by the time the passengers' baggage has been passed by the customs.

If preferred, one may drive southward to Miami or even Key West and there embark one's car on any of the Havana boats. Moreover, if the motorist plans to visit Europe with his car, he can embark the machine on a Pacific Steam Navigation Company's ship at Havana and sail with it direct to England or the Continent. And by arranging with the Automobile Association, Foreign Department, in New York City, all foreign *trip-tiques*, *carnetes*, licenses and customs formalities will be attended to by the representatives of the A.A., exactly as if the car were sent from New York. Thus one may spend the winter months touring Cuba and then—without any trouble or inconvenience and at no greater expense than if sailing with a car from New York—cross the Atlantic and spend the summer touring Europe or

Great Britain, finally returning to New York by the ordinary route.

But whatever the ultimate destination, Cuba presents an ideal spot for motoring during the months when sleet, snow and biting winds make motoring in the north anything but a pleasure.

The most timid driver will find little or no difficulty in driving in Cuba, even in Havana's traffic. The rule of the road in Cuba is like our own—keep to the right and overtake on the left. There are the same red and green signal lights or stop and go (*sigue and pare*) semaphores at corners; the same plainly marked safety zones, circular traffic areas, and one-way streets. Moreover, the traffic police invariably overlook slight violations of rules on the part of visiting drivers. But parking in Havana is almost as much of a problem as in New York or London. Parking is not permitted in the narrower streets and, although there are allotted parking spaces about the plazas, they usually are filled with livery cars, jitneys, etc.

Worst of all, there are no hard and fast rules in regard to parking on those streets where parking is permitted. You may park your car on the right-hand side of a thoroughfare, in accordance with the directions of a traffic policeman, and an hour or two later—when another policeman comes on duty—you may be notified that your car is on the wrong side of the thoroughfare or, as likely as

not, you will be informed that no parking is permitted on the street.

And the stranger invariably finds getting out of Havana into the country an almost insoluble puzzle. It is simple enough to drive out the Malecon to the Vedado, the Country Club or beyond; but when it comes to attempting to get on to the Central Highway or the road leading to Batabáno or elsewhere it is a different matter. There are no signs indicating the route to be followed, and, unless one is thoroughly familiar with the city and its intricacies, one finds oneself in a labyrinth of streets, with all sense of direction lost, and hopelessly confused. This is well illustrated by the experience of one American who, at seven o'clock one morning, started with his wife to drive to Matanzas. At ten, when they had passed the general market six times, his wife said: "John, let's go to the Playa!" That was the nearest they ever got to Matanzas by their car. If the Havana Automobile Club or the city's authorities really wish to induce Americans to bring their cars to Cuba, and to make use of Cuba's good roads and see the country, they must arrange to post the routes to be followed in driving to the various outlying towns. It would be a very simple and a far from expensive undertaking to place conspicuous signs, bearing the names of the more important towns, and with arrows indicating the direction, at the various street corners along the route, or better,

to have large arrows and the names of the towns painted on the pavements.

Even as it is, there are thousands of American cars in Cuba each winter, and number plates of New York, Florida, Texas, New Jersey, Ohio, California and many other states are almost as often seen as the Cuban numbers.

All about Havana there are splendid highways leading into the outlying country, and in an hour or two one may speed far into the interior of western Cuba or may cross the island to the Caribbean shore.

The Central Highway, now almost completed, will link Havana with Santiago de Cuba, thus affording a tour of 705 miles through the very heart of the island and passing through the magnificent Sierra Maestra mountains. From this main artery innumerable lateral roads connect all the principal towns of the island, while westward from Havana the main highway will extend to Guane, 159 miles from the capital, passing through Arroyo Arenas, Punta Brava, Hoyo Colorado, Caimito, Guanajay, Artemisa, Las Langas and Candelaria, the end of the completed road at the present time. But work is being pushed rapidly and in a few months' time—before this book is published—the road will be completed onward through San Cristobal, Santa Cruz de los Pinos, Consolacion del Sur and Pinar del Rio to Guane. This takes the motorist through one of the most interesting sec-

tions of Cuba, the district made famous to all the world by the superior grade of tobacco grown in the rich soil and on the queer isolated limestone hills—the tobacco justly famed and known as the *Vuelta Abajo*.

To the traveler accustomed to the luxuriant, riotous vegetation of the tropical jungles of South and Central America, to the majestic Andes or the green-clad, sky-piercing mountains of the Lesser Antilles, or for that matter to our own unrivaled country, the scenery of Cuba will be disappointing. The country is unlike anything to be seen elsewhere, and it holds much of interest from economic, agricultural and sociological standpoints—and of course it *is* Cuba. But it is decidedly lacking in variety, grandeur or picturesque features. This is particularly true of western Cuba. Traveling over this westward road through Pinar del Rio, one is impressed with the fertility of the land, the cultivation, the pineapple, orange, cane and tobacco fields, and the utility of the new highway, rather than with the natural beauties of the country. Not until Pinar del Rio is passed are there anything in the way of hills that even approach mountains—the highest point here being a scant 1,000 feet above the sea. But from this highest point on the road, there is a really splendid view—a panorama of the broad undulating plains to the south, the sparkling blue Caribbean in the far distance, and the quaint old city of Pinar

del Rio in the foreground, while to the northwest the hazy Organo Mountains loom above the palm-dotted, cultivated lands. All through this section are little towns and villages hidden away in basin-like valleys, surrounded by limestone walls draped with verdure. Upon the little plains are groves of the omnipresent palms, small patches of gardens, and jutting like prehistoric monolithic monuments above the level surface are the strange *mogotes* of limestone. Everywhere, in every available spot—and in many a spot that appears far from available—are patches of the famous *vuelta abajo* tobacco. In the vales, on the hillsides, on the mountain tops and even on the sheer sides of the *mogotes* and the precipitous, rugged faces of the cliffs—where the owners are forced to ascend and descend by means of ropes—are the valuable plants. Once having seen the difficulties to be overcome in its cultivation and the inaccessible spots where it is grown, one no longer marvels at the high cost of this finest of the world's fine tobaccos.

If one does not care to go so far afield as Pinar del Rio, there is a most delightful drive to Guanajay and thence to Mariel. Mariel, the seat of the Cuban Naval Academy, is a tiny, sleepy, uninteresting village, but it borders on a lovely land-locked bay which, during the Spanish War, was a favorite port for the filibusters who smuggled arms and ammunition into Cuba to aid the pa-

riot's cause. Also one may dine here most regally and sumptuously on delicious fish and lobsters fresh from the waters of the bay. Today Mariel is mainly of importance because of the big cement plant across the bay and the immense asphalt deposits in the vicinity.

Another and even shorter run is to Hoyo Colorado and thence, turning to the right under an arching avenue of poinciana trees, to Baracoa beach. All along this shady, delightful roadway are evidences of the old days when planters lived like kings and waxed millionaires by slave labor. Here are half-ruined, centuries-old mansions, once veritable palaces; here are miles of beautifully built stone walls that—if erected by paid labor—would cost more than the lands they enclose are worth. Here are the remains of the old slave barracks, and often one passes the immense bells suspended to beams between trees that once summoned the toiling blacks from fields at close of day or sent them forth to their labors in the cool of early dawn. Of all Cuba's beaches, that of Baracoa is perhaps the best; and in the summer months it is a busy, densely populated spot, reminding one of some of our own water-front resorts, with its hundreds of flimsy cottages and bungalows on the beach. Like Mariel, Baracoa was a famous spot for smugglers in days long past, and in still earlier days it was a by no means unimportant port and was attacked more than once by the

wild buccaneers and pirates. Though long deserted and gone to ruin, the ancient fort is an interesting spot and brings vividly to mind the tempestuous, bloody days of Cuba's past history.

Still another short motor trip is that across the island to Batabano on the southern coast. It is but thirty-five miles from Havana to Batabano, the road leading through really lovely country where, for mile after mile, one speeds through seemingly endless groves of thousands of royal palms. Batabano itself is neither a very interesting nor attractive town but it has its attractions and advantages nevertheless. Moreover, it was the original "Havana," settled in 1515, but which name and all, was removed to its present site in 1519. Today it is famous as a fishing place and is equally famed for its sponges. It is the port of embarkation for the Isle of Pines, and it boasts two really excellent hotels—the Dos Hermanos and Cervantes—where one may secure a delicious meal and may dine on the breezy roof with Batabano and the calm turquoise bay spread beneath. If the visitor ever has use for sponges, either for person or car, here is the place to lay in a stock for a lifetime. Everywhere are boys and men importuning the stranger to buy the wares that each carries in sacks and hanging like gigantic bunches of grapes to ropes slung across shoulders. And while the sponge vendors will at first demand prices beyond all reason, they invariably will sell

—eventually—for the proverbial song. If the tourist is an ardent angler, there is no better spot in which to enjoy the sport. Batabano's bay and its outlying reefs fairly swarm with fish, and a large portion of Havana's supply of fish is brought from Batabano. But Batabano also has its disadvantages. It is surrounded by mangrove swamps and after sundown it fairly teems with bloodthirsty mosquitoes.

For another half-day's run there is Guanabacoa across the bay from Havana, but reached by an excellent road that passes around the head of the bay and over a drawbridge. Like Baracoa, Guanabacoa is a popular seaside summer resort but is much more stylish and select than the former, and, as it is famed also for its mineral springs, it is a sort of spa and seashore resort combined. Aside from these features, Guanabacoa contains many old churches and famous, adored shrines; the Church of Potosi having an image to which many miracles are attributed and which annually is visited by many thousands of devout pilgrims from all parts of the island.

Near Guanabacoa is a deposit of asphalt which is quite historical, for it was used by Ocampo to calk his ships when, in 1508, he first entered the harbor that was later to become Havana. It was from this incident that the bay received its original name of "Puerto de Carenas" (Port of the Careenage).

One of the most prominent buildings in Guanabacoa, and one that invariably attracts attention, is the College of the Pious Schools. This is an enormous edifice, walled about like a fortress. Within a lofty niche in one corner is a religious statue before which burns continuously—not a candle or a tiny oil lamp as might be expected—but an electric light!

This is one of the most famous and the oldest seat of education in Cuba. In its architecture it is very like the old Californian missions and as one wanders through the pillared colonnades and the flower-filled patios, wherein there is no noise from the outside world and all is peace and quiet, one has a sensation of having been magically carried back to centuries past.

Not far distant from Guanabacoa is the popular seaside resort of Cojimar, with its splendid bathing beach and its quaint old fort known locally as the "Little Morro."

At the present time the main Central Highway is opened to automobile traffic only as far as Santa Clara, but by autumn, 1930, it is expected that the last link will have been completed and the road ready for through traffic from Havana to Santiago.

One of the pleasantest and most popular of motor trips which can be made within a day's run of Havana is to Matanzas, about sixty miles from the capital. Not only does this afford an excellent impression of Central Cuba, but it enables the vis-

iting motorist to obtain a very good idea of the character of the new highroad, its construction, and the innumerable difficulties that were met and overcome by the contractors. The contracts for all of the new roads were allotted to two firms—one a local Cuban company, the other Warren Brothers of New York—and the contrast between the excellent work of the latter firm and the slipshod construction of the roads built by the local concern is very marked. In many places the latter roads—opened only a few months—are already full of holes, cracks and hollows, whereas those built by the veteran New York road builders are in perfect condition and undoubtedly will remain so for many years to come. Whether or not the Cuban government will see to it that the new highways are kept in repair is somewhat problematical. As a rule the Latin American, once a road is built, appears to think it needs no further attention. And, judging from the way in which the Malecon and many of the Havana streets have been allowed to go to pieces, one would need be very optimistic to expect to find Cuba's highroads passable after, say, ten years' time.

Throughout its entire length the highway is of Warrenite, and a notable feature of the road is that there are no grade crossings. Even the small, seldom-used railways of the sugar estates are either bridged or crossed by under-passes, and in many places cart-road grade crossings have also

been eliminated. One of the features of the highway that always arouses the interest and curiosity of the visitor from the north is the size of many of the bridges and culverts spanning small, insignificant appearing streams. But a tiny rill in Cuba may become transformed into a raging torrent in the rainy season, and a brook that one may ford with ease during the winter may be a wide, swiftly flowing river during the Cuban summer. Another feature of these roads is the provisions made for carrying off rain water. In many places the gutters on either side are wide and deep enough to serve as veritable river beds. But until one sees a real dyed-in-the-wool honest-to-goodness Cuban rain, one cannot conceive of the floods that result in the space of a few moments. Even in Havana I have seen the Malecon transformed to a lake in which automobiles were submerged to the hubs within ten minutes after rain commenced to fall, and this notwithstanding that there is nothing to prevent the water from flowing off into the sea. And in the interior the rainfall is far heavier than in the capital.

It is largely these bridges; the extraordinary amount of work required to provide for tropical rains, and the numerous railway crossovers and bridges that have made the new highways so costly, the estimated expenditure being in excess of one hundred million dollars! And the visitor who makes the motor trip to Matanzas will appre-

ciate, more fully than would be possible by reading pages of description, these difficulties to be met with and overcome in constructing a modern motor highway in a land like Cuba.

Leaving Havana, the route runs through Luyano, Lucero, Cotorro, Loma de Tierra, Cuatro Caminos, Jamaica and San José de las Lajas to Gánuza. Here the road forks, the left-hand branch leading to Matanzas, the one on the right to Guines. Beyond Gánuza the first village of any size is Zaragoza, where the tourist finds himself really in the interior, with the roadway stretching like a broad ribbon across rolling hills and verdant valleys and forming an almost irresistible temptation to speeders. Judging by appearances, every native Cuban is a born speeder; but there *are* speed laws in Cuba, even if nine out of ten Cubans disregard them, and it is well for the stranger to beware and not exceed forty or forty-five miles an hour, for motorcycle traffic police lurk as consistently in ambush beside the roads as they do in our own land.

At Madruga, the next place of any importance and a village of some two thousand inhabitants, there are famous medicinal springs as well as almost chemically pure spring water, which is sold everywhere throughout Cuba under the name of Copey. Aside from the springs and baths, Madruga holds nothing of interest. A short distance farther on, the country becomes rough and hilly,

with some fair-sized mountains, and the road enters Matanzas province. Here, in several places, the highway climbs through gorges and winds over verdured and jungle-clad hills or again is carried through deep cuts or along immense fills. At last, far ahead, one catches a glimpse of sparkling blue sea with the hazy "Pan de Matanzas" looming on the horizon, and presently enters a beautiful bit of country, the road climbing steadily higher and higher above the far-flung, lush green valley, dotted with clumps of magnificent royal palms, until, at the summit, Matanzas suddenly bursts into view almost beneath one's feet.

Of all Cuba's northern ports, Matanzas is the best known and the most attractive. It is also one of the oldest of Cuban towns, its name, meaning Slaughter, having been bestowed upon it owing to the massacre of the peaceful harmless Indians by the relentless old Dons who settled on the shores of the splendid almost landlocked bay.

In itself Matanzas is not particularly interesting. Most of it is new, a bit garish and with little that is reminiscent of Old Spain. But there are a few fine old buildings, a quaint picturesque old church, a sleepy little plaza and, best of all from the tourists' viewpoint, several very excellent hotels with restaurants that can provide most delicious menus.

But no one ever goes to Matanzas for the city

itself. Its fame and interest lie entirely in the superb Yumuri Valley, the famed Hermitage and the wonderful Caves of Bellamar. And whatever attractions the city or its environs may hold, they are decidedly marred by the scores—hundreds I might say—of street urchins, black, brown and yellow, who swarm everywhere, running after the car, jumping onto the running boards, even clinging to the windows—filthy, ragged, often diseased—and all shouting, yelling, begging to be employed as guides, to watch the car when parked or to be given a few *centavos*. Were it not for these pests, a round of the city would be quite interesting, but like flocks of cockroaches or vermin they give one not a moment's peace.

The main street or Paseo is a rather pathetic imitation of Havana's Prado, and—like the Prado—it begins and ends with a monument, that at the eastern extremity being a statue of Ferdinand II—though why any Latin American city or republic should care to perpetuate such a tyrannical monster is a puzzle. Possibly the statue was placed there to make more impressive the monument at the opposite end of the avenue, which commemo-rates the execution of sixty-three Cuban patriots who met death at the spot.

From the Paseo there is a splendid vista of the harbor and bay. It was near here, at Fort San Severino above the town, that the famous and “immortal” mule came to his untimely death, a

peaceful and innocent creature who was killed by the shells from Samson's guns when he bombarded Matanzas in 1898, and the sole casualty resulting from the engagement.

Of course no one goes to Matanzas without visiting the Hermitage of Monserrate, although, personally, I see no reason for so doing other than to afford a view of the justly famed Yumuri Valley. But as it is, the lame, halt, blind, maimed, diseased and dirty fairly swarm about the Hermitage, and mutilated hands or limbs, filthy rags, sightless sockets and vermin-infested heads are constantly obtruded into the foreground, spoiling the otherwise marvelous view of the rich green valley cut by the silvery river and filled with the thousands of ivory-like symmetrical trunks and feathery crowns of the great royal palms.

As for the Hermitage itself, it dates back only to 1870 and is a most uninteresting and ugly chapel, though far-famed as a miraculous shrine dedicated to Our Lady of Montserrat. Pilgrims visit it in droves, coming on crutches and in litters, and while it is claimed that many cripples have returned cured, their sticks and crutches cast aside as useless, yet judging by the number of their fellows who swarm on the mount and in whining tones beg alms, Our Lady must discriminate in bestowing her miracles.

But if the Hermitage is overrated, and the joy of the view ruined by dirty beggars, the Caves of

Bellamar are worthy of all the praise that has been bestowed upon them. Although not so large as the Mammoth Cave or the Luray Caverns, they are far more beautiful in their stalactitic display, their domed roofs and crystalline arches and the huge columnar formations connecting ceilings and floors like marvelously sculptured pillars. Probably no American caves can excel those of Bellamar in the clear, transparent beauty of the "drip-stone" formations, and each of the many chambers and halls, the passages and galleries, surpasses the last, until all culminate in the vast "Gothic Temple," nearly three hundred feet in length and nearly one hundred feet wide, with its cathedral-like roof that, in the gleam of the colored electric lights, appears set with millions of scintillating gems.

It is perfectly feasible to continue on from Matanzas to Santa Clara, Camaguey and eventually to Santiago, but there are comparatively few persons who care to motor for over seven hundred miles on one continuous trip, and there is much more of interest to be seen by taking shorter runs, leaving the main highway and following the lateral roads north and south.

Thus one may motor to Cienfuegos, the "City of a Hundred Fires" and one of the most attractive of Cuban towns. To many the name of the city is a puzzle, but, as in the case of so many of the Spanish American cities and other spots, there

is a reason. As Columbus sailed slowly along the coast and into the beautiful bay, myriads of fireflies flitted above the meadows and woods, the lights flashing like living stars. "*Mira los cienfuegos!*" ("Behold the hundred fires!") exclaimed one of the men, and thus the name was bestowed upon the place. But it was many centuries later, in 1819, that the town was founded. Scarcely had it been established ere it was destroyed by a hurricane, to be rebuilt in 1825. Today it is a most pleasant and delightful town, with broad streets, electric lights and all modern conveniences, and is second only to Havana in commerce.

Its central plaza is the finest in Cuba—a charming spot filled with flowers and shade trees and with its entrance flanked by marble lions, a gift from Queen Isabella of Spain. Facing the plaza are the finest of the city's buildings, prominent among these being the Terry Theatre, built by the heirs of Don Tomas Terry, one of the richest of Cuba's old-time millionaire sugar kings. The building cost over \$150,000, and all profits derived from it are donated to charities. Close at hand, and also facing on the plaza, is the cathedral containing a Madonna clad in royal purple gold and gems, a gift, like the lions, from the Queen of Spain. Here about the plaza the natives still parade in the evenings, following the old Spanish American custom of the *pasear*, and to greater extent than in any other town in Cuba adhering

to the charming Spanish dress—the mantillas, the high combs and the fringed shawls which one invariably associates with Spanish women.

Although the climate is rather hot, it is very healthful, while the numerous resorts and suburbs along the shore are ever cool. Here to large extent dwell the wealthy inhabitants amid a riot of palms and flowering shrubs, for the environment of Cienfuegos is more truly tropical than any other section of the island. And it would be difficult to find a more lovely bay anywhere. Almost land-locked, with its narrow entrance guarded by the quaint, obsolete old Castle of Jagua, and six miles in length, Cienfuegos Bay forms a calm, lake-like sheet of turquoise water with the rich green fields and hazy mountains in the background. The famous Castillo at the harbor mouth is the best preserved of all the old forts in Cuba and dates from the reign of Philip V. Of even greater historic interest to most Americans is Colorado Point opposite the old fort. Here is the cable landing, and here the first American blood was shed in the Spanish War when the American forces cut the cables under a heavy rifle fire from the ancient fort.

Another pleasant trip is to Cardenas, about thirty miles from Matanzas and one hundred miles from Havana, situated on the northern shore of the island. Cardenas is a modern thriving city at the head of a broad shallow bay which prevents

large vessels from approaching close to the town. The city boasts a really fine cathedral, well paved streets and a plaza containing a statue of Columbus presented by Queen Isabella II. Judging from the number of statues, shrines, altars, monuments and other objects given by this Spanish Queen, she must have spent a large part of her time thinking up gifts to donate to Cuba.

Perhaps the most curious feature of Cardenas is its water supply, which is furnished by two subterranean rivers; while its chief interest lies in the fact that it was the scene of a brief but fatal engagement during our war with Spain when, on May 11, 1898, Ensign Bagley and four seamen lost their lives—the first Americans killed in the war.

Whether the visitor travels through Cuba by car or train, whether one follows the new highways or explores the less frequented roads, the most striking features of the country are the poverty of the natives and the immense areas of fertile but uncultivated land. To be sure there are vast cane fields, large areas of pineapples, an abundance of tobacco, and sometimes extensive orchards of oranges and other fruits, with occasional fields of corn. But for mile after mile no cultivated lands are seen, and farms, as we know them—with well-tilled, orderly vegetable gardens—are almost unknown. And despite the fact that they are dwelling in a land of perpetual summer,

in the midst of lands where bountiful nature and fertile soil would enable them to raise plentiful crops of almost anything, the natives appear half starved, miserable and discouraged. To be sure no native actually can starve to death in Cuba. There are far too many coconut and mango trees, too much cane and too many opportunities for helping himself to another man's crops for a Cuban peon to be really famished. Neither can the native suffer from cold or lack of clothing. But, largely because he cannot starve, and because of his environment, the average Cuban of the countryside is a most slothful, lazy, improvident and hopeless sort of individual. He will, it is true, labor in the fields or on the roads, but he does so mainly because he possesses an unquenchable thirst for fiery rum and an equally insatiable love of gambling. No sooner does he earn a few dollars than he spends them on drink, cock fights, cards or some similar form of entertainment. He never dreams of providing for a rainy day, and rarely indeed will he take the trouble or use the necessary energy to raise enough vegetables to feed himself and his family. In a way his superiors are little better and are almost as improvident. For years—centuries—Cuba waxed rich and prosperous on sugar and tobacco. The island was full of sugar and tobacco kings. They talked in millions; they spent fortunes on the most trivial whims and fancies. They maintained mansions

in Havana, palatial homes in Paris. Everything was subservient to the two products that brought a steady stream of gold flowing into the planters' pockets, and most of which in a short time was placed in circulation again. In addition there were the rich mines of Oriente. To raise ordinary crops, to till the soil for the sake of potatoes, cabbages and such things, was regarded as a waste of time. Why bother cultivating such plebeian and cheap products when the same land, the same labor, would result in vast profits from tobacco or cane? Why raise the necessities of life which could be purchased from those in less favored lands where millions could not be made in sugar and tobacco?

And then came the World War and profits such as the Cubans had never dreamed of. No wonder that period of madness is still known as the "Dance of the Millions." Money flowed like water. Men made vast fortunes over night. Thousands were bet on a throw of the dice or a turn of the cards. Palaces sprang up like mushrooms. Labor was paid wages that a few years before would have seemed fortunes. Everywhere lands were cleared, tilled and planted with cane. Tobacco, corn—everything—was torn up to give place to cane. Men borrowed vast fortunes to enable them to buy more land and plant more cane to yield larger fortunes. And then came the inevitable crash! In a night millionaires became

paupers. Banks failed or closed their doors. Mansions were left half completed. The bottom of the sugar market had dropped out and cane was scarcely worth the cutting. Thousands became bankrupts. There was no demand for labor and the Cubans, who so foolishly had put all their eggs in one basket, had no way to turn, no means of recouping their losses. They have never recovered and the chances are they never will—at least not until they make up their minds to be true farmers, to put their noses to the grindstone and devote their energies to raising a variety of crops, to producing vegetables, fruits and other produce for the northern markets and to supply their own local needs. As it is, Cuba, which should be exporting thousands of tons of onions and potatoes, is importing these by shiploads. Fields that should be yielding handsome profits lie neglected, weed-grown and abandoned. To be sure, in some sections fruits and vegetables *are* being raised and sold at a good profit to the buyers who ship the produce to the States. But for every acre so cultivated there are hundreds idle, although the demand far exceeds the supply, and with little effort Cuba could be made the kitchen garden of the States, especially during the winter and early spring. But it is doubtful if the Cubans as a whole will ever grasp the opportunity they possess. As long as the country folk are content to live in filth, squalor and poverty, there is little

hope for the island as a whole, and the average Cuban is no lover of hard work.

It was thought that the development of Cuba would result from the new motor highways. It was assumed and declared that once a cheap means of transportation was provided the country people would fall to, cultivate the incredibly fertile soil and turn prosperous farmers. But I doubt it. It would require more than highroads to awaken the rum-loving, gambling-infected *paisano*. He is not of the farmer breed, and the idea of bettering his lot, of improving his standard of living, does not appeal to him.

If one wishes to find a concrete example of this, by all means take a motor trip to the ideal town of General Machado, one of the pet schemes of President Machado, a few miles from Havana. Here Cuba's president has built a veritable spotless town, a utopian village, with immense schools, shops, factories, farms and ideal cottages of the most modernistic, hygienic, sanitary and model type. The idea was to create a satisfied, contented self-respecting, self-supporting community with every possible advantage of education, physical and manual training, arts and industries, recreation, sanitation and employment. Did the Cuban workmen, the Cuban mechanics, the Cuban masses take advantage of it? Not a bit of it! The model town of General Machado is a model and little else. What is needed in Cuba—and after touring

through the island and coming in contact with the Cubans of the rural districts the fact will be obvious—is a new model of Cuban rather than a model village.

The more one sees of the Cuban countrymen—the black, brown and yellow working class of the interior, the masses on which the island must or at least should depend—the more one realizes the truth of that old saying in regard to the impossibility of transforming a certain article into a silken purse.

CHAPTER VI

PORTS AND CITIES

LIKE our own republic, the Republic of Cuba is composed of states or, as they are known in Cuba, provinces, each under its own governor and provincial government, but all, like our own states, subject to federal laws and regulations. There are six of these provinces, and beginning at the western end of the island they are: Pinar del Rio, Havana, Matanzas, Santa Clara, Camaguey and Oriente. Although the boundaries are of course imaginary lines, yet in character, resources, even in customs and people, each province is more or less distinct. There are no visible boundaries between Massachusetts and New Hampshire or between Vermont and New York, yet the states are very different and it is the same in Cuba—only more so.

One cannot possibly secure a real insight into Cuba as a whole without visiting most if not all of the island's provinces. One might just as well try to judge New York State by New York City, or form an opinion of Massachusetts by visiting Boston, as to judge Cuba by Havana or even by motoring as far as Matanzas or Pinar del Rio. Only by taking a journey throughout the length of the island—by seeing the east and west, the

north and south—can the stranger realize the vastness, the varied scenery, the potential wealth and the character of the island as a whole. And while the trip by train from Havana to Santiago is long, hot, dusty and unpleasant, it is worth the trouble if one is not fortunate enough to have an automobile in which to traverse the island.

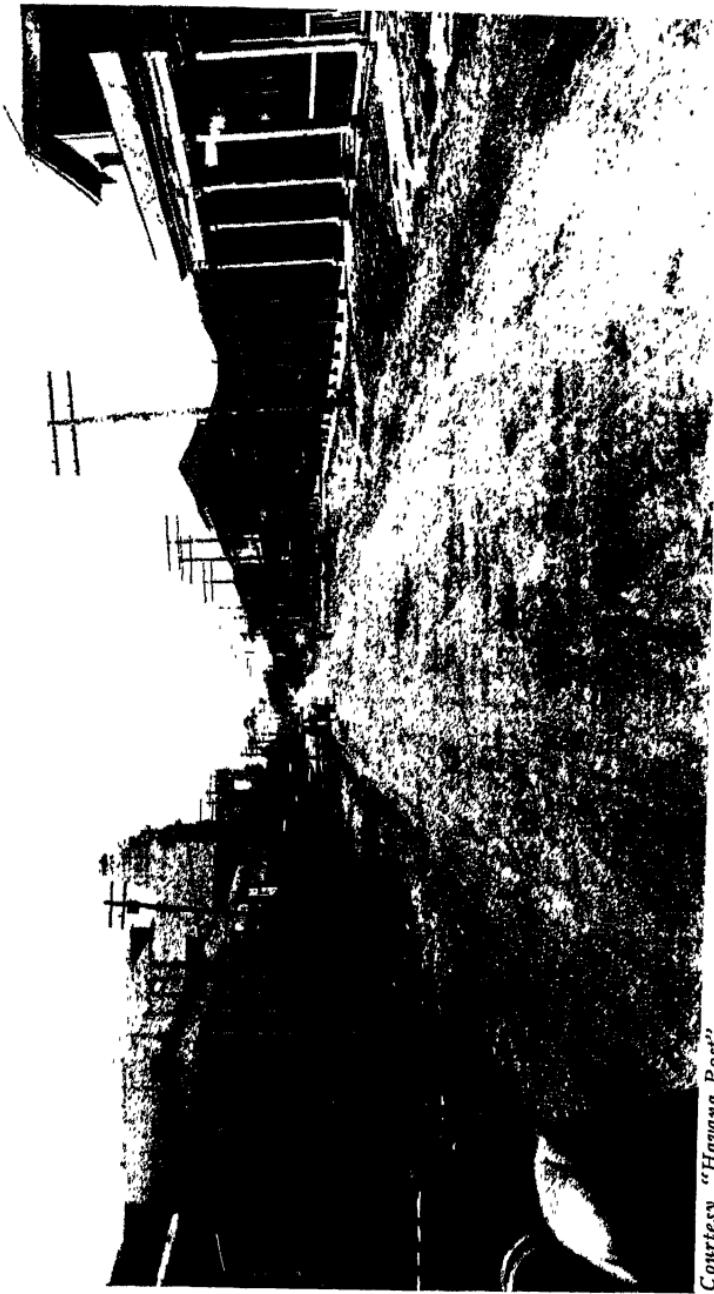
But before starting on such a journey, by all means secure a good map and learn something of the geography of the republic. By looking at such a map it will be seen that, while the six provinces are of unequal size—Havana being the smallest—each extends clear across the island from north to south and each possesses a good-sized capital town with one or more good ports on one or both of the coasts.

It will also be noticed that the shores of Cuba—especially the south coast—are exceedingly irregular, cut into innumerable bays and estuaries and in many places ringed with islets or cayos. Off the northern shores there are over 600 of these, and off the southern coast more than 700. Although these sand banks, islets and reefs render navigation somewhat difficult and even dangerous, yet they act as breakwaters and thus protect bays and coves and transform them to excellent harbors. So numerous are Cuba's ports that one of its nicknames is the "Isle of One Hundred Harbors," more than half of the hundred being ports of entry and of commercial importance. And as a port al-

most invariably is little more than an accessory to an interior town, nearly every one of these fifty recognized ports is directly connected with an important inland city or town.

This arrangement came about owing to two causes. In the first place Cuba—like most Spanish American countries—depended mainly upon agriculture and mining. Hence the largest, most populous centers were in the agricultural and mining districts. But, as products had to be exported and imported, a port was essential; and, as land transportation was poor and expensive, it followed as a matter of course that each center of industry had its own port. Even more important was the fact that Cuba—as well as other Spanish colonies—was being constantly harassed by the buccaneers and pirates. Hence, to protect themselves and their property as much as possible, the Spaniards built their chief towns and cities well inland. Pirates might and often did attack and sack the ports, but, unless laden ships happened to be lying in harbor at the time, their loot did not amount to very much and, as a rule, the freebooters hesitated to march into the interior of the enemy's country. But there were exceptions, and the Dons' ruse of placing cities far distant from the sea did not protect them at all times.

This was the case with the old city of Camaguey, known in early Spanish days as Puerto Principe, although situated over 500 feet above the sea and



Courtesy, "Havana Post"

A study in contrasts. One of the country roads in Cuba in 1929. Compare this with the photograph of the new road.



Courtesy, "Havana Post"

On Cuba's new central highway. Compare this with the photograph of a road as it was one year ago.

on an interior plain. The city originally was located on the coast at the present port of Nuevitas but it was so exposed to piratical forays that, a year after it was founded, in 1515, the settlers were forced to abandon the site and move bag and baggage into the interior. But this did not save them. In 1665 the city, that had become rich and prosperous, was raided by Sir Henry Morgan, who marched inland, attacked and looted the town, and made off with a vast amount of valuables. "As soon as the Pyrates had possessed themselves of the Towne," says a contemporaneous chronicler describing the raid, "they closed all the Spaniards, Men, Women and Children and Slaves in the severall churches and pillaged all the Goods they could set their hands upon. Then they searched the Country round about, daily bringing in many Goods and Prisoners with much Provision. With this in hands they set to making great Cheer after their customs without remembering the poor Prisoners whom they had left to Starve in the Churches; though they tormented them daily and inhumanly to cause them to confess wherein they had hid their Treasure; though of a fact little or nothing was left to them, not sparing the Women and little Children, giving them no food to eat and whereby the greater part miserably perished."

It is in these old towns and interior cities—such as Camaguey—that the visitor finds the greatest

interest and obtains the best ideas of Cuban life and customs, for a port is always a more or less cosmopolitan place with little of a distinctly national character. Still some of the Cuban ports have much of historic interest, others are noteworthy for one feature or another, and, while few visitors are able to include all or even a small portion of the ports and towns in an itinerary, a trip to some of the more important is well worth while.

Beyond Matanzas—whether the traveler goes by motor car or railway—the next city of importance is Santa Clara. This is the capital of the province of the same name and has a population of about 20,000. It is a comparatively modern town with some fine buildings and—as is often the custom in Cuba—a large theater, Teatro de la Caridad, the profits from which are devoted to schools and charities. The cathedral is also of interest and contains several old Masters. Santa Clara is in the center of a rich cane and cattle district and, although nowadays most of its produce is shipped by rail, in former times it was hauled overland and shipped from the neighboring port of Caibarien on the north coast.

Beyond Santa Clara is Placetas del Sur, famed for its tobacco, and a cattle raising center, while beyond is Zaza del Medio, one of the most beautifully situated interior towns with the Zaza River flowing through the lovely valley dotted with groves of royal palms.

Seven miles south of Zaza is Sancti Spiritus, founded in 1514, and a sleepy, moribund old place of some 18,000 inhabitants. But in old days Sancti Spiritus was a rich and prosperous city and, like Camaguey, was attacked and successfully raided by the pirates in 1667 "much to the detriment of the persons and properties of its inhabitants" as the historian Pezuela informs us. Nor was this the only time that the people and their properties suffered "detriment" at the hands of invaders. In 1719 it was again sacked by French and British pirates, and through the centuries that followed poor Sancti Spiritus seems always to have felt the brunt of battle. In many of the buildings and walls one may still see the gaping wounds of shells and the holes made by bullets during the War of Liberation.

Beyond Zaza, the country becomes more wooded, until at Cagusal the traveler is in the center of a rich timbered country with forests of mahogany, cedar, majagua and other valuable hardwoods.

At Ciego de Avila, 280 miles from Havana, one may still see several of the little box-like forts that once marked the famous "trocha" constructed by the Spaniards to prevent the Cuban patriots from moving from one portion of the island to another—an excellent idea in theory, but which failed most lamentably—from the Spanish viewpoint—in practice.

Proceeding farther eastward, the way leads

through numerous small towns and villages, the forests and hills give way to open plains, and at Camaguey the country is practically level. Perhaps no town in Cuba presents an older and more mediæval aspect than Camaguey. Its streets are narrow, crooked and not over-clean, the buildings that line them are ancient, quaint and speak eloquently of their age. Their sagging, tiled roofs and crumbling, massive walls seem never to have been touched or repaired since Morgan's historic raid, and, despite the fact that Camaguey has all the modern improvements and facilities, these have in no way detracted from the picturesque aspect of the town, with its grilled windows, out-jutting balconies and great arched doorways.

Several of the old churches, wherein the victims of Morgan's attack were left to starve and die, are still in existence, among them La Merced, built in 1628, with its high altar of solid silver, made from forty thousand Spanish dollars or pieces of eight, and its sepulcher containing an image of Christ, made also of silver and weighing over 500 pounds.

Although Camaguey is in a very rich garden and cattle district and possesses greater possibilities than almost any other portion of Cuba, and although after the American intervention great things were expected of it, yet, like every other portion of the island, it has gone backward rather than forward. Only a small portion of the surrounding country is under cultivation and the in-

habitants appear to be continually struggling to keep soul and body together.

Marti, named in honor of the Cuban patriot, is the next town, and here, at Palo Seco, a short distance to the south, was fought one of the most important battles of Cuba's Ten Years' War (1868-78) when General Maximo Gomez defeated the Spanish forces.

Las Tunas, fifteen miles farther on, is also famed for a decisive battle between the Spaniards and patriots. This, however, occurred in the last revolution in 1896 and was the most remarkable victory of the Cubans during the entire campaign. The town was defended by 600 Spanish veterans and two Krupp twelve pounders, yet after two days' fighting the town and the entire Spanish garrison were captured. In this battle General Frederick Funston was in command of the Cuban artillery and doubtless much of the success of the Cubans was due to his cool and accurate artillery fire. So effective was this that, at the close of the battle, not a single house remained standing in Las Tunas.

Beyond here, the open plains again give way to dense forests, forests that should add vastly to Cuba's prosperity but which, despite the immense piles of cut logs and planks that are seen piled at every station, have been so inefficiently and wastefully exploited that they have added very little to the income of the republic.

Alto Cedro, 490 miles from Havana, is also in the heart of vast forests and is surrounded by wild, picturesque scenery, by far the most tropical bit of the island so far, and with the broad Cauto River, largest of Cuban streams, gleaming in the sunshine.

From here on the traveler climbs steadily up the foothills of the Sierra Maestra amid scenery almost awe-inspiring in its wild grandeur, until, having surmounted the ranges by a narrow pass, one looks down upon the shimmering blue sea with ancient Santiago clinging to the hillsides above its landlocked historic harbor.

Of the northern ports of Cuba there is not much to be said, for as a rule they are far from important, they contain little of interest and they are very largely lacking in the luxuries—even the necessities—of life that a northern visitor requires. Matanzas is of course the most important, with Cardenas next, while beyond is Sagua la Grande's quaint port of Concha, built on piles, and notable as being the most northerly town in Cuba. It is also famed for its sea food and as being a favorite summer resort.

Then there is Caibarien, the old port of Placetas del Sur and Zaza del Medio. Then Nuevitas, already mentioned in connection with Camaguey and Morgan's raid; important as the terminal of a branch railway, but a dirty, smelly, most uninviting place, with its steaming hot air redolent of fish, sponges and raw sugar—a combination of

odors that it is impossible to describe and would be hard indeed to equal for its nauseating qualities. Vita, Manati, Banes and Puerto Padre come next; the last being the shipping port of Cuba's largest sugar mill—the Chaparra mill—while Vita is the port of the Santa Lucia estate.

Gibara, the most colorful town in Cuba and one of the most picturesque as well, is one of those delightful spots that seem somehow to have been dropped out of sight and mind in the onward march of progress. It appears as sleepy, as old-fashioned—as much a part of the past—as though it had remained unchanged since the days when Spanish galleons lay at anchor off the multi-colored town bordering the crescent-shaped bay. About it there is still a ridiculous rambling wall with quaint lantern-like sentry boxes, odd block houses with deep embrasures and rusty old cannon. Moreover, Gibara is of great historic interest, for it was here that Columbus first set foot on Cuban soil when in 1492 he sailed into the almost perfect bay and in his journal noted the three striking landfalls: the Silla (saddle), the Pan (sugar loaf), and the Tabla (table)—three hills which rear their wooded lower slopes and bare rocky summits far above the ancient town and form the most striking features of the landscape.

Beyond Gibara is immense Nipe Bay, the largest and finest of Cuban harbors, with its ports of Preston, Felton—the shipping point for the iron mines in the hills—and Antilla, which is the fourth

most important seaport in Cuba and the terminus of the Cuba Central Railway's Antilla branch line—a modern port with great docks, extensive wharves and huge warehouses, all of which have sprung into existence since Cuba won her long struggle for independence.

Finally there is Baracoa, the most easterly of Cuba's northern ports, at the foot of Yunque Mountain towering for more than 2,000 feet above the surface of the circular landlocked harbor. Like Gibara, Baracoa was first discovered by Columbus in 1492, and so delighted was he with the spot that he wrote:

“A thousand tongues would not suffice to describe the things I saw of novelty and beauty, for it was all like a scene of enchantment.”

His glowing description attracted the attention of Diego Velasquez, who forthwith sailed for the “enchanted land,” and, landing at the site of the present Baracoa, in 1511, took possession of the island in the name of the King of Spain and founded the first settlement in Cuba. The fort erected by those old Dons still stands above the town which is of scarcely more importance today than in 1511. It is a fascinating spot for the explorer, the hunter, the angler or the naturalist, and, though the first town founded in Cuba and the oldest on the island, it is probably the least visited and the most isolated of all Cuba's ports today.

CHAPTER VII

ANCIENT SANTIAGO

SANTIAGO, quaint, picturesque, sun-baked, hot, hilly and historic, is wholly unlike any other Cuban town or, for that matter, unlike any other Latin American city. It is as different from Havana as it is possible to imagine—as distinct from the capital as though in a far distant land instead of on the same island and under the same flag.

To the majority of Americans the name Santiago de Cuba means nothing more than the spot where Hobson sunk the *Merrimac*, whence Cervera's ill-fated fleet steamed forth to destruction at the hands of Admiral Schley, the city about whose environs the only worth-while fighting of the Spanish War took place, and near which Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and his Rough Riders charged up San Juan Hill. Yes, there are some who may retain enough remembrance of Cuba's geography to recall that the peace treaty was signed under a mango tree near Santiago.

But few know anything about the ancient city, once the capital and metropolis of Cuba, for none of the larger steamers call at the port, the train journey from Havana to Santiago is long, dusty and tiresome, and for some unknown and inexpli-

cable reason the various "tours" appear to have given Santiago a rather wide berth.

Yet Santiago is well worth a visit. Despite its average high temperature, its far from modern streets and accommodations, and its steep, hilly thoroughfares, it is a delightfully charming, interesting and most historic old city. In the days when I first knew Cuba under the Spanish régime, it was even filthier, dirtier and more odorous than Havana, and that's saying a great deal. But today, even if Santiago is still almost mediæval in some respects, Cuba's praiseworthy and efficient sanitary campaign has transformed the city to as great or even greater extent than Havana. It is clean, spick-and-span, and has an excellent water supply and is as healthful a spot as Havana. Many modernities have been installed; there are trolley cars, automobiles, electric lights, telephones, a good hotel—but they have not affected Santiago as far as outward appearances or its Old World atmosphere are concerned. They have merely added a modicum of comfort and convenience without in the least detracting from the city's picturesque features, its age, its atmosphere; and I doubt if anything short of a devastating earthquake, necessitating the entire reconstruction of the city, would do so.

Built like Rome on several hills, encompassed by rugged, verdured mountains, in the midst of wild tropical scenery, and overlooking a marvel-

ous landlocked harbor dotted with wooded islets, Santiago is one of the most beautifully situated of towns. And it is everything that one expects of a Latin American city. In fact it is for all the world like the pictured towns one sees on steamship posters or the back drops of a theater—almost too much the conventional ideal spot to be real. Its houses are still painted in every hue; its roofs are still of time-softened old Spanish tiles; its narrow streets still meander up the hillsides, often in flights of rough stone steps; and the mantilla, the high comb, the scarlet-sashed muleteers and other accessories that one looks for in tropical settings are still in evidence in Santiago.

From any point of view it is picturesque, colorful, fascinating, but to be seen at its best Santiago should be approached from the sea. As the ship draws in toward shore, there is no hint of a city. Far above the waves the historic old Morro squats upon the cliff top, its gray walls and ramparts seemingly a portion of the rock itself. Oldest of the several Morros in Spanish America, the old fort was for centuries impregnable. Even with the toy-like, ancient, smooth-bore cannon and round shot, inaccurate and short ranged as they were, the Dons could reasonably defy any enemy attempting to enter the city's harbor. From its perch 200 feet above the sea the range of the Morro's guns was vastly increased, and the shot and shell could be hurled—rather I might say

dropped or tossed—onto the ships below, whose guns could never be elevated sufficiently to reach the fortress walls. Mediæval, picturesque, with its sentry boxes overhanging the precipice beneath, with its pink and gray battlements, it has scarcely altered since those old days when pirates, buccaneers and other enemies of Spain sailed toward Santiago in their high-sterned, pot-bellied ships until a hail of round shot from the heights came hurtling through their rigging, and, with curses and black looks and perchance firing a few futile shots in return, off they sailed to more promising spots for their activities.

Still, on several occasions, the Santiago Morro failed to check the reckless British buccaneers. By strategy and by pure dare-deviltry, they succeeded in entering and sacking the town, and also, like the Havana Morro, it once fell to the British soldiers. Still through the centuries it has stood there, dominating the heights like a crouching watch dog; it has guarded the city faithfully and well, and even Schley and Sampson found it too hard a nut for them to crack. To be sure, the famous *Merrimac* slipped past the Morro, but not unscathed, and as she was destined to be scuttled anyhow it didn't matter much if Morro's gunfire did play havoc with her. But today the Morro is worthless, save as a lighthouse and a monument to the dominance of Spain in years past. Under its battlements the steamer glides through the nar-

row entrance to the bay, a strait barely 500 feet in width, and enters the winding waterway—more like a river than a harbor—with its fringe of palm-clad shores, verdured hills and silver beaches. Just within the entrance, Estrella Point and its ancient battery is passed, then Punta Gorda with its embrasured ramparts, and presently Cayo Smith, a picturesque, lovely islet with red-roofed houses and a tiny chapel. Onward through the tortuous channel the ship feels her way, until the final turn is made and before us stretches the great pouch-shaped inner harbor, a mountain-girt bay six miles long and half as wide, with Santiago blazing in the sun upon the farther hillsides.

Upward from the waterside it stretches, Oriental in its color and its architecture, at its feet palm-shaded Marine Park, at its summit the great cathedral, and everywhere between a sea of red-tiled roofs; of pink, blue, yellow and mauve houses, with palms against a sky of tropic blue. To be sure, distance lends no little enchantment to the view of Santiago. It softens the tones; the details blend to form a harmonious, perfect whole, and one does not see the unlovely things—the neglected, down-at-the-heels patios, the patched and crumbling walls, the weather-beaten, sagging roofs and balconies, nor the omnipresent black vultures.

Still, even when one is in the town, when the illusion of distance no longer exists, when one sees too obviously the unattractive features of the

place, Santiago is attractive, fascinating, to those who love intense tropic heat and color and exotic scenes and life. It is like stepping into another world to step into Santiago, and on every hand are spots, buildings, scenes redolent of history, of the old conquerors, of the hectic days when New Spain was in the making.

Here Velasquez, the founder of Cuba, settled in 1515. Here he died and was buried in 1522. Here dwelt that fanatically stanch defender of the oppressed Indians, Bartholomew Las Casas, whose zeal in the natives' behalf led him to suggest the importation of negro slaves from Africa, thus merely exchanging a bad condition for one that in some ways was even worse. Here in Santiago lived Doctor Antomarchi, the physician who was at Napoleon's bedside when the ill-fated "Little Corporal" died in St. Helena. It is a far cry from St. Helena to Santiago de Cuba, and the story of how Napoleon's doctor happened to settle in Cuba is a most romantic tale.

After the exiled emperor's death, Doctor Antomarchi made a tour of the world, and happened to drop in at Santiago where, by one of those amazing coincidences that would appear impossible in fiction, one of the first men he met was a long-lost brother. Being something of a fatalist, the medico decided that Fate had predestined him to make Santiago his home, so then and there he ended his wanderings, settled down and dwelt in

peace, and apparently in prosperity, until he fell a victim to the yellow fever.

It was in Santiago, too, that Cuba's first school was established in 1522, and near the site of this old seat of learning a new and up-to-date American school now stands—a school erected at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, enough to have built the entire town in 1522—nearly half of the sum having been contributed by a single American citizen, Mr. H. L. Higginson of Boston.

In the old days Santiago was not only the capital, the stronghold and the most wealthy town in Cuba, but it was also the center of art and fashion. The drama, music, painting, all flourished and were supported and patronized by the wealthy aristocracy of Old Spain who flocked to the new land. In many a home and in many a church there are still faded and dust-covered old masters in tarnished gilt frames. And who can say that it was not the result of Santiago's past as a center of art and music that led to one of the city's daughters becoming one of the most famed and applauded singers of all time? At any rate it seems quite fitting that it was in Santiago, in the Filarmonia Theater, that the fourteen year old Adelina Patti should have made her *début*.

No wonder the Santiagoans are proud of their city and its history. But there were many dark chapters in its story, as well as brilliant pages. It was here that the Spaniards shot the captain

and crew of the American steamer *Virginius* in 1873, adding insult to the massacre by killing the Americans in the public slaughter house. The spot is marked by a monument bearing the inscription: "You who pass here uncover your head. It is consecrated earth. For thirty years it has been blessed by the blood of patriots sacrificed to tyranny." But despicable and inhuman as was the butchery of these men we Americans can say but little, for our own government overlooked the outrage, whitewashed the Spanish officials for what they had done, and promptly forgot the matter.

The most historic spot in Santiago is a quaint one-story house near the top of the hill, a little dwelling, obviously one of the most ancient in the city, with its red-tiled, sagging roof and its wooden-grilled windows that give onto a glorious view of harbor, town and mountains. Here dwelt the man who was the real ruler of Santiago, who perhaps did more for Cuba's prosperity and future than any Spaniard of his times, who molded the power of Spain in the New World, who was destined to become the greatest of the conquerors —Hernando Cortez.

A strange, romantic, quixotic, dashing figure, Cortez was the ideal hero for some romantic Graustark novel, and his career in Cuba was as strange, as adventurous, as romantic and as quixotic as any portion of his exciting, romantic, adventurous life.

The son of an ancient and aristocratic family,

Hernando Cortez at eighteen was as renowned for his amours as for his adventurous spirit and his skill at arms. And oddly enough—or perhaps not so oddly after all, considering his proclivities—it was his love for the ladies that resulted in his coming to Santiago and to his conquest of Mexico. It all began in old Seville on the eve of Cortez's departure for the New World as a member of Don Nicolas de Ovando's forces. No doubt, had young Hernando been a more moral and less romantic soul he would have met the fate of the rest of Ovando's unfortunate companions, and the history of America—and of Spain—would have been very different.

Being what he was, Cortez must have one more fling ere he sailed westward, and at dead of night he clambered up a garden wall to keep a tryst with the young and lovely wife of an old Don. But the ardent Hernando was fated never to reach his Juliet's casement. The vines by which he was climbing gave way and Hernando crashed to earth and lay helpless with a broken ankle. What the outraged husband said or did is not recorded, but he could not honorably run his rapier through a helplessly wounded man, nor could he challenge him to a duel, and very probably he thought the young gallant sufficiently punished by his broken bones and by missing his ship.

However that may be, Cortez, as soon as he was able to be up and about, decided that Seville was

no place for him and took ship for Hispaniola, where he was warmly welcomed by the governor, who was an old-time friend. Although the life of a farmer did not at all appeal to the dashing young Hernando, who preferred the sword to the plough, he had no choice but to take the governor's advice and to accept His Excellency's gift of a large tract of land and a *repartimiento* of Indian slaves, together with the post of Notary of Azua.

Cortez's life as a husbandman was not so humdrum as he had feared it might be, however. At that time the Indians of Santo Domingo were still in existence and were fighting as hard as possible to preserve their lives and liberty, and Cortez varied his farming by leading expeditions against the hostile but doomed natives. In this sport he showed such marked ability that when Velasquez set forth to conquer Cuba he took Cortez with him and when, later, Velasquez became Cuba's governor, Hernando became his secretary.

But Cortez's fondness for the ladies once more got him into difficulties. He had become enamored of a young lady named Juarez, one of the four daughters of an adventurer, and when, after having led the father—and the daughter as well—to think a wedding was in view, he changed his mind and broke the engagement, his friend the governor flew into a towering rage. High words were passed; the two came almost to blows, and at last Cortez joined the party in opposition to

Velasquez and became as zealous a revolutionist as he had been a lover. The result was that he was selected to go on a mission to Santo Domingo to lay complaints of Velasquez's régime before the Governor of Hispaniola. But word of the plot had reached Velasquez, and Cortez was captured, imprisoned in chains and came within an inch of being hanged by the neck until he was thoroughly dead. By some means, however, he managed to escape, and, reaching the sanctuary of the church, he defied the now thoroughly irate governor. Then once again a fair face and a neat figure was his undoing. As a smiling señorita passed his refuge, Hernando stepped from the church doorway and instantly was seized by the guards. Once more loaded with chains, Cortez was placed aboard ship to be deported, but, by hook or by crook—and probably by promises of gold as well—he managed to cast off his fetters, and, dropping over the vessel's side, swam safely ashore. Then from a safe hiding place he dickered with the baffled governor, with the final result that he was to receive a full pardon if he married the outraged and indignant Catalina Juarez.

Having thus relinquished his freedom, and this time in bonds from which he could not hope to escape, Hernando settled down to a quiet life at Santiago. No doubt he often gazed forth longingly from those wooden-grilled windows that still overlook the city and the bay today, gazing with

visions of conquest into the west where lay the great unknown continent and the new ocean so recently discovered by Balboa. But he could see no chance of leaving his wife and Cuba, and so devoted himself most assiduously to making money and to paving the way for Cuba's future. He was as successful in the one as in the other. He introduced the first cattle, the first cane and the first European plants into Cuba. He became a power, a leading spirit of Santiago. He became noted for his foresight, his charity, his kindness and his public spirit, and, although he was not an official, he held far more power and commanded far more respect than the actual governor. And he amassed what in those days was a tidy fortune—nearly twenty-five thousand dollars in good Spanish doubloons and onzas.

But deep down in Cortez's heart the spark of adventure still glowed. And at last the long-hoped-for chance arrived. Velasquez was outfitting an expedition to go to newly discovered Yucatan, and almost before he knew how it happened Cortez found himself appointed admiral of the fleet. As he sailed away in the miniature armada, Cortez passed out of the picture as far as Cuba was concerned, while the Doña Catalina, with her family and household, remained in the old house that still stands atop the hill in Santiago. Not until years later, when the conquest of Mexico was an accomplished feat, did she too leave Sar-

tiago and sail away to join her conqueror husband in far off Mexico. But the house remains little altered since the days when Don Hernando dwelt within it, and Cuba owes much of her prosperity, her cattle and her cane to an illicit love affair and a rotten jasmine vine!

Along the water front of Santiago is the famous Alameda or park drive, a favorite resort of the *élite* in the late afternoon and on Sundays, but the best, the coolest and the most attractive portion of the town is the upper section where, as in all Latin American cities, most of the life and activity centers about the plaza.

On one side—as is invariably the case—is the cathedral, the largest in Cuba, a massive, domed structure, with twin towers, that dwarfs all the buildings near. On another side is the inevitable Club with the equally inevitable Gran Hotel near by. On the north is the Municipal Building and on the west the famous Venus Restaurant. Although the days are hot in Santiago, one may sit or stroll comfortably in the shadows of the colonades, and the evenings are always cool. Seated with an iced *refresco* or something equally icy and more potent, one may thoroughly enjoy life and Santiago as the band plays dreamy waltzes or the strangely barbaric Cuban *rumba* or *danzon* while “all the world and his wife” as the Cubans put it, pass in review—the old time “*pasear*” that has unfortunately fallen into disrepute in Havana,

where motor cars are legion, but which is still retained in Santiago.

Not that motors are unknown in the old city. They fairly swarm, dodging around blind corners, roaring along the ten-foot-wide alleys, chugging up the steep streets. And, despite the fact that gasoline and filling stations and garages seem woefully out of harmony with their surroundings, and rather destroy the illusion of antiquity in the town, we cannot but be thankful for the cars that save many weary steps and much panting breath and perspiration and afford means by which the visitor may take many a delightful drive into the outlying countryside or—by the time this book is published—may probably drive over the new Central Highway back to Havana.

All about Santiago are beautiful spots and historic places. San Juan Hill, the Peace Tree, El Caney and Morro are all within easy reach. San Juan Hill is about three miles from town, and from the summit of the hill, beyond the Peace Tree, there is a magnificent view of the country and the route taken by our troops in their march on San Juan.

El Caney, a tiny out-of-the-way spot, almost unknown to the outside world until its name became familiar through the American attack upon the place in 1898, has again returned to its former somnolent oblivion, rarely disturbed save by occasional tourists who journey to the village to

view the ruins of the little fort which, after its capture, was literally "floored with dead."

But El Caney holds additional and to myself and many others, more important and vivid interests. Here is the one spot in all of Cuba where one may still see the Cuban Indians at home. To be sure it is exceedingly doubtful if a single individual is of pure aboriginal blood. But many of the people at El Caney are distinctly Indian in appearance, and they still live much as did their ancestors before the arrival of Europeans; dwelling in huts of palm and thatch, ploughing the earth with crooked sticks, cultivating tiny gardens and farms—quiet, industrious, happy and content.

That any Indian blood remains in Cuba is little less than miraculous. When the Spaniards arrived in Cuba they found the island sparsely inhabited by several tribes of allied natives, a quiet, peaceful, hospitable race, untroubled by warfare, whose only enemies were the cannibal Caribs who made occasional raids from their strongholds on the other islands, who were an agricultural people and passionately fond of music and festivities. They welcomed the white men with open arms, showed them every hospitality, and almost at once fell victims to the Don's rapacity, greed and inhumanity. They were slaughtered without mercy, taken prisoners and enslaved, sent as slaves to other islands and settlements and although—after their first few experiences—they resisted and

fought valiantly for their lives, their liberty and their homes, they were no match for mail-clad Spaniards with steel weapons and firearms. It was in fighting—if fighting it can be called—these helpless doomed natives, that Cortez got much of his training in butchering Indians, and it was the quilted cotton armor worn by the Cuban Indians in battle that gave Cortez the idea of equipping his men with the same sort of protective coverings when on his Mexican campaign—a fact that had much to do with his ultimate and marvelous success. Against bows and arrows, sling stones and primitive spears, the cotton armor was excellent protection; but it was useless in the face of steel swords, iron cross-bow bolts and musket balls. The battles everywhere in the island were more slaughters than fights, and so rapidly were the Indians overcome, killed and enslaved that within fifty years from the first Spanish settlement on the island not a free Indian remained alive in all of Cuba.

But they left their traditions, their imprint upon the Cuban race, and upon Cuban music, dances and native life. Today one senses the primitive aboriginal cadences in the Cuban dances and songs, while the famous song “Siboney,” of Indian derivation, is one of the most beautiful, heart-wringing, melodies in all the world; a song breathing all the pathos, the hopelessness and the poetry of a doomed and dying race.

Another pleasant trip is by land to Morro, the route leading through a wild region where every turn in the road reveals new and entrancing vistas of tropical scenery.

In order to enter the old fortress it is necessary to secure a pass, but there is no difficulty in obtaining this, and one may then ramble through the labyrinthine old castle, guided by a member of the little garrison. From the sea Morro appears as strong, as intact as ever. But from the inside it is revealed as crumbling, neglected and little more than a ruin.

Another interesting trip from Santiago is to the Cobre (copper) mines ten miles from Santiago. In fact no visit to the city would be complete without a journey to Cobre. Not only are the mines themselves of interest as being the oldest in America, but here too, is the famous "Virgin of Cobre" or, as the Cubans know it, Nuestra Señora de la Caridad. For nearly three centuries this revered image has been at Cobre. Miraculous cures are attributed to it and from all over Cuba—and even from distant lands—pious folk journey to Cobre to pray to the image of the Virgin for alleviation of their ills and sufferings, and for other help and blessings. On the Virgin's festal day—September 8th—thousands flock to the ancient shrine, whose history is as fascinating, as remarkable, almost as miraculous as the cures attested by the crutches, canes and other objects discarded by the lame, halt

and blind who, having knelt before the Virgin of Cobre, have gone forth well and whole. There is nothing miraculous or remarkable in the appearance of the Virgin. It is a plain, rather crudely carved wooden image about sixteen inches in height and is robed in gold and jewels valued at nearly twenty thousand dollars—mainly offerings and gifts—and is mounted within tortoise shell inlaid with gold and ivory. At one time the shrine contained valuables far in excess of those of today, but on a night of May, 1899, some sacrilegious thief broke into the sanctuary and made off with all the Virgin's gems and jewelry.

No one knows whence the image came in the first place. The earliest record is that it was carried on the ship of Alonzo de Ojeda, who was wrecked on the southern coast of Cuba early in the sixteenth century. Ojeda himself was rescued by an Indian chief or *caçique*, and, in return for his life—and perchance thinking to spread the true faith among the savages—he presented the wooden Virgin to the chieftain. Realizing that the image was venerated by the white men—and maybe connecting Ojeda's escape with the Virgin's presence—the *caçique* built a little shrine, placed the image therein, and together with his people worshiped before it. Then one day the Virgin vanished mysteriously and for a century was lost to the world. Where she remained during those hundred years no one ever will know. But,

in the seventeenth century Indians at Nipe Bay found the image floating on a plank and reverently carried it to their village of Hato near Cobre.

But the Virgin refused to remain there. Three times she disappeared, and each time was found upon the summit of the mountain, and the Indians—convinced that it was the Virgin's wish to remain on the mountain top—built a shrine in 1631 and it is within this shrine that the image stands today. For three centuries she has remained contentedly where the reverential Indians placed her. For three centuries pious pilgrims, adoring worshipers and grateful, miraculously cured invalids of all faiths have loaded her with jewels and valuables until she is almost hidden by the offerings and gifts. And regardless of one's faith or creed, regardless of one's belief or unbelief in miracles, there is far too abundant proof for anyone to question that countless cures of the seemingly incurable have been wrought in the presence of the Virgin of Cobre.

CHAPTER VIII

TREASURE ISLAND

VIEWED from the passing ship, the southeast coast of Cuba near Cape Maysi appears far from inviting and anything but tropical. The shores rise abruptly from the sea in rocky cliffs almost bare of vegetation; the sea breaks in white combers on wave-worn rocks and thunders into deep, water-carved caverns, and there is no indication of the rich lands and dense forests inland. Not until Guantanamo is reached is there anything that resembles a settlement or even a harbor; but here, about forty miles east of Santiago, is one of the finest and largest harbors in the world—a well sheltered bay amid the hills, a harbor five miles in width and twice as long—large enough and deep enough to accommodate the entire navy of the United States.

To the majority of persons, Guantanamo is known only as the United States naval base, although the town holds many other interests. It was discovered by the Spanish explorers in 1511, yet they took no advantage of it and abandoned the bay, which later became a notorious pirates' nest wherein the buccaneers lay safely at anchor awaiting the Spanish galleons and plate ships passing to and fro between Spain and the Indies.

Why the Dons should have permitted their most feared and dangerous enemies to thus maintain a stronghold in their midst is something of a mystery, but Guantanamo was not unique in this respect, and much of the success of the freebooters was due to the fact that—like parasites—they could maintain themselves almost without interference in the waters ostensibly controlled by those upon whom they preyed.

After the heydey of the buccaneers had passed, the British, under Admiral Vernon, made Guantanamo their base when, in 1741, they were besieging Cuba. Conveniently near Santiago, the bay was a most ideal spot from which to conduct operations against that city. But the stout old Morro prevented the British from taking the town from the sea, and the difficulties of storming it overland were more than the British could overcome.

This unsuccessful attempt to take Santiago is of interest to Americans owing to the fact that Lawrence Washington, brother of the revered George, was an officer under Admiral Vernon in whose honor the Potomac property of the Washingtons was named.

After the baffled British had sailed away, Guantanamo remained a lonely, almost forgotten spot until 1898, when some six hundred American marines landed on the sand dunes at the harbor's mouth and, with little trouble, routed the handful

of Spanish soldiers who were supposed to protect the place. From that time on Guantanamo was used as a naval base by the American forces.

The town itself is some distance from the harbor and is connected with the port, Caimanera, by railway. All about Guantanamo is a rich coffee and spice growing district, and the branch railway line that connects the city with the main line at San Luis traverses some of the most scenic portions of all Cuba.

Westward from this magnificent harbor, the coast again becomes bold and rocky until, beyond Santiago, it rises in precipitous cliffs culminating in the Sierra Maestra with Turquino's cloud-wreathed summit 8,000 feet above the sea. .

It was on this wild, inhospitable, wave-lashed, mountainous stretch of coast that Cervera's ill-fated warships were driven ashore or sunk by the American fleet and, for years after the war, the scarred and battered hulks could be seen scattered along the shores for forty-five miles, from Santiago.

At Cape Cruz the shore juts outward in a bold promontory, and tucked away in the corner beyond is Manzanillo, a hot and far from healthful spot, but an important port of a rich, vast agricultural district whose most important inland town is Bayamo. Manzanillo has a population of about 20,000 and is eighth in importance, in imports, and tenth in exports, of Cuban ports. Despite its

drawbacks and objectionable features it is a far from unattractive town, with a charming palm-shaded plaza, electric lights and many modern and up-to-date features. Its chief claim to distinction, from a historical standpoint, is the fact that it was here that the last shot in the Spanish American War was fired. The town was saved from bombardment by the Americans only by the receipt of news that the peace protocol had been signed.

Bayamo, the inland terminus of the railway from Manzanillo, and twenty-five miles from its port, was founded in 1514 and has a far more interesting history than Manzanillo. Here Tomas Estrada Palma, Cuba's first president, was born; at the near-by villages of Yara and Baire the lone star flag of Cuba Libre was raised for the first time in the insurrections of 1868 and 1895. In the revolution of 1868 Bayamo was captured by the Cubans, and in the following year, when it was obvious that it must capitulate to the Spanish forces, its inhabitants burned their houses to the ground rather than have them fall into their enemies' hands. In the last insurrection that led to Cuba's freedom there was severe fighting all about the town, and on one occasion the Spanish Captain General—Martinez Campos—narrowly escaped being made a prisoner by Antonio Maceo.

As a town it does not amount to much, for its total population is less than ten thousand. But there are few towns in Cuba that can boast of such

a large proportion of wealthy inhabitants. It is in the heart of one of the richest agricultural districts on the island, while the neighboring mountains contain valuable mines of copper, iron and gold.

A few miles north of Manzanillo the Cauto River empties into the Gulf of Guacanaybo. Largest and most important of all the island's rivers, the Cauto rises more than one hundred miles from its mouth and for half its length is navigable for small steamers. A voyage along this fine stream affords a view of wonderful beauty, with the river banks covered with tropical jungles and dense forests, with tangled lianas and air-plants draping the trees, with orchids gleaming among the foliage and with flocks of egrets, ibis and rose-pink spoonbills constantly rising from the shallows at the steamer's approach.

Beyond the gulf, with its waters turbid from the river, lie the Gardens of the Queen (Las Jardines de la Reina) as Columbus named the scores of islets dotting the turquoise waters. Wonderfully pretty are these mangrove and palm covered cayos, but not so desirable as spots whereon to dwell, for they are infested with vicious mosquitoes and are inhabited only by a few spongers and fishermen. But they are a fascinating, ideal spot for the angler, the yachtsman, the hunter or the naturalist. Here the gorgeous flamingoes breed by thousands, their pyramidal mud nests cov-

ering the low, swampy shores of many of the cayos. Here myriads of ducks, snipe, curlew and other wild fowl flock during the winter. Here the reef-filled sea teems with fish of gorgeous hues and bizarre forms, and here are marine gardens that, seen through the transparent waters, appear like futurists' dreams.

Beyond these myriad islets the shores are deserted until Jucaro is reached, a tiny town of no interest and less importance, but which, during the last insurrection, was the southern terminal of the famous trocha.

Beyond Jucaro lies Tunas de Zaza, the port of Sancti Spiritus, already described, and twenty miles farther west is Casilda, the port of Trinidad, which is the second oldest town in Cuba having been founded in 1513. Trinidad was settled by aristocratic hidalgos from Spain, and when Cortez sailed westward from Santiago, as admiral of Velasquez's fleet, bound for the conquest of Mexico, he put into the port with his eleven ships (the largest of less than one hundred tons), his one hundred and ten sailors and five hundred and fifty-three soldiers, not to mention his two hundred Indian slaves. To the inhabitants of Casilda and Trinidad, this miniature navy appeared a vast array, a veritable Armada, and not a few of the people trembled in their boots for fear Cortez had ulterior designs and intended to take possession of the place, for rumors had reached the authori-

ties that the new admiral had openly defied the governor and had seized the vessels. Indeed, the alcalde had received orders from His Excellency commanding him to arrest Cortez. But to be ordered to seize a man and to carry out those orders are two very different matters, the more especially when the one to be seized is in command of an armed force and eleven ships, carrying a dozen or more guns, while the seizer has neither men nor guns at his disposal. So when the poor alcalde most apologetically informed Hernando of the commands he had received, Cortez laughed merrily, dared the officer to carry out the governor's orders and invited him to join his expedition in order to save his neck when Velasquez discovered he had failed to obey him.

As a matter of fact, Cortez had left Santiago very hurriedly. At the last moment Velasquez had become fearful that the newly appointed admiral might decide to conquer Cuba ere he turned his attention to Mexico, and had taken steps to depose him. But Cortez had heard whispers, and, without waiting to take on needed provisions and supplies for his long voyage, he had hoisted anchors and sailed away after figuratively snapping his fingers in His Excellency's face. So there was nothing for the admiral to do other than to drop into some port and acquire what he needed, and Trinidad was the port he selected for the purpose. Taking possession of all the available provisions

and supplies in the town, he paid what he felt they were worth—regardless of the owners' ideas on the subject—and laughingly told the expostulating people to look to the governor for redress.

Evidently, however, there were adventurous souls in Trinidad, for among the *caballeros* of the town several decided to throw in their lot with Cortez. One was Puertocarrero, who made the first voyage from New to Old Spain, and another was Pedro de Alvarado, who took a most prominent part in the conquest of Mexico and who, later, conquered Guatemala and most of Central America.

Today there is little of the old Grandee blood left in Trinidad, and there is even less of the adventurous cavalier spirit of the old Dons. But it is a well-to-do and strikingly situated little place nevertheless, built on the side of La Vigia (The Lookout) mountain, and is noted for its healthful climate. Round about, the country is mainly devoted to sugar and fruit culture and, in the days when sugar was king in Cuba, many of the inhabitants were multimillionaires who could have bought Cortez's entire fleet—guns and all—with their spare change.

Onward toward the west lies Cienfuegos, already described, while still farther westward is Batabano, the port where the traveler boards the steamer for the Isle of Pines.

From Batabano to the Isle of Pines is a charm-

ing sail of fifty miles which can be made so readily, so quickly and so reasonably that no visitor to Cuba should miss the trip.

Discovered by Columbus, the island was named Evangelista, but only on the oldest of maps does this name appear, the present name having been bestowed upon it because of the extensive pine forests that cover a large part of its surface. The Spaniards, who sought gold, means of getting rich quickly, and an abundance of Indian slave labor, considered the little island worthless and left it to its birds, its alligators and its few aboriginal inhabitants. But with the advent of the buccaneers on the scene, these gentlemen of fortune saw the manifold advantages presented by the pine-covered island so conveniently near Cuba, and they at once established themselves thereon, and from its sheltered bays harassed the Dons for centuries. Then in later years it became a resort for smugglers and when, still later, the Spanish transformed it to a penal colony, the worst criminals of Cuba were added to the choice selection of the island's inhabitants. But as is so often the case, the rascals, when thrown on their own resources and left to themselves, became law-abiding and industrious, and at the close of the Spanish American War much of the land was purchased by Americans, who assumed that the Isle of Pines was destined to become an American possession. Although disappointed in this, they continued to

colonize and cultivate the land, and today a very large proportion of the inhabitants are citizens of the United States.

But the most interesting feature of the place is that, almost beyond all question, it is the original of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, the haunt of Billy Bones and Long John Silver. One has only to glance at a map of the Isle of Pines and compare it with the fanciful map of the novel, in order to see the striking similarity of the real and the imaginary islands. And the visitor to the Isle of Pines will find no difficulty in finding and recognizing the various topographical features of Treasure Island as described in the story. Possibly Stevenson had at some time or another visited the Isle of Pines, and, realizing what an ideal spot it was for a real pirate island, made use of it when he had need of a Treasure Island in his book. Very likely, too, he had heard the innumerable tales of pirates' treasure buried on the Isle of Pines, tales which probably have far more of a foundation of truth than most of their kind, for the island was, as I have said, a resort of buccaneers and pirates, some of whom—more thrifty than their fellows—may possibly have hidden their ill-gotten gains on the place. It is even claimed that no inconsiderable amount of pirates' loot actually has been recovered by treasure seekers. At all events if the freebooters wished to secrete their treasures they could scarcely

have found a more ideal spot than the Isle of Pines.

Much of the island is practically unexplored and only a small portion of it has been cleared and cultivated. Over one fourth of the entire area of half a million acres is dense, impenetrable swamp, the home of millions of wild fowl, of alligators, of manatees, and great scuttling crabs. The other three fourths is about equally divided between high mountains, valleys and plains. For the sportsman, it offers many attractions, for the waters of the coast and streams abound in fish; and quail, pigeons, doves, guinea fowl, wild duck, snipe, plover and other game birds are found in the forests, swamps and jungles. Also there is ample opportunity for hunting the huge alligators for which the island has been famed, or I might better say notorious, from earliest times. Even in the buccaneer days these giant saurians were so numerous and so savage as to earn a place in the records of the piratical mariners. In the journal of one of these there is an account of a boat having been capsized and its occupants having been devoured by the alligators, while another mentions a man who fell overboard and was seized and eaten before a rope could be thrown to him. It has been claimed that the creatures who thus dined on the unfortunate buccaneers were sharks and not 'gators, but as the freebooters were thoroughly familiar with sharks it is highly improb-

able that they would have mistaken those tigers of the sea for the caimans.

Although the Isle of Pines has been painted in glowing colors as a veritable Eden for agriculturalists—mainly it must be confessed by certain promoters and speculators who had bought large areas of land on the island—as a matter of fact only a very small portion of the soil is fertile or fit for cultivation, the greater part being very thin and poor and only capable of supporting the pine trees which gave the island its name.

Aside from its agricultural possibilities, the island possesses numerous mineral springs much of the water from which is bottled and exported to Cuba, where it is consumed in large quantities. There are also numerous mineral deposits, mainly of graphite, copper, silver and manganese, but it is doubtful if any are capable of profitable development. There are, however, valuable marble quarries in the hills, and in the forests are numerous cabinet and other woods, such as mahogany, cedar, *lignum-vitæ*, and of course pine. As the heaviest forests are in the most inaccessible mountainous districts, they hold but scant prospects of being exploited commercially.

But as a winter and health resort, the Isle of Pines holds tremendous possibilities. Its climate is far superior to that of Cuba; it is not over-crowded or overrun by tourists; living is far cheaper than in Cuba; there are more outdoor

recreations possible, and, finally, and by no means least important, nearly half of the entire population of six thousand or more are Americans. Moreover, the island boasts splendid roads, numerous automobiles and large and excellent hotels, while there is no denying that it is one of the most salubrious and most beautiful of tropical islands.

Nueva Gerona, the largest town, is situated at the mouth of the Casas River and is the terminal of the steamers from Batabano. On the northeast coast is Columbia. Las Nuevas is on the northwestern coast, while Santa Fe, seventeen miles inland, and McKinley are the other important towns and are mainly populated by Americans. All of these towns and many of the smaller settlements and outlying farming colonies are connected by motor roads which total more than 200 miles—an excellent showing for an island barely forty miles in width and forty-five miles in length, one fourth of which is swamps.

Taken all in all, the Isle of Pines is well worthy of the name of Treasure Island, even if no dull golden doubloons and pieces of eight lie hidden in its soil and caverns, even if it is not the agricultural El Dorado it has been represented, for it holds far greater treasures than either pirates' gold or fertile farm lands—the natural wealth of scenery, climate and healthfulness.

CHAPTER IX PROVINCES OF CUBA

PINAR DEL RIO: The most westerly of Cuba's six provinces contains about 13,000 square kilometers, or 5,000 square miles, with 240,375 inhabitants. It is preëminently an agricultural province and is noted for the tobacco known as *Vuelta Abajo*.

Coffee, cane, pineapples, cattle and other products are raised. There are immense asphalt deposits at Mariel and Bahia Honda; iron and copper mines near Mantua and Vinales, and other unexploited mineral deposits in various parts of the province. Its surface is mainly level rolling land, but the Guaniguanico mountains extend along the northern coast, and isolated ridges and peaks are in the northern and western districts. The capital is Pinar del Rio which is connected with Havana by railway and by the new Central Highway.

HAVANA: The smallest province, with an area of 7,300 square kilometers or 2,772 square miles. Although the smallest province, it is the most densely inhabited and contains nearly one third of the entire population of the island, owing to the City of Havana, with half a million inhabitants, being its capital. The wealth of this province lies mainly in its commerce and manufactures, although its fisheries are important, considerable

agriculture is carried on and there are copper mines operated at Bejucal and Jaruco. The Isle of Pines is included in this province.

MATANZAS: The second smallest province with an area of 9,500 square kilometers or 3,700 square miles and a population of about 250,000. An agricultural district largely devoted to cane, although there are asphalt mines at Cardenas and Marti. A very large area in the southern part of this province is a vast, almost unknown swamp. Capital, Matanzas in the Yumuri Valley. An important seaport.

SANTA CLARA: A large province with an area of 24,700 square kilometers or 9,560 square miles with a population of about half a million inhabitants. As far as sugar is concerned Santa Clara is Cuba's most important province, with nearly one hundred sugar estates within its boundaries. In addition to agriculture, Santa Clara possesses great resources in mineral deposits. There are mines of gold, copper, iron and asphalt in the province, though little development work has been done. The surface is mainly rolling, with no high hills or mountains, except in the northeast and southeast, and the deep, well watered soil is very rich. The capital is Santa Clara, while other important towns are Cienfuegos, Sagua la Grande, Caibarien and Sancti Spiritus.

CAMAGUEY: Larger than Santa Clara, having an area of 27,000 square kilometers or 10,500 square

miles and a population of less than two hundred thousand. This is probably the richest of the Cuban provinces and is capable of tremendous development. The soil is deep, rich and well watered; there are valuable forests of mahogany, cedar and other woods; there are deposits of copper, iron, manganese, asphalt and other minerals, and the climate is noted for its healthfulness. The capital is Camaguey, formerly Puerto Principe, while other important towns are Santa Cruz del Sur, Jucaro, Moron, La Gloria, Nuevitas, Minas and Florida.

SANTIAGO: More properly called Oriente, is the most easterly of the six provinces of Cuba and is the largest of all with an area of 33,000 square kilometers or 12,500 square miles and a population of about half a million. It is also the second most important province, as well as the oldest, having been founded by Diego Velasquez in 1514. From 1515 until 1556 Santiago was the capital of Cuba. The area about Santiago is famous as the scene of most of the actual fighting between the Americans and Spaniards during the Spanish American War. El Caney, San Juan Hill, Siboney and Guantanamo all being within the province, while the Spanish fleet was destroyed by Admiral Schley along the coast of Santiago. Historically Santiago holds first place, as for many years it was the home of many of the most famed of the old Spanish adventurers and conquerors. Hernando Cortez lived

there for a number of years, occupying a house that still stands. He was the first to introduce cattle, hogs, cane and many other European plants and animals to Cuba, and was virtually ruler of the district. Adelina Patti made her début in the Filarmonia Theater at Santiago, and the city was also the home of Doctor Antomarchi who attended the exiled Napoleon on his death bed at St. Helena.

Although much of the province is devoted to agriculture, the greatest wealth of the district lies in its mineral deposits. Nine tenths of all Cuba's mineral deposits are located in this province, among them being vast quantities of copper, iron and manganese. The Cobre copper mines are the oldest in America. There are also vast forests of valuable timber, many of which are untouched. Although there is much level land in this province, it is the roughest and most mountainous portion of Cuba, containing the greater part of the Sierra Maestra mountains, whose highest peak, Turquino, rises to more than eight thousand feet above the sea, the loftiest mountain in the Antilles, with the exception of Loma Tina in Santo Domingo. Santiago de Cuba is the capital, while other towns of importance are Puerto Padre, Gibara, Nipe, Vita, Baracoa and Manzanillo.

CHAPTER X

FAUNA AND FLORA

ALTHOUGH Cuba is usually considered a tropical island, as a matter of fact it is not, geographically, tropical, the greater part of the island lying outside the true tropics. But in climate, fauna and flora it is tropical, although during the winter season northerly winds often bring the cold air from the North American continent and the temperature along the northern coasts, and especially in Havana, falls as low as 50° F. No part of Cuba is as intensely tropical as the smaller islands of the Antilles, however, nor for that matter as tropical as either Santo Domingo or Puerto Rico. There are none of the dense, teeming jungles such as one finds on the South American continent, none of the vast, almost impenetrable, steaming forests that are typical of South or even Central America; and while the fauna and flora of the island are varied and are largely tropical in character, yet Cuba contains none of the many forms of mammals that abound in continental tropical America.

Its flora comprises over 300 known species while its forests are rich in valuable cabinet timber and dye woods. Among these are: mahogany, ebony, grandillo, majagua, ocuje, baria jucaro, sabicu, jiqui (indigo tree) acana, dagame, cedar and pine.

Campeche or logwood, fustic, vija, guao, gall nut, white willow, jobo, peralejo and manajo are all valuable dye woods, while magrove, pataban and sauco blanco are used extensively for tanning. Many textile plants are native to Cuba, while others that are of foreign origin have run wild. Among these are the henequen, corojo palm, the shrub from which jute is obtained, pita hemp, ramie, hemp, etc. Nearly fifty per cent of the island's area is forested, and more than one million acres are government lands. In addition to the native flora, practically every known variety of tropical, and many temperate zone plants, fruits and vegetables thrive in Cuba.

Though so rich in flora, yet Cuba is unusually lacking in native fauna, with the exception of birds and insects. The only native mammals are the amphibious manatee, the solenodon or almiqui, a strange creature about the size of a cat and of intense interest to zoologists, as it is (with its related species in Santo Domingo) the only living representative of a group of ancient fossil mammals; the giant tree-rat or capromys known locally as hutia, and a few small wild mice and rats. Deer have, however, been introduced and are now abundant, and in certain districts afford excellent hunting.

The avifauna includes over 200 native species, in addition to several hundred more that are migrants from North or South America during cer-

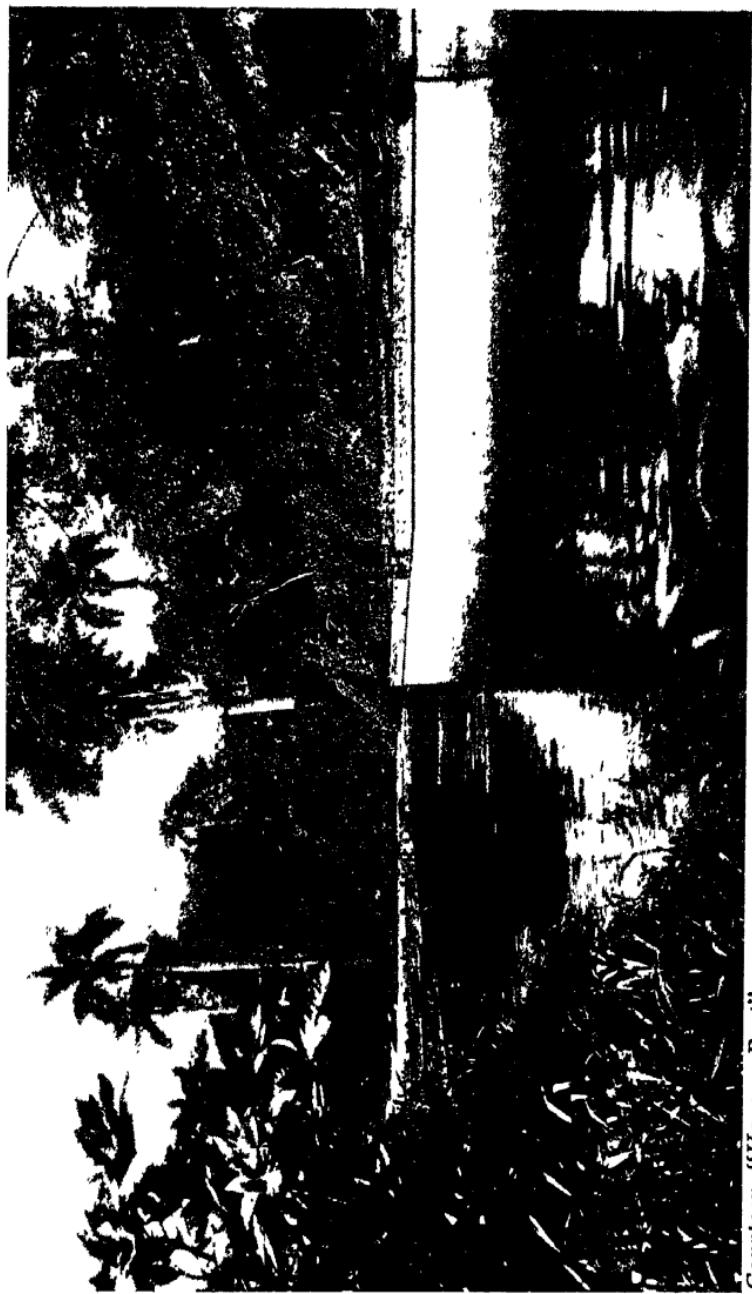
tain seasons of the year as well as a number of species that are common to both Cuba and the United States. Many of the local birds are gorgeously colored; others are fine songsters, while many are true game birds and are extensively hunted. Among the latter are several species of quail—which are so extremely abundant that they are sold for a few cents a pair in the markets, snipe, plover, wild pigeons and doves, wild ducks, curlew, etc. The Cuban mocking bird is abundant everywhere and is commonly kept as a cage bird; there are parrots in the wilder portion of the island; there are quail-doves, orioles, tanagers, humming birds, finches and warblers galore, while among the wading and sea birds are pelicans, frigate birds, tropic birds, boobies, sea gulls, terns, petrels, noddys, many species of herons and egrets, wood and white ibis, roseate spoonbills, night herons and flamingos. In some portions of the island, wild guinea fowl, peafowl, turkeys and jungle fowl afford excellent sport, but these are all introduced or are the offspring of escaped domestic birds.

The marine fauna is very rich and varied, the bays, sea, rivers and estuaries abounding in food fish, spiny lobsters or sea crawfish, prawns, shrimps, shell fish, etc.

There are many serpents and reptiles, as well as amphibians, but none of the Cuban snakes are poisonous. The largest species, a variety of boa

constrictor known as the maja, is often kept in a semi-domesticated state by the natives, owing to its fondness for rats, mice and other vermin. It never attains to a greater length than ten or twelve feet and is perfectly harmless. Great numbers of this reptile are killed annually for the sake of their skins, which are employed in manufacturing leather wallets, bags, shoes, belts, etc. There are a few species of small lizards, several turtles, one or two varieties of land tortoise, toads and frogs, and the iguana. Alligators abound in the swamps, rivers and lagoons and are assiduously hunted for their hides, which are an important source of income for the island.

As in all tropical and semi-tropical lands, insects are very numerous. Scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas and giant wild cockroaches are abundant, but are seldom seen in the towns or cities. Giant fireflies make the nights glorious with their brilliant lights, and there are countless species of moths and butterflies, some of most gorgeous colors and magnificent form. Troublesome insect pests are not as much in evidence in Cuba as in most tropical lands, and in the cities such obnoxious insects as fleas, bed bugs and mosquitoes are about the only varieties likely to trouble the visitor. But in the country the irritating red-bug or coloradita, the jigger or chigo and the wood-ticks or garapatas all make their presence known in a most unpleasant and uncomfortable manner.



Courtesy, "Havana Post"

A bit of the tropics near Havana. Scene on the Almendares River.



Courtesy, "Havana Post"

One of Cuba's new suburban motor highways embowered with flaming poinciana trees.

CHAPTER XI

A BIT OF HISTORY

SAILING southward from the Bahamas, whose inhabitants had told him marvelous tales of a vast, rich land, Columbus sighted the shores of Cuba on October 28, 1492. Enchanted by the beauty of the new-found land, and firmly believing it a continent, he landed upon the northern coast, took possession of the island in the names of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, seized a few of the peaceful, wondering Indians, whom he planned to carry to Spain as living souvenirs of his discoveries, and sailed away, after stating in his journal that it was "the most beautiful land that human eyes have ever seen."

To be sure, on a later voyage, in 1502, Columbus landed on the southern side of Cuba, but he never circumnavigated the island, taking it for granted it was a continent; and he labored under that delusion until the time of his death in 1506.

It was not until two years after Columbus had passed away (in 1508) that Sebastian de Ocampo explored the coast line of Cuba, discovered it was an island, and located the harbors of Havana and Santiago. In the bay that is now Havana's harbor he careened his leaky ships and repitched their seams with the asphalt he found conveniently at

hand in the hills at what is now Guanabacoa. It was due to this incident that he gave the spot the name of Puerto de Carenas (Port of Careening) which it bore until centuries later.

At the time of Ocampo's visit Cuba was sparsely inhabited by naked, peaceful and friendly Indians in whom the Dons saw a potential supply of slave labor, while its verdure and fertility promised great possibilities in the way of agriculture. But the Spaniards had little interest in tilling the soil, and, as at that time they had no need of slaves, they left the aborigines alone—aside from kidnapping a few to take home as had Columbus—and, learning that there was no gold, or at least very little of the precious metal, on the island, Ocampo and his followers passed Cuba by after christening it Juana, in honor of Prince John of Spain. But at the death of King Ferdinand it was renamed Fernandina. Later it was altered to Santiago, after Spain's patron saint; and still later it was changed to Ave Maria after the Virgin Mary. The native Indian name of the island was Cuba, which translated means a "jar of oil," and this name was not adopted until many years after the island had been settled.

It was not until 1511 that any attempt was made to found a settlement in Cuba. In that year Diego Columbus, the son of Christopher, who was the governor of Hispaniola (Santo Domingo) outfitted an expedition of four ships and 300 men for

the purpose of establishing a town on the neighboring island. The expedition was in command of Diego Velasquez, who later became governor of Cuba, and with him sailed Hernando Cortez whose career in Cuba I have already mentioned. Velasquez first landed at a port on the southern coast, which he named Las Palmas, and which was near the present site of Guantanamo, although the precise locality is not known. For some reason or another—in all probability because it was not easily defended from attack—this spot was not considered suitable for a permanent settlement, and it was not until 1512 that the first town, Baracoa, was founded on the northern coast.

After having seen Baracoa established, Velasquez returned to the southern coast, where he founded the towns of Bayamo and Trinidad, and in 1514 he entered the splendid harbor of Santiago and founded the city which was destined to become the capital of the island and one of the largest and richest cities in the Spanish Indies.

The following year Velasquez established a small settlement at the mouth of the Guines river, naming the place San Cristobal de Habana. But it was a hot, rather pestilential and far from desirable place for a town, and in 1519 the majority of the settlers moved bag and baggage to a more salubrious and pleasant site on the northern coast. Not only did they take themselves and their earthly possessions to the new settlement, but

they transferred the name of their original town as well and called the new town San Cristobal de Havana while the original town adopted the name Batabano.

Little did those few first Spaniards dream that the rude village they built across the bay from Regla would become one of the most important cities of New Spain and the great teeming, thriving city that is Havana of today. Like the Pilgrim Fathers they stepped ashore on a rocky point at the spot marked by the "Templete" on Havana's Plaza de Armas. There they erected a cross and knelt and bowed their heads as their padre celebrated Mass under the shade of a spreading ceiba tree, a scion of which still grows within the Templete grounds.

Had they searched the island from end to end, they could scarcely have found a better spot in which to lay the foundations of a great port and city. The harbor, though rather small, was capable of being easily defended, for its narrow entrance could be adequately protected even with the crude sixteenth century cannon with their limited range. The soil in the vicinity was fertile, and the spot was—naturally—healthful, being remarkably free from swamp lands and exposed to the cool, life-giving breezes from the north.

Very rapidly Havana—for the "San Cristobal" was soon dropped from its name—grew and prospered and became an important port and a rival

of Santiago. But its very importance and richness were its undoing, for it soon attracted the unwelcome attentions of the buccaneers, forever cruising the Florida Channel and the Caribbean, and the early history of the city is composed largely of a series of attacks—and usually successful ones at that—by the freebooters of Britain, Holland and France. Very obviously, if the city was to survive, adequate defences were essential. To be sure, various small stone towers had been erected near the port—one of which still remains standing on the Malecon—and these were kept garrisoned by sentries who were supposed to warn the citizens of the approach of piratical vessels. The towers also served as blockhouses or miniature forts, but the clumsy muskets and inadequate culverins and falconets with which they were provided were of little real value in repelling the buccaneers, especially as there were many convenient landing places a few miles from the city, and the piratical gentry could march overland and attack from the rear while their ships placed the helpless city under their guns. To prevent such events the Dons erected small fortresses at Mar-
iel, Baracoa and other spots where the pirates were accustomed to making landings. But even these were of little use, and in 1528 work was commenced on two strong castles known as the Bateria de la Punta, or Battery of the Point and La Fuerza or Strength, both of which are still

standing in much the same form as they were when first completed four centuries ago.

At that time many famous and important personages were dwelling in Havana, and among these was Hernando de Soto who had recently returned from Peru, where he had taken a most important part in the conquest under that despicable and brutal ruffian, Francisco Pizarro. De Soto was of a very different type. He was an aristocrat, an intelligent, educated, humane man, far in advance of his times, and was preëminently an engineer, although something of a poetical, romantic nature. But he was as brave as the next, a valiant soldier, a born adventurer, and though the unknown continent lying a scant one hundred miles across the straits from Cuba caused him to cast many a longing look seaward, and to heave many a regretful sigh, he had his wife in Havana and under the uncertain conditions and dangers that surrounded the place he dared not leave the Doña Isabel while he went adventuring into Florida. But when as *adelantado* of the city he completed La Fuerza fort in 1539—after eleven years occupied in its building, and he felt that Havana was reasonably safe, he transferred his official position to Doña Isabel, bade her an affectionate farewell, and sailed away to the north, never to return.

With La Punta half done and La Fuerza completed at the harbor mouth, the inhabitants of Ha-

vana felt themselves quite safe from the buccaneers, and for the first time in years they breathed freely. That they should have possessed either the courage or the desire to remain at Havana during all this time speaks volumes for the tenacity and bull dog determination of the Spaniards of those days. Even while La Fuerza was being built—when it had been almost completed in fact—in 1538, the French privateers suddenly attacked the city, secured an immense amount of booty, and practically destroyed the town. Had it not been for the refuge afforded by the partially completed forts, it is highly probable that the inhabitants as well as the town would have been wiped out. But the French were more intent on securing loot than on taking lives, and after helping themselves to everything within reach they sailed away, leaving the inhabitants to recoup their fortunes as best they might and to push work all the more energetically upon their protective measures.

So it must have been an immense relief to them when at last De Soto completed La Fuerza and when the guns were at last mounted on the parapets of La Punta. But even after a score of years of experience the Dons apparently had not learned their lesson. Despite the fact that time and time again their enemies had attacked them in the rear, they seem to have assumed that—like honorable foes—the buccaneers would not strike behind the back. They had protected their front door by

means of the two forts, but they appear to have been lamentably lacking in foresight—or I might more correctly say hindsight—by leaving their back door almost wholly unprotected. And the pirates were not slow in taking advantage of this fact.

Sixteen years after De Soto had sailed away on his ill-fated voyage of discovery, the French buccaneers once again swept down upon Havana and in 1554 took the city and reduced it to ruins. Even then the Dons, though they rose phoenix-like from the ashes of their city, placed all their faith in fortifications that would guard their harbor's mouth. They rushed work on La Punta, strengthened it and repaired it, and started the Morro on the headland across the strait. But when, in 1585, and again in 1592, Sir Francis Drake—the famous “Red Beard”—threatened the city, the Morro was still unfinished, and it was owing to luck rather than to good management that “El Draco” did not take and sack the place. Even when the Dutch buccaneers, under infamous old “Wooden Leg,” arrived in 1628, Havana’s defences were not wholly completed, and it was not until thirty-seven years later, in 1665, that the city’s walls were begun and Havana became practically immune to attacks of the freebooters.

With the completion of the wall enclosing the city on the land side, and with La Punta, La Fuerza and Morro commanding the harbor en-

trance, Havana was regarded as impregnable. Even the hardiest and most reckless of the buccaneers shook their heads, and, with lusty deep-sea oaths, passed it by and sought more promising and less risky enterprises than attempting to take La Havana, and throughout the world the city became famed for its powerful fortifications and the absolute safety of its harbor. Very rapidly it grew in importance, in wealth and in commerce. Countless high-sterned, stately galleons and deeply laden plate ships swung to their moorings in the harbor, their priceless cargoes secure in the protection of grim old Morro and the batteries.

The city's streets were thronged with people. Palaces and mansions fronted its plazas and its avenues, and many an illustrious Don lived and died within the city. Ponce de Leon, fatally wounded by an Indian arrow while searching for his Fountain of Youth in Florida, was brought back to Havana and there passed away, though his body was carried in state to Porto Rico, where it still lies in its glass-covered coffin. At Havana, Pamphilo de Navarez outfitted his ill-fated expedition that vanished forever somewhere in the wilds of Florida. Scarcely a week passed by that some adventurous Don did not start forth from Havana in quest of new lands to conquer or new riches to wrest from the still unknown country to the north. With pomp and ceremony, with blaring trumpets and beating drums, hundreds of

mail-clad men marched through Havana's narrow streets; with waving banners and the prayers of priests they embarked in their gilded, emblazoned ships and sailed out beneath the watchful guns of old Morro. Some returned laden with gold, with spices, with Indian slaves, with strange beasts and birds and with tales of wonderful lands, of vast plains swarming with giant, shaggy, wild cattle; with stories of wonders such as no man had ever seen. Others came limping back, crippled, their ships' rigging cut away, penniless, with the very clothes stripped from their backs by the buccaneers. But more never returned. They vanished as completely as though swallowed up by the sea—as doubtless many were—and no one ever yet has learned their fate. But from Havana, despite every obstacle, despite pirates and uncharted seas and legitimate enemies and hostile savages and storm and battle, the stout old Dons explored and colonized and traded and robbed. And to Havana they brought rich cargoes from the four quarters of the then known globe, until it became the largest and most important of Spanish American ports.

So rapidly had Havana grown, so important had it become, that in 1608 it was made the capital of the island, in place of Santiago, and the seat of government was transferred to the newer city where it has remained ever since. While Havana had been passing through the throes of warfare

and of buccaneers' attacks, and had suffered and bled and had had its ups and downs, old Santiago had been getting along in a fair degree of peace and placidity, considering the times. To be sure, the city had been attacked and captured by French buccaneers in 1553, and was held for a month until a ransom of \$80,000 was paid. But in the same year the Dons fought a two days' battle with a French privateer that sought to enter the harbor, and came off victorious, the Frenchman finally retiring totally disabled and in a sinking condition.

Possibly this success led the inhabitants of Santiago to a false sense of security. At all events they became a bit careless, the Morro was not garrisoned or kept in as good condition as it should have been, and in 1662 the English freebooters, one thousand strong, suddenly appeared on the scene, took the town by surprise, carried off all the city's treasure, its slaves, the guns from the forts, and even took possession of the bells from the churches. When, entirely unscathed, the British sailed away, the robbed, abused and thoroughly astonished inhabitants found themselves practically penniless and—minus the guns—absolutely at the mercy of any enemy who might appear. But there was one consolation. No enemy was likely to attack a spot that had been looted until it was as bare as old Mother Hubbard's proverbial cupboard. So the people fell to, labored like industrious ants, and within a year after this

calamity the Morro had been rebuilt and strengthened; heavier guns had been mounted upon its parapets; the smaller battery across the harbor entrance had been erected.

Then the Santiagoans twirled their mustachios, rattled their swords, and rather hoped the hated English or the equally detested French or Dutch might attempt another attack so that they could be taught a wholesome lesson. Their hopes were soon fulfilled. Over and over again pirates, buccaneers, naval forces and privateers appeared and had a fling at taking Santiago. But the citizens of the town had profited by experience. Never again was Santiago taken by a foe. Through centuries, through stress and war, through storm and flood, through showers of shot and shell—even through earthquakes and hurricanes—Santiago's Morro has faithfully guarded the city and the harbor under its grim and frowning walls.

Even the British troops and marines under Admiral Vernon failed to take Santiago, but they had better success with Havana, despite its supposedly impregnable position. In 1752 Lord Albemarle, with a fleet of over two hundred ships and an army of fifteen thousand men, assisted by colonial troops from New England and with "Old Wolf Putnam" in command of a regiment, arrived off Havana. Taken completely by surprise, the Spaniard—long left in peace and having become careless—hastily gathered together a few

troops, manned the guns on their forts, and for a month managed to put up a determined and successful resistance. It was the hardest, most protracted siege, the most furious attack by the largest force that the city had ever met. When it came to taking the place by storm, or entering the harbor past Morro and La Punta, the British were completely checkmated. They fully realized that to make such an attempt would be almost suicidal, so they resorted to strategy.

At dead of night, boats' crews landed on the coast beyond the Morro; sappers undermined the walls and placed explosives, and, on July 3rd, a terrific explosion shook the fortress to its foundations, tore great breaches in its walls and dismantled many of the guns. Before the Spanish garrison could offer any sort of resistance the English and Colonial troops poured in and took the fort. Once in possession of Morro, the rest was easy. The fort's guns were trained on the city, the Spaniards were warned that unless they surrendered the town would be bombarded, and, on August 14th, the city capitulated. For a year thereafter Havana was under foreign dominion and the British flag flew from the staff above Morro. But it was a victory most dearly won. The capture of Havana had cost the British over sixteen million dollars and a loss of more than thirty thousand lives. Moreover, they could not extend their domain beyond the city. They were almost as ef-

fectually bottled up in Havana as the Dons had been under the captured guns of Morro, and, after holding Havana for a year, the English were glad to exchange it for Florida.

For nearly a century after this brief occupation of its capital by a foreign foe, Cuba prospered. But gradually the misrule, the cruelty and the oppressions of the Spanish rule bred discontent, mutterings and at last open rebellion. The Cubans—for by this time the native born inhabitants no longer considered themselves Spaniards—rose again and again, but in vain. They had no good leaders, no trained soldiers, no adequate armament. Each time they were defeated, shot down without mercy, imprisoned, treated with inconceivable barbarity and inhumanity. So unbearable did their position become that in 1848 the United States offered to purchase the island for \$100,000,000; but Spain indignantly refused to sell, and the Cubans prepared for another and more energetic campaign of revolt.

In 1850 and '51 the Narciso Lopez rebellions broke out, but as had ever been the case they were futile, many lives were sacrificed, and the Cubans' lot was only made the worse by their abortive attempt at securing freedom.

But in 1868 a rebellion swept through Cuba which lasted for ten long years and promised to win the long dreamed of rights and reforms for which the people had fought and bled. Despite

endless butcheries, including the massacre of the officers and crew of the American schooner *Virginius* in Santiago, the patriots continued to fight on. Eventually the hostilities were terminated by the treaty known as the "Peace of Zanjon." But the Spaniards had no intention of keeping to their pledged promises. Important and sweeping reforms that were agreed upon were never put in practice. Rather, the Spanish rule became worse, more severe, and more unendurable, and in 1895 the most formidable of all the revolutions broke out.

This time the Cuban patriots had excellent leaders; they possessed—through the efforts and activities of sympathizers in the United States—adequate supplies of arms and ammunition; they had many Americans—both civilians and men experienced in military activities—among their ranks, and they had the entire, if not the official, sympathy of the United States behind them.

From the very first it was obvious that this revolt was no small local affair, and it grew so rapidly and assumed such proportions that in 1895 Marshal Campos was sent from Spain to take command of the situation. But Campos failed utterly to suppress or even to check the rebellion. He was recalled and in his place the notorious "Butcher" Weyler was sent to Cuba with practically *carte blanche* to use any methods or to take any steps he saw fit in order to wipe out the revo-

lutionists. He used his powers without restraint or stint.

He resorted to every conceivable and inconceivable cruelty, to every form of inhumanity with which he was familiar, and he fully lived up to his bloody nickname. But as far as checking the rebellion was concerned he made no more real progress than had Marshal Campos. In fact, under Weyler's drastic measures, the revolt became more and more serious, and at last, realizing that cruelty and butchery only added fuel to the flames of patriotism, the Butcher was replaced by General Blanco. But Blanco's more humane if no less severe measures proved equally fruitless. No one can say how much longer the war might have continued, what the ultimate result might have been, had it not been for the destruction of the battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor in 1898.

No one knows—probably no one ever will know—exactly what caused the explosion that destroyed the *Maine* and sent our men to sudden and terrible deaths. It was thought by most persons that it was the work of the Spaniards; others placed the blame upon the Cubans, alleging that, in order to involve the United States in war with Spain, they committed the despicable crime of destroying the *Maine* and sacrificing Americans' lives. Still others have always maintained that the disaster was purely accidental, that the explo-

sion was internal and that neither Spaniards nor Cubans had any hand in it. Very probably this was the case. It is scarcely conceivable that the most fanatical Spaniard would have been so foolish as to commit an act which would almost assuredly result in war and the ultimate liberation of Cuba. And it is still more inconceivable that a Cuban patriot should have gone to the extremes of destroying a ship and lives belonging to Cuba's best and most powerful ally, on the chance that by so doing Cuba's cause might be furthered. But whatever the cause of the explosion, the result was exactly what might, in fact was certain, to have been expected. The United States was already hovering on the brink of recognizing the Cuban revolutionists as belligerents, in which case they would have been able to secure all the supplies and arms, as well as men, they required, and, with the moral support of the United States government, they would very soon have been victorious.

The destruction of the *Maine* gave the final push that shoved the United States over the line. The public and press already were clamoring for intervention; with the loss of the *Maine* the clamor became a demand, almost a threat; war was declared, and, within one hundred days after the explosion of the *Maine*, Cuba was forever freed from Spanish rule. On January first, 1899, General Blanco and the last of the Spanish troops set sail

for Spain, and the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over the ancient forts and public buildings above which the "blood and gold" banner of Spain had flown for so many centuries.

Gauged as a military campaign, the Spanish American War was almost ludicrous. There was not a battle that could be considered more than a skirmish, and even the destruction of Cervera's fleet was such a one-sided affair that it could not possibly be deemed a naval battle. But, as a glaring example of inefficiency, graft, unpreparedness and bungling, the brief war stands forth as a horrible, ghastly, nightmarish affair. Our men were sacrificed needlessly by hundreds. Rotten food unfit for consumption was supplied and passed by dishonest contractors and officials. The equipment was as bad, if not worse. Men who had had no military training were given important posts. Hygiene and sanitation were absolutely ignored, and the toll of deaths by typhoid, yellow fever, dysentery and other diseases was indescribably appalling.

To be sure, the result was most beneficial, not only to Cuba but to the whole world. Our young men, sacrificed to criminal inefficiency in most cases, did not die in vain. The fearful losses through disease aroused the public and the authorities to the necessity for sanitation and safeguards against tropical maladies. Havana, noted as a pesthole of disease, was cleaned, sanitized and

transformed to the healthiest city in the world. Yellow fever was stamped out, malaria was reduced to a minimum, and the study, prevention and cure of tropical diseases received an impetus which has resulted in a total transformation of nearly all tropical lands, an impetus which was directly attributable to the Spanish American war and which might have been delayed for many years, many decades—perhaps even longer—had it not been for the terrible lesson learned by our brief campaign of a few months' duration.

For three years Cuba remained an American possession. Under the military government of the United States, with competent, enthusiastic, trained, honest and zealous men in charge, an immense, an almost inconceivable amount of reconstruction, sanitation, reformation and improvement was carried out. The island's finances were whipped into excellent shape; peace was restored throughout the island; roads were built; agricultural methods were vastly improved; sewers, water systems and other modern improvements were installed; streets were paved, avenues laid out, schools established, and everything possible was done to place Cuba and Havana in perfect condition before turning the island over to the Cubans. On the twentieth of May, 1902, Tomas Estrada Palma took his office as the first president of Cuba Libre, and the island was launched as a new republic, with a supposedly glorious future,

unwonted prosperity and untold resources before it.

Since then its history has been largely made up of mismanagement, graft, political intrigues, sporadic revolts, plots, mad financial speculations, unwonted prosperity and riches, and periods of depression and near bankruptcy such as the island is suffering from at present.

Perhaps worst of all is the ingratitude of the people whom we helped to freedom, for whom we did everything possible to assure their future. It was a thankless task. Today the Cubans (in the aggregate) cordially detest Americans; of the two they prefer their centuries-old enemies and oppressors, the Spaniards, to the citizens of their lifelong ally and friend.

Even the terms of our treaty, framed to safeguard and protect Cuba, have been used to further the interests of ambitious and unprincipled politicians. We agreed to aid the Cuban government in the suppression of all rebellions and in the defence of their territory. As a result, no matter how badly governed the island may be, how tyrannical, despotic, high-handed or dishonest the executive in office may be, how dissatisfied the public may be, how great may be their wrongs and how just their complaints, we are pledged to support the power in office. No matter how worthy the cause, any revolt that the Cuban government cannot quell must be suppressed by our interven-

tion, so that, technically speaking, we are compelled to support and enforce wrong and to suppress and crush right if called upon to do so.

And it must be admitted that, aside from this, we cannot blame the Cubans overmuch if they do not love us. We freed Cuba, we sponsored Cuba, we made Cuba glowing promises but—unfortunately—we haven't always abided by the spirit of our promises, even if we have kept them to the letter. Thus, at the present time, with the Cuban planters barely able to meet expenses with sugar, we revise our tariff, increase the import duty on sugar, and thereby practically kill the one industry on which Cuba depends for her existence. Moreover, by so doing, we do not hit the Cubans alone. Millions of dollars of American capital are invested in Cuban sugar mills and estates. Hundreds of Americans depend wholly upon Cuban sugar for their livelihood, and at one fell swoop we wipe out all their prospects, reduce them to comparative bankruptcy and leave them to curse impotently at their fate and the ways of our government.

Yet on the other hand the Cubans have no one but themselves to blame for their present condition, as far as sugar is concerned. After the World War, when sugar reached unheard of prices and millions were being made overnight, the Cubans (and Americans in Cuba as well) threw money away recklessly. The entire island went

mad; all financial caution and acumen was thrown to the winds, and no one—or at least very few—laid aside a portion of their vast winnings for the proverbial rainy day. And hoping to obtain still higher prices, to make millions even faster, the planters and the mill owners held vast accumulations of sugar, refused to sell at the prevailing figures, and played a game of freeze out that was little short of the methods of the hold-up man. As a direct result of this, beet sugar came to the fore. Vast areas of land in the United States (and elsewhere) were planted with sugar beets, our government encouraged and supported the new industry, and now it manifestly would be unfair to our own citizens if we did not protect the beet sugar industry that has been developed. And the only way of protecting it is to place a high duty on imported sugar. Our attitude may appear unfair to the sugar men of Cuba, but charity begins at home and our own citizens must take precedence over those of Cuba. And if we pinch the Cubans now, the Cubans should remember that they tried to pinch us when they controlled the sugar market. It is a case of the biter being bitten, as the biter is apt to be in this world.

Cuba's past history has been lurid, dramatic, a succession of ups and downs, of periods of warfare and of peace. What her future history will be, no man may foretell. If it is otherwise than prosperous and peaceful, she will have only her-

self to blame. Nature has bestowed every favor upon Cuba, has blessed the island with vast riches in minerals, with immense forests of valuable woods, with an ideal climate, with rich and fertile soil. If, given these conditions, and secure in the protection against warfare guaranteed by the United States, the Cubans cannot pull themselves out of the hole they are in, if they cannot build an enduring and solid prosperity from the ruins of their golden hopes of sugar, then the fault is their own and they are worthy of little sympathy from anyone.

CHAPTER XII

LIFE IN HAVANA

It is a great mistake for the northerner to expect to accomplish as much, to be as energetic, to exert himself as much in the tropics as in the north. True, many northerners who have lived for years in the tropics *do* accomplish as much as, if not more than, do their fellows in the same line of business in the States. But it takes a long time—often years—for a northerner to so acclimatize himself, to so adapt his life, his system, his habits, his mental state, as to reach this stage. Also there are a few individuals—exceptions to the rule—who appear to be more energetic, to be more active, to have more pep and to feel better and actually to improve physically and mentally when in the tropics.

But as a rule the northerner must accommodate himself to the climate and to conditions. We laugh at the Latin Americans' *mañana* habit; but the habit, the custom of letting things slide, of doing as little as possible, of short hours, are all the outcome of centuries of tropical life, of long experience and of Nature's effort to adapt man to his environment.

So, when visiting any tropical or sub-tropical land, try and do as the natives do in so far as pos-

sible. Of course Cuba—or rather Havana—is not tropical in the ordinary sense of the term, at least during the winter months. It is seldom as hot as a normal summer's day in New York, and at times it is decidedly and most uncomfortably cold, especially at night. Still there is something in the air that is enervating, and one becomes tired and even exhausted much sooner than in the north.

All too often visitors attempt to live in the tropics precisely as they live in their northern homes. They eat the same kinds of food, take the same drinks, keep the same hours of working, playing, eating, and sleeping and scoff at the native ways of living. This is a great mistake. I do not mean to say that the temporary tourist who visits Havana for a few hours or a few days cannot carry on as if he or she were at home. Such transients do not "live" in the tropics. Before they have begun to feel the effects of the climate, the changes in drink and food, they are off again. Anyway the average tourist is—so it seems to me—a species distinct from the ordinary run of *homo sapiens*, and is a law unto himself. He will do as he pleases, regardless of others' opinions, regardless of advice, regardless of ridicule, and regardless of his own interests, his own health, even his own pocketbook. So any suggestions by one who has lived in the tropics for nearly forty years would be wasted on the typical *turista*.

When in Rome do as the Romans do is thor-

oughly applicable to the tropics, and if one desires to remain in good health, to accomplish anything, take life easy, is my advice. It is not necessary to eat all kinds of native food nor to live in discomfort in order to do this. There are plenty of excellent, digestible, appetizing and not over-seasoned native dishes, while many northern viands are perfectly suited to tropical life. But it is a wise plan to follow the better class of natives—or the old residents among Americans and British—in selecting food, drinks and refreshments. Moreover, as a rule, even in Havana, the native dishes are far superior to those of the American type, so-called.

Another important matter is sleep. Plenty of sleep is essential in tropical and sub-tropical lands, and nearly all natives take a nap or *siesta* in the middle of the day. This may be but a bare "forty winks," yet it is a wonderful aid and enables the natives to keep late hours at night and yet be up betimes the next morning—the pleasantest part of the twenty-four hours—and in this universal custom lies the secret of the Spanish American's fondness for night life. In Havana, life and gayety are at their height from nine in the evening until the small hours of the morning, and to the casual observer the Havanese never seem to sleep, and the streets about the plaza and Prado are as noisy and bright with life and lights at two A.M. as at eight P.M.

In Havana the custom is to rise early, take a meager breakfast or *desayuno* of coffee, bread and fruit, with perhaps boiled eggs. After this one may stroll about the town or take an automobile ride into the suburbs or the country until about eleven o'clock, when luncheon or *almuerza* is served. After lunch a siesta is taken or one loaf about the house or hotel until two or three o'clock, when once more a ride, a walk, a shopping trip or even a round of golf or tennis may be taken. From four until nightfall is the busiest part of the day, and if one wishes to do business and shopping this is the best time, while for walking or driving it is better than any other part of the day with the exception of early morning. About seven, dinner or *comida* is in order, and the rest of the evening and night is devoted to drives, walks, watching the people in the plazas, listening to the band, visiting theaters, cinemas or cabarets or sipping iced drinks and eating ice cream in the restaurants.

No one need exhaust his strength by walking in Havana, unless he prefers this mode of locomotion. Trolley lines, busses and livery cars are everywhere and the regular busses and trolleys will carry a person to any portion of the city or its suburbs, while an excellent car may be hired for a dollar and a half an hour.

It is an easy matter for a stranger to become lost in Havana, but a large proportion of the store

keepers, many of the police, most of the chauffeurs and not a few of the bus and trolley car conductors speak or understand English, so there should be no difficulty in getting back to wherever the stranger desires. It is only necessary to mention the name of your destination and any jitney driver will take you there in short order. If you have any difficulty in pronouncing Spanish names, or have a poor memory, it is a wise plan to carry a card with the name of your hotel or temporary home—or the spot you wish to reach—written upon it. Most Cubans read and write, and merely by showing the card you can get directions from the police, a chauffeur or any passer-by.

Neither need anyone fear that the jitney drivers will overcharge. Their rates are regulated by law, and every chauffeur is obliged to show a printed copy of the law and the tariffs. The rate anywhere within the city itself is twenty cents or a *peseta*, while for longer trips the bargain should be made in advance, as there are various “zones” where the rates are changed. The same holds true when hiring a car by the hour or when several persons are to occupy a car. As a rule the chauffeur will ask a bit more than the law might allow, but he is always amenable to argument, and, unless business is unusually brisk, it is possible to secure a car for much under the legal rate.

Of course the visitor who speaks and understands Spanish has a considerable advantage over

his or her less fortunate fellows, and even a superficial knowledge of the language will be found most useful. But Spanish is by no means essential in Havana. Tourists from the north are the principal source of Havana's income, and the Havanese have been quick to see the advantages of speaking English. As a result, practically every business and professional man can understand and often converse fluently in English; it is spoken in all the hotels and restaurants, by all the guides and street vendors, by bar keepers and in the cabarets, and around and about the plaza one hears almost as much English as Spanish. But do not forget that even if a Cuban *speaks* English he still *thinks* in Spanish, and the fact that a stranger does not speak Spanish at once labels him an easy mark in the estimation of the average Cuban. Every American is deemed a millionaire, ready for the shearing, and the moment the Cuban discovers you are "green" he will double and treble the prices of everything. Of course you should argue, haggle and beat him down—that is part of all Cuban business deals—but if you speak his own language you will find that the beating down is far more successful than can be accomplished by means of English.

Many visitors make the mistake of employing a guide or interpreter when going shopping, laboring under the delusion that the urbane, smiling native will know the prices as they should be and

will save his employer money. This is a sad misapprehension on the part of the uninitiated. The guide *does* know the prices only too well, but if you do not understand Spanish the chances are he will connive with the merchant to ask an exorbitant price, so that, after he has ostensibly haggled until the price asked has been reduced one half or more, you will still be paying double the ordinary price, and the innocent looking guide and the expostulating merchant will split the excess that you have paid. These guides, interpreters and runners fairly swarm in Havana. They accost every stranger they see and are a great nuisance. Very often they will declare it is impossible to visit certain places or to enter public buildings without their assistance; but this is entirely false, for every building or spot that can be visited with a guide may be seen just as readily by yourself alone.

Neither should there be any trouble about the money in Cuba. Before the World War, Cuba possessed a mongrel system of currency—French, Spanish and American coins forming the medium of exchange—but in 1914 the Cuban legislature authorized a national currency which enabled the republic to buy gold and silver in the open market and coin the metal in the United States mints. The new monetary law, approved by President Menocal, demonetized the old Spanish gold dollar which, from time immemorial, had been used as the

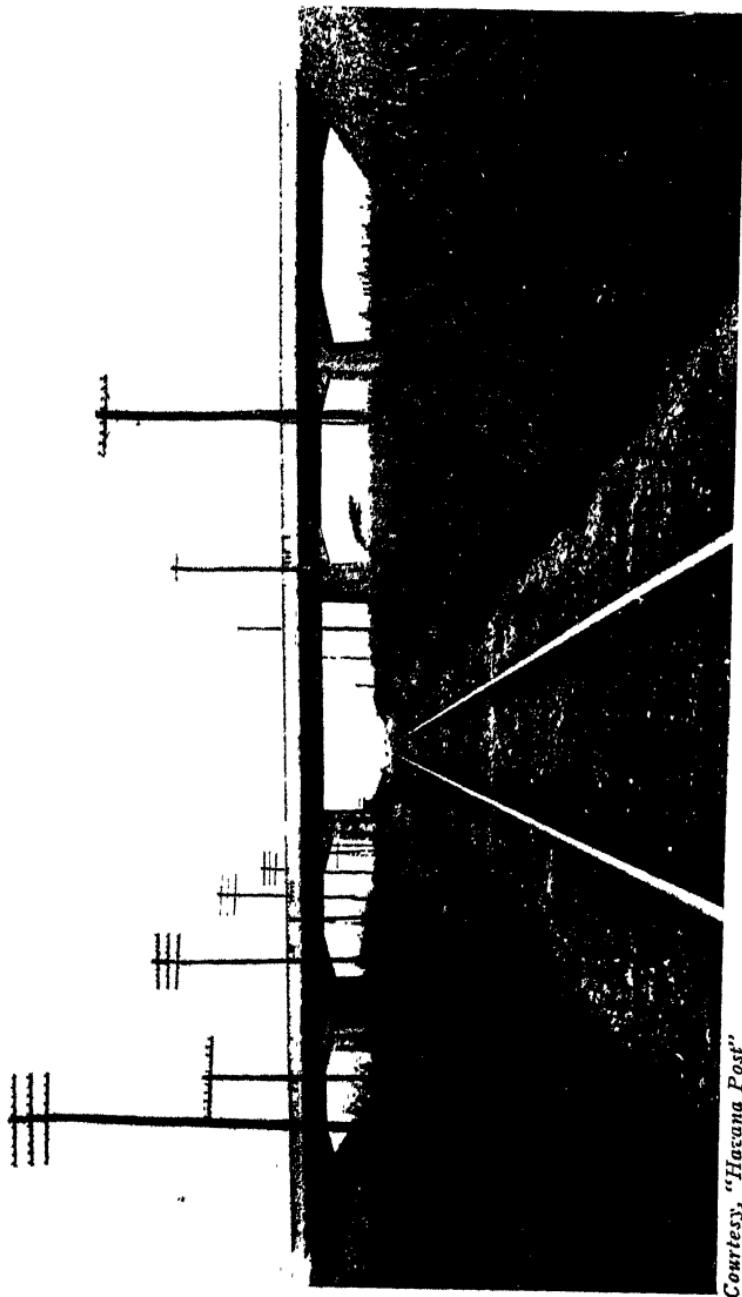
standard in Cuba, and created the national gold standard at a mint parity with the United States dollar which, at the same time, was made legal tender in Cuba. Hence American money—paper, silver and gold, as well as copper cents—now circulates everywhere in Cuba, side by side with, and at the same value as, the Cuban currency. The American nickels and the Cuban five-cent pieces, the American and Cuban cents and the American and Cuban silver dollars all circulate and are equal, but care should be taken not to mistake the Cuban twenty-cent pieces for quarters or the Cuban forty-cent pieces for half dollars. And watch out that the Cuban does not short change you by handing you a Cuban cent in lieu of a dime—especially at night, or give you two-cent pieces instead of five-cent nickels. As there is no Cuban paper money, all bank notes used are those of the United States.

The custom of tipping is as prevalent in Havana as in New York or any other city or country, and as a rule the tips are calculated on a basis of ten per cent of the bill, in hotels, restaurants, etc. More than a peseta (20c) should never be given, unless the bill is for a large amount, for the customary native tip is only a dime. Beggars never should be encouraged, for only the professional mendicants are at large, the deserving poor being amply provided for in all large Cuban towns.

The Havana lottery is a most important insti-

tution and tickets are on sale everywhere, in restaurants, cafés, hotels, stores and on the streets. There are hints that the lottery is not all above board, that the capital prize can be "fixed" so it will fall to some favored person. But as it has been won by rank outsiders—including working-men and even Americans—on several occasions, the validity of these rumors is questionable. At all events the smaller prizes fall hit or miss, and American visitors are excellent patrons of the lottery.

As to the ethics of a state lottery, each must form his or her own opinion, but judging from outward results it is an excellent institution. Wherever there is a state lottery, drunkenness and crimes arising from intoxication are rare. Possibly this has no direct connection with the lottery, for the Latin American considers it a degradation and a disgrace to be seen intoxicated in public. But in my opinion it is far better for the people to spend their money on lottery tickets, with a chance of winning something in return, than to waste it on drinks, cards, dice or other forms of dissipation from which there is no chance of a return. Where the lottery holds sway, there is little spare money remaining for dissipation after the tickets have been bought, and as the money is, as a rule, largely devoted to maintaining charitable and other institutions, I personally feel that its "for's" far outnumber its "against's."



Courtesy, "Havana Post"

How Cuba has abolished grade crossings. One of the over-passes on the new central highway.



Clipped pine trees on Fifth Ave., Miramar.



A country village.

In Havana a good insight into Cuban life and customs is obtainable by taking a seat in one of the larger cafés or restaurants about the plaza, or by watching the passing show in the plaza itself. The Cubans are great patronizers of the open-fronted cafés, and they congregate in groups, sipping native soft drinks or beer, smoking cigars and cigarettes, and talking and arguing as if they were responsible for the welfare of the world. Although these cafés may appear far from respectable, and their habitués may resemble thugs, pirates or brigands, they are perfectly safe, and ladies visit them as freely as men.

Cubans, like all Spanish Americans, look far more desperate than they are in reality, and what sounds like a fiery harangue or a heated argument that may end in a knife thrust or pistol shot at any instant, may in reality be nothing more than a discussion of a baseball or *jai alai* game, a horse race or even comments on the weather or the stock market.

Moreover, all Cuban restaurants and cafés where food is served are clean and sanitary. If there is any one thing about which the Cubans are strict, if there is any one matter which should earn them greater praise than anything else, it is the manner in which they enforce cleanliness in the eating places of Havana. Inspectors are ceaselessly going the rounds; they drop in at any old time and at most unexpected moments, and they

do inspect, not only the dining rooms but the kitchens and every nook and corner. And woe to the proprietor who is found wanting! It is even forbidden to leave coffee or milk uncovered upon a table after a patron is served, and at first the stranger is puzzled to know why, after pouring his cup of coffee, the waiter carries off the pitcher of milk and the coffee jug, even if at a summons he will return with it. I do not believe there is another city on earth where there is a more strict and efficient inspection of restaurants, which is as it should be, especially in a tropical land.

Another striking feature of the Havana cafés is that practically every bar is a restaurant and every restaurant a bar. Yet it is rare to see a Cuban drinking alcoholic beverages. He may take a brandy, a cocktail, wine or a liqueur with his meals, but nine times out of ten he will be drinking beer, ginger ale, soda or, more often than anything else, the native *refrescos*. These are merely iced syrups made from fresh native fruits, but they are cooling, pleasant and perfectly safe. They are almost endless in variety, for practically all Cuban fruits, as well as many that are imported from the States, are used for concocting *refrescos*. There is *naranjada*, or orange; *limonada*, made from limes; *piña colado*, or strained pineapple; *piña sin collar*, or pineapple unstrained; *anona*, or custard apple; *guanábana*, or sour-sop; *grenada*, or pomegranate; and endless others, including the

ensalada which is a combination of several. Coffee and chocolate are also served in all the cafés, the former being poured scalding hot from a pot with salted boiled hot milk added. The chocolate is thick and rich and is seldom relished by strangers, although really delicious after one becomes accustomed to it. Ice cream or *mantecado*, *helados* or ices, and *tortonis* are all served; and many of these, flavored with native fruits, are really wonderful.

But do not think these iced drinks, ice creams, coffee and chocolate exhaust the possibilities of these little open cafés. They possess astonishing resources and one may order almost anything in the way of food and have it served promptly and well. Formerly Havana's drinking water was practically undrinkable, as it was led to the city through an open ditch and fairly reeked with decayed vegetation and filth. But today it is obtained from Vento Springs, ten miles beyond the city, and is brought through a covered aqueduct and is among the purest of city waters.

In most Spanish American cities there are many interesting and strange local customs and costumes, but in Havana—in fact throughout Cuba—most of the old Cuban and Spanish ways have been abandoned. The women dress in the latest fashions, as they might in Paris, London or New York, while the men wear conventional American clothes. In the summer these are mainly of white

linen, palm beach, silk, alpaca or very light woolen, and straw hats are the rule, while in winter the clothing is of serges, tweeds or other heavy woolen goods and felt hats are almost universal. Few, aside from the tourists, ever don plus-fours or wear Panama hats, and the appearance of a man so attired instantly labels him as a *turista*. Formerly the Cuban girls and ladies—especially of the better class—were seldom seen in public unless accompanied by male members of their families. But today the Cuban women are almost as free and emancipated as those of England or the United States. The custom of men embracing, patting each other on the backs and even kissing when meeting or parting is still in vogue in Cuba, although many of the natives are satisfied with the conventional hand clasp.

It is the same way with everything else in Havana. The Americanization of the town has destroyed much, in fact most, of the old customs, the old charm. A few years ago it was an everyday sight to see a milk man jogging along on his pony, his cans slung on either side of his saddle; but today the equestrian milk seller is never seen in Havana, although still in evidence in the suburbs and country villages. There were also the strange, house-like stores on wheels, from which sweet-meats and cakes were sold; the fowl vendors' coop-laden wagons with their squawking, cackling loads; the odd, diminutive watering-carts, drawn

by a sleepy donkey and consisting of a barrel mounted on two wheels, and the patiently plodding burros hidden under immense loads of Guinea grass. But all these have passed away, although the fruit sellers still hold their own with their rickety carts decked with palms, flowers and colored paper and piled high with mangoes. Why the mango should call for a palm-decked wagon is something of a mystery, but such is the case and, with the coming of the mango season, the picturesque vehicles suddenly appear as if by magic.

Today the streets of Havana are sprinkled by means of giant motor-driven tank trucks, and are swept and left spotless by vacuum cleaners. The milk man delivers his pasteurized bottles from a motor truck or *camion*. The donkeys have given way to Fords and Chevrolets, and the most modern chemical engines and hose-trucks have taken the place of the antiquated hand-engines which—scarcely a decade ago—served to extinguish Havana's rare conflagrations.

In all phases of life and business it is much the same. Havana is no longer an old-fashioned, conservative Spanish town, bound by centuries-old ideas, restrictions, customs and conventions. It is a pushing, progressive, modern city fully abreast of the times, and the visitor from the north can live as well and as comfortable in Havana as in any of our own cities. But do not imagine for a

moment that you can live in Havana for what it costs you to live in New York or any other American city, that is, if you live like an American and not like a native.

Havana is probably the most expensive city on earth. There is no valid reason why it should be, and the worst of it is one does not get value for one's money. If it were possible to secure greater comforts, greater luxuries, better food, better service or superior merchandise in Havana than elsewhere, one might feel that the additional cost was warranted. But with few exceptions one pays far more—often double or treble the price—for inferior articles, inferior food and inferior accommodations than the best would cost elsewhere. Even though practically everything, aside from native food supplies, is imported, the Cuban duties are so low that there is no excuse for the high cost of living on the score of tariffs. The whole trouble is that, in the first place, during the famous "Dance of the Millions," money flowed like water in Cuba and the people acquired a false idea of the value of everything. Then, with the rapidly increasing army of winter visitors and tourists from the States, the Cubans saw an opportunity to recoup their losses by jacking up the prices of everything and forcing strangers to "pay through their noses" as the British say. Finally, as the majority of restaurants, the hotels and a large proportion of the merchants depend entirely upon

the tourist trade for existence, and as this lasts but a few weeks in the year, they must, in order to exist, make their entire year's profits in these few short weeks.

But the Cubans are making a tremendous mistake in carrying on this get-rich-quick scheme at the expense of their visitors' pocketbooks. They are figuratively killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, for even the well-to-do American expects to get full value for his money, while the average man cannot afford to visit Cuba for more than a day or two. Of course there are certain persons—the millionaires, the sporting fraternity, the professional gamblers, the bootleggers and their ilk—who do not mind throwing money away, who thoroughly enjoy impressing people with their affluence and their extravagance, and very rapidly it is this class of Americans who are filling Havana's cafés, casinos, hotels and other resorts.

The visitor to Havana who never before has been to Cuba is invariably surprised to find the city differs so little from our own, as far as commercial and business matters are concerned. There is the stock exchange, there are numerous banks, including the National City Bank of New York, the Royal Bank of Canada, etc. There are the various well known insurance companies, the innumerable familiar commercial houses such as the Singer Sewing Machine Company, the various typewriter companies, gramophone and fire-arms

manufacturers, and even Woolworth five and ten cent stores. All the American newspapers and periodicals are on sale at corner newsstands; American clothes and haberdashery fill the shop windows; there are stock tickers in the large hotels; there is a creditable automobile row on the Malecon, and there are department stores and even modern office buildings of the typical American style.

Like all Latin Americans, the Cubans are confirmed club habitués and several of the Cuban clubs are among the largest and finest buildings in Havana. It is a great surprise to a stranger who asks the name of some magnificent edifice occupying an entire block when he is informed that it is the *Centro* (Club) this or that. For example there is the *Centro Asturiano* (Asturians' Club) whose membership is almost exclusively composed of Asturian Spaniards, an immense modern building covering a block on the Plaza Central and housing on its ground floor the Ward Line and Royal Mail offices with numerous stores and mercantile establishments. There is the Gallegos Club, composed of Galicians with a million-dollar home and a membership of nearly 40,000. But perhaps of all the Cuban clubs, that known as the *Asociacion de Dependientes del Comercio de la Habana* is the most noteworthy and remarkable. This organization, whose Spanish name means The Commercial Clerks' Club, is a splendid example of what united

effort and enthusiasm can accomplish for the benefit of its members. For many years the problem of bringing together the employer and the employé seemed incapable of solution, but in 1880 the idea was conceived of forming a club for that purpose, and it met with enthusiastic support. The mission of the club was primarily to benefit, rather than merely to entertain. A commercial department was instituted and placed in charge of men of recognized ability and experience. There were courses in bookkeeping, stenography and other commercial occupations, with hours for attendance adapted to the convenience of the members who were employed during the day. This department met with instant success, and today its graduates may be numbered by hundreds. In fact this one branch of the club's activities has amply repaid the founders of the club for their efforts and sacrifices. Very soon this first educational department was extended to embrace various studies and training, until at the present time there is a full collegiate course in languages, mathematics, arts and sciences. Physical training courses are also maintained with a well equipped gymnasium under capable instructors, while games, dances, concerts and balls afford entertainment and recreation. In addition to all this, arrangements were made for the benefit of sick, disabled or unfortunate members.

Many wealthy residents contributed immense

sums for endowments, and now the club owns and conducts one of the most modern and perfect of sanitariums. This, known as the *Quinta*, is on Jesus del Monte Street, in the midst of extensive grounds and gardens, and is equipped with every modern device known to medicine and surgery. The *Quinta* comprises seven buildings, with a staff of more than twenty practitioners who are competent to treat any known ailment or disease from toothache to cancer or tuberculosis. Here also the nervous, tired-out, or work-weary members in need of rest can find seclusion and relaxation.

The club house itself occupies a magnificent three-story building at the corner of the Prado and Trocadero Streets, covering an acre of ground, and was erected at a cost of over \$700,000.

Although so practical, yet the club has not left anything undone to render its building attractive. It is built in the Moorish-Spanish style, the construction being of brick with an imitation marble stucco. Within the main entrance is a grand staircase of Parian marble that cost \$30,000, while imposing Ionic marble columns support the second floor. On the first floor is the gymnasium, and in the rear the dental parlors where members may receive treatment free of charge, while at either side are baths, wardrobes and lockers. On the second floor are the recreation hall and the amusement rooms. Here all classes of legitimate games may be played, while gambling in any form is

strictly prohibited. On this same floor is a luxuriously fitted restaurant and café, and in the rear are the administration offices, with their huge corps of stenographers, clerks, bookkeepers and secretaries. Opposite the offices is the club's library, filled with all standard works in de luxe bindings, with all the latest novels and other publications of the world, and with current papers and periodicals of Europe, South and Central America, Mexico and the United States.

A second magnificent stairway leads to the third floor with its grand salon, banquet hall and ball-room. The visitor is almost dazed by the splendor and richness of this great room, with its avenue of a hundred fluted columns, its exquisite frescoes, its stained glass windows, the emblazoned heraldic devices on the walls, its crystal and golden candelabra and the luxuriously upholstered lounges about the base of each column. On this floor, just behind the banquet hall, is the office of the president and directors.

Although its membership—now amounting to over 30,000—is restricted to white residents of Havana and other Cuban towns, visitors are always most cordially welcomed and are shown every courtesy and hospitality. On various occasions the club has entertained Havana's most distinguished guests, such as the Pan-American Congress in 1901, the late President Palma in 1902, the members of the First National Medical Con-

gress in 1905, while the farewell reception tendered Governor Magoon in 1908 was held in this club. But perhaps the most remarkable fact regarding this truly remarkable club is that no entrance fee is charged, the cost of membership being merely a monthly payment of a nominal sum.

Aside from the Cuban clubs, there is of course an American and also a British Club in Havana, although many British belong to the American Club and vice-versa. The American Club is the larger, the more imposing and, in the estimation of its members, is the more fashionable. It fronts on the Prado only a block from the plaza and occupies a rather imposing building, while the British Club is tucked away in an inconspicuous side street. But for homelike surroundings, a hospitable atmosphere, good service and really excellent meals, give me the British Club every time. To my mind—and I have met many others who feel the same way—there is nothing club-like about the American Club. One might just as well be in the lobby of any of the big hotels as in the club's lounge, and far better meals at far more reasonable prices and far better beverages may be obtained at any of the small cafés and restaurants than are served in the American Club's dining room and bar. With the British Club it is totally different. One instantly feels at home, one senses the true club atmosphere; the meals are excellent

and reasonable in price and, best of all, members may bring their lady friends or feminine relations to dine there.

In both clubs visitors are welcome, and any member can introduce a stranger and provide him with a visitor's card which gives *entrée* to the clubs for two weeks.

Finally, we must not forget the Country Club, the finest, the most fashionable and the most select and desirable of all Havana's clubs. Few countries can boast a more beautiful or finer Country Club than that situated five miles from the center of Havana, in the midst of over 600 acres of perfectly kept parks. Not only is the Country Club a country club in every sense of the word, with a magnificent golf course, dance halls, ball rooms and all the other accessories of such an establishment, but it is a suburban development organization in addition. All about the club proper are the rolling hills, the delightful woodlands, the charming valleys of Country Club Park, with its beds of flowers, its tropical verdure, its winding, palm-fringed streams and placid lake, and its perfectly kept drives. There is no more delightful spot for a residence in all Cuba, and many wealthy Americans, as well as a number of Cubans and Europeans, have already built beautiful homes in this attractive section of Havana's environs. From the highest hilltop of the park there is a magnificent view of the sea and shore with the

Playa and the Yacht Clubs close at hand and with the Casino almost opposite the Country Club's entrance.

As a rule the temporary visitor to Havana is far more interested in hotels than in suburban residential sites or clubs. There is no dearth of hotels in Havana, in fact they are everywhere, especially about the Central Plaza and the one to select is largely a matter of choice and a question of what the visitor seeks in a hotel. All the larger hotels are good, and, aside from rates and "swank," one is as good as, or at least no worse than, another. If one wishes luxurious surroundings, over-decorations, useless accessories, uniformed attendants who might readily be mistaken for the commanding general of the Cuban army; if one desires to rub elbows with millionaires, world-famous actors and actresses, captains of industry, bootleggers and successful gangsters, by all means patronize the huge, palatial hotels on the Vedado and the plaza. But if one wishes equally comfortable accommodations, equally good food without the garish accessories and "side," then by all means patronize one of the less conspicuous, quieter, more homelike and less expensive hotels. Practically all the Havana hotels are operated on the American plan, and nearly all have restaurants connected with them. But the wise and experienced visitor seldom dines in the hotel dining room. The food is no better—and is

frequently poorer—than that served in the independent restaurants and cafés, and it invariably costs far more. Moreover, as the hotels cater primarily to Americans, the bulk of the food served is so-called “American.” And the diner has to pay, not only for the use of that much maligned term, but for the higher price of imported viands, the more expensive service, and the more ornate furnishings of the hotel dining hall.

Also, in selecting your hotel, choose one that is off the principal thoroughfares, and if possible secure a back room. The price will probably be less, it will serve you as well as a front room, and, unless your sleep is sound proof, you will find it a tremendous advantage when, at the end of a perfect day, you desire to rest. I do not believe there is a noisier city on earth than Havana. The streets are narrow, the buildings on either hand seem to be particularly designed to act as sounding-boards, and all night long motor car sirens shriek and horns toot, and trolley cars screech as they round corners, rumble like artillery and clang their gongs constantly. Add to these sounds the raucous voices of newsboys, the whistles of traffic cops, the shouts of vendors of lottery tickets and other articles, the rattle of horse-drawn drays, and one might as well try to sleep in a boiler factory as in a front room in a hotel facing on a busy thoroughfare in Cuba’s capital.

When it comes to the matter of dining, let conscience be your guide, and if you belong to that class who are willing to try anything once, you will soon discover what you do and do not like and can dine accordingly. You will find many strange dishes on the menus—strange even when their names are printed in English (or near English) as well as in Spanish—and if you are not of an experimental turn of mind it is a good plan to ask an English-speaking waiter what the various dishes are. Among the typical Cuban dishes which may be unfamiliar are:

SOPA DE CUARTO HORA: Quarter-of-an-hour soup. A really delicious chowder containing fish, shell-fish, lobster, crab, etc.

CALAMARES: Cuttlefish, unappetizing in appearance as they may be cooked in their own ink and hence black; but really good after one has acquired a taste for them.

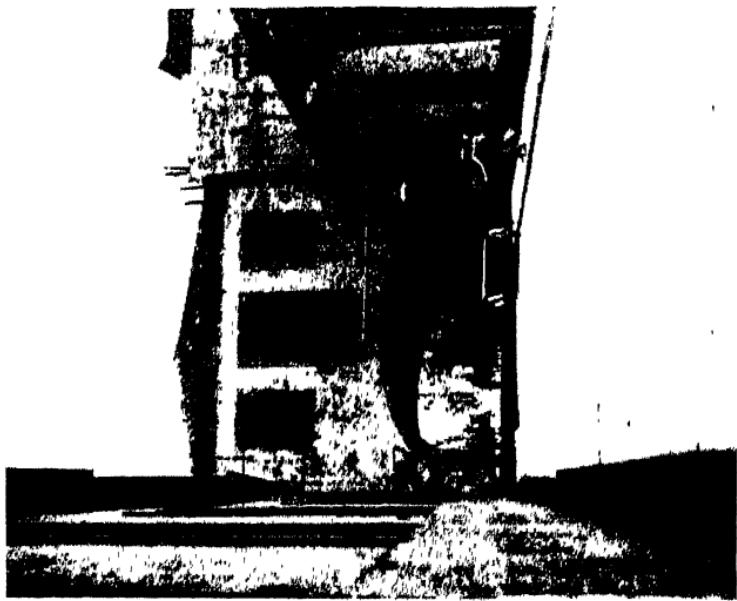
CANGREOS: Crabs. The huge Morro crab may be said to be the national dish of Cuba. They are served in various ways but usually with the shells stuffed with the crab's meat and other materials.

CAMARRONES: Crawfish.

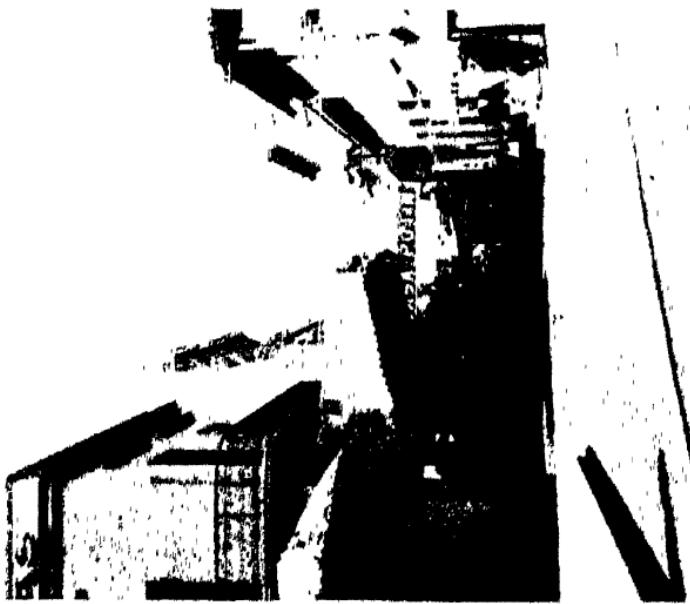
LANGOSTA: Lobster. The Cuban lobsters are in reality the sea crawfish, and though excellent in flavor they are less delicate and are tougher than our lobsters. If not too large they are delicious if cooked *a la Viscayana* or *a la Catalana*.

PLATANOS FRITOS: Fried plantains. One of the finest of tropical vegetables.

ROPA VIEJA: Literally “Old Clothes.” A variety of dried or jerked beef.



The Belén Church archway over the street, Havana.



A street in Havana.

CHALCHICHOS: Spanish sausages.

PARGO: Red snapper.

CONGRIOS: A variety of large eel-like fish.

ARROZ CON POLLO: The inevitable chicken and rice so dear to all Spanish palates.

TORTILLAS: Omelettes. And do *not* forget to impress upon the waiter—when you order boiled eggs—that you do *not* want them *pasado por agua*, or literally “passed through water,” nor *duro* which is hard-boiled, but *melcochado* or, still better, *tres minutos* or three minutes.

PISTO MANCHEGO: Otherwise scrambled eggs Spanish style. The eggs are mixed with ham, shrimps, peas, tomato sauce and asparagus. Often mixed with rice.

HUEVOS A LA MALAGUEÑA: Much as the last, but with eggs whole or stirred.

PAELLA: A mixture of chicken, pork, rice and sea food, colored with saffron.

AJIACO: Made of sweet potatoes, pork, plantains, yams and other native vegetables.

FABADA A LA ASTURIANA: A stew containing beans, potatoes and a special variety of sausage imported from Asturias, Spain.

CALDO GALLEGOS: Spanish stew containing beans, potatoes, spinach and ham.

PESCADO PAPILLOT: Red snapper combined with lobster and crab meat, shrimps, crawfish and truffles wrapped in paper like tamales and steamed.

OLLA A LA ESPANOLA: A popular Spanish stew made of potatoes, cabbages, cow peas, beef, bacon and Spanish sausages.

In the matter of beverages it is a matter of choice, taste and whether or not the visitor desires

to try everything—or as many things as possible. Among the alcoholic drinks peculiar to or at least typical of Havana, are the *Presidente*, *Daiquiri* and *Sazarac* cocktails and the *Cuba Libre*. The *Presidente* is a wonderful cocktail when properly made, and its greatest advantage is that, as it is never made the same in any two places, one never knows how much better than the last the next may be. It is like having a new cocktail every time, and to order a *Presidente* gives one that delightful thrill of expectancy, and not knowing what is coming next, that is the great charm of exploration and adventure. The *Daiquiri* also varies, but in its case it is merely a question of the same drink well, poorly or perfectly concocted. Then there are others who swear by Happy Pete's *Sazaracs*. Pete, who in pre-prohibition days was a bartender in New Orleans, brought the secrets of his famous New Orleans drinks to Havana with him. Chief among these are his *Sazaracs* and his Silver Phizzes. Just how they are made no one knows, for wild horses would not drag the secret from Pete or his brother, who now may be found at the Park View Hotel, in case my readers desire to make the acquaintance of the most potent and—in the estimation of many—the most delectable cocktail in Havana. Finally we come to the *Cuba Libre*, a local beverage that originated in Santiago de Cuba and which—robbed of its patriotic name—is nothing more nor less than Coca Cola and

Bacardi rum. (And remember it is Bacardi', with the accent on the last syllable, and *not* Bacar'di with the accent on the middle syllable as most Americans pronounce it.)

If the visitor is a teetotaller or does not believe in violating the Volstead act even in Cuba, there are innumerable soft drinks, all of which are safe, refreshing and delicious. Among the favorites are:

LIMONADA and NARANJADA, or limeade and orangeade.
PIÑA COLADO and PIÑA SIN COLAR: Strained and unstrained pineapple juice.

ENSALADA: A mixture of the juices of pines, oranges, cherries, etc.

GUAYÁBA: Guava.

GRENADE: Pomegranate.

ZAPOTE: Sapodillo.

ANONA: Custard apple.

GARAPIÑA: Fermented pineapple.

ORCHATA: Milk of almonds.

GUANÁBANA: Sour-sop.

AZUCARILLO or PANAL: A drink made by dissolving a roll made of sugar and white of egg in iced water.

COCO DE AGUA: The milk of the green coconut, *not to be confused* with the insipid, sickish milk of the ordinary ripe nuts.

CHAPTER XIII PLACES ABOUT HAVANA

ADUANA: See Customs House.

ALAMEDA: Formerly the favorite parade ground of Havana but now mainly of interest for the waterside scenes, the shipping and the strange cargoes being discharged. Reached by the Aduana (Customs House) cars or by walking down Oficios Street.

ALBEAR SQUARE: A small square or plaza at the junction of Obispo, O'Reilly and San Rafael Streets, one block from the Central Plaza. It contains a statue of General Albear, the engineer who planned and built the present water supply system for the city.

AMERICAN CLUB: At the corner of Virtudes Street and Prado.

AMERICAN CONSULATE AND EMBASSY: Facing on the *Plaza de Armas* at the foot of Calle Obispo.

ANGELES CHURCH: A cream-colored, Gothic structure two blocks from the Prado, near the new Presidential Palace, on Montserrat Street. At one side is the narrowest street in Havana—the Loma del Angel.

ATARES CASTLE: A star-shaped fort plainly visible as the ship enters the harbor. Situated on a hill outside the town. Reached by Jesus del Monte cars. This fort is famed as the only one that refused to surrender to the British when they took Havana. Within Atares, Crittenden and fifty Americans were executed by the Spaniards. Now used as a jail.

BASEBALL FIELD: Almendares.

BELEN CHURCH: One of the best preserved and picturesque of Havana's churches. Corner of Composteala

and Luz Streets. A covered bridge crosses the street and connects the church with its convent, wherein is a large collection of natural history specimens, a rare old library and other objects of interest. The church also contains a fine "Holy Family" by Ribera.

BENEFICIA HOME: For orphans, and Maternity Home. On San Lazaro Street facing the Malecon. This home is provided with a sort of exaggerated letter-drop in which mothers who cannot or do not desire to keep their infants may deposit them at the Home without revealing their identity—a device not unusual in Latin America.

BOTANIC GARDENS: On Carlos Tercero (Charles III) Avenue on the line of the Principe cars. The gardens are extensive and contain a wonderful collection of palms, shrubs, cacti, orchids, fruit trees, flowers and other tropical plants. They are well and artistically laid out, with charming pathways, pools, grottoes and cascades, but are poorly kept, while the road that gives access to them is one of the worst thoroughfares in the whole city and is unworthy of the name of street.

CABALLERA WHARF: At the foot of Obispo and O'Reilly Streets back of the Templete beyond the Plaza de Armas. Formerly an important landing place for small craft and launches, but now of little interest. In the Spanish days Caballera Wharf was the main landing place, and the largest steamers docked there.

CABAÑA: The full title of this famous structure is Castilla de San Carlos de la Cabaña. It occupies the hill top back of Morro, opposite the city, and is surrounded by moats forty feet in depth. A drawbridge, raised and lowered by chains, gives access

to the sallyport. It was begun in the reign of Charles III, in 1763, and completed in 1774. Originally built as a fortification at a cost of \$14,000,000. But a shot was never fired from its guns at an enemy, and the whole work and the stupendous expenditure was an utter loss. It has never actually served any purpose other than a barracks, a place of execution and a prison. From the time when 800 French prisoners were confined here in 1795 until the liberation of Cuba, Cabaña's history has mainly been one of misery of confined men and the slaughter of Cuban patriots. The most famous spot in Cabaña is the Laurel Ditch wherein scores of Cubans were shot. The line of bullet marks fired by the execution squad is traceable for eighty-five feet along the wall here and is known as the "Deadline." Perhaps the most interesting fact about Cabaña is that yellow fever was introduced to Cuba by convict laborers brought from Vera Cruz to work on the Cabaña.

CAMPO DE MARTE: Formerly a square filled with palm trees and containing a statue of La India, from which it received the name of India Park, at the upper end of the Prado. Now reduced to a tiny plot about the statue between the magnificent avenues just beyond the new Capitol.

CAPITOLIO: Central Plaza. Built at a cost of over eighteen million dollars and claimed to be the finest capitol in the world. A seventy-carat diamond is set in the floor under the great dome. All the interior woodwork is of native woods.

CATHEDRAL: On Emperado Street at the corner of San Ignacio. Famous as having contained the supposed bones of Columbus. It contains many jeweled vestments and altar fittings, while the silver altar is val-

ued at over \$10,000. The foundations were laid by the Jesuits in 1656, but the building was not completed until 1724.

CENTRAL STATION: The station of the United Railways of Havana and the Cuban Central Railway. On Egido Street (a continuation of Montserrate Street) and reached by a short walk or drive from the Plaza or by trolley cars. The station is a fine building and contains the first locomotive operated in Cuba, which was one of the first used in any portion of America.

CHORRERA FORT: A small fortification on a rocky islet at the mouth of the Almenadares River. Built in 1646. Small as it is this fort was the most difficult of all for the British to capture in 1762.

CHRIST CHURCH: On Villegas and Amargura Streets. Reached by walking one block west on Montserrate Street after passing the Albisu Theatre building and turning down Lamparilla Street to Villegas. The favorite church for visiting Roman Catholics, as services are conducted in English every Sunday. The Augustin College occupies a building in the rear of the church.

CITY WALL: Once surrounding the city. Only a few fragments now remain. One is situated near the Presidential Palace, another is at Montserrate and Salud Streets.

CLERK'S CLUB: Prado and Trocadero Street. The home of a protective and benevolent society. One of the finest clubs anywhere, and well worth a visit.

COLON MARKET: On Montserrate Street between Trocadero and Animas and reaching through to Zulueta. One block from the Plaza Hotel.

COLON PARK: A small park or Plaza facing the upper end of the Prado at La India statue. Formerly a

large park filled with trees and shrubs and containing a menagerie and a scale relief map of Cuba thirty feet in length. Cut up and reduced to a plaza during the improvements and alterations of the district when the Capitol was erected. At the junction of Calzada del Monte, Cardenas, Salud and Amistad Streets.

CONGRESS (SENATE) BUILDING: The old building on O'Reilly Street facing the Plaza de Armas. No longer used for the purpose.

CUSTOMS HOUSE (ADUANA): At the foot of Teniente Rey Street at San Francisco and Machinas docks. Take Aduana cars or a jitney to reach it.

CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE (ALSO POST OFFICE): The old Church of San Francisco close to Machina Wharf. The church was desecrated by the British in 1762 and since then has never been employed for religious purposes.

DOMINICAN CONVENT: Bounded by O'Reilly, San Ignacio, Mercaderes and Obispo Streets. Founded in 1578 and opened as a school by the Dominican Friars in 1728. Later this school developed into the University of Havana and was removed to the large building it now occupies. The Santo Domingo Church adjoins the convent.

FRANCISCAN CONVENT: See Customs Warehouse.

FRANCISCO DE PAULA CHURCH: On Paula Street facing the harbor. An ancient church with a façade of antique Spanish design.

FRONTON: See Jai-Alai. At Virtudes, Concordia and Marquis Gonzales Streets.

FUERZA, LA: Facing the Plaza de Armas at the foot of O'Reilly Street. Reached by Aduana cars. Havana's oldest fortification. Begun in 1528 and completed by Hernando de Soto in 1539.

GENERAL MARKET: At Manolar and Matadero Streets and Calzada de Cristina.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: At foot of Murella and Teniente Rey Streets.

JAIL: The old jail is a large low building on the right hand side of the Prado just before reaching La Punta Fort. It is now, or was until recently, occupied by the Board of Education and contains many relics of Spanish prison customs including the "garrote."

LA INDIA PARK. Close to Colon Park is the monumental fountain presented to the city by Count Villanueva who owned an estate at this spot and after whom the railway station was named. The fountain, of Carrara marble, was made in Rome and represents a seated Indian girl, allegorical of Havana. Formerly the band played in the little park about the statue each evening.

LUZ CABALLERO PARK: A pretty plaza at the seaward end of the Presidential plaza close to La Punta Fort.

LUZ WHARF: At foot of Luz Street near Paula Park. Used by ferry boats plying back and forth across the bay.

MACEO PARK: A commemorative park or plaza containing a magnificent monument to Antonio Maceo. Situated on the Malecon at the junction of San Lazaro and Belascoain Streets.

MAINE MONUMENT: An immense monumental shaft topped by an eagle and with guns from the sunken battleship about the base, situated on the Malecon just beyond the Santa Clara Battery and National Hotel, at the junction of Avenida Wilson and the Malecon.

MALECON: Meaning a wall or embankment. A broad crescent-shaped boulevard leading west along the sea

wall from the foot of the Prado to the suburb of Vedado (now being extended to the Plaza de Armas). The Malecon was commenced by the Americans in 1898-1902. Eventually it is planned to carry it beyond the Vedado district. The new name of the Malecon is Avenida Antonio Maceo.

MARTI'S HOUSE: At Egido and Paula Streets near the railway station.

MERCED CHURCH: Corner of Cuba and Merced Streets. Built in 1746. The most aristocratic and wealthiest of Havana churches. It contains a magnificent painting of the "Last Supper" and other old masters.

MONTSERRATE PLAZA: Just off the Central Plaza at the head of O'Reilly and Obispo Streets, and containing a statue of General Albear, a Cuban engineer who installed the present Vento Springs water system. The statue is the work of the Cuban sculptor, Saavedra.

MORRO: The ancient fort or castle on the extremity of the promontory opposite the city. Morro, meaning a headland, is applied to many similarly situated forts in Latin America. Thus there is the Morro at Santiago de Cuba, the Morro at San Juan, Porto Rico; the Morro at Santo Domingo City and the Morro at Arica, Chile. Erected mainly to protect the city from the buccaneers, and more especially Drake, who threatened but did not attack Havana in 1585. Commenced in 1587 and built by slave and convict labor, the fort was named Castillo de los Tres Reyes del Morro (Castle of the Three Kings of the Morro). Completed in 1597, it was a facsimile of the Moorish fortress at Lisbon, but has been greatly altered since then. An irregular structure from 100 to 120 feet above the sea, with moats sev-

enty feet deep, thirty being hewn from solid rock. The fort is partly of masonry and partly hewn from the rock. Below the fort on the harbor side is the Battery of the Twelve Apostles, with each of its guns named after an Apostle. Beyond this is the Pastor Battery, and east of Morro on the seaward side is the Velasco Battery, named in honor of Captain Luis de Velasco who was killed in defense of the fort. Today Morro is of importance only as a signal station and lighthouse. The lighthouse was built by Governor-General O'Donnell in 1844 and its half-minute, flashing, white light is visible eighteen miles at sea.

MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL: On Carlos III Street (new name, Avenida de la Independencia), at the corner of Hospital and San Francisco Streets.

NATIONAL LIBRARY: On Chacon Street at the corner of Maestranza. Open week days from 8 A.M. until 5 P.M. Contains over 20,000 volumes with many rare old books dating back to the fifteenth century. Among these are the works of Las Casas printed in 1552, and a *History of the New World* by Benzoni, published in 1565.

NATIONAL MUSEUM: On Aguiar between Teniente Rey and Muralla Streets.

NATIONAL OBSERVATORY: On the hill top near Cabaña Fortress opposite the city.

NATIONAL THEATER: Formerly the Tacon. Havana's largest theater, with a seating capacity of 3,000, and the sixth largest in the world. Built seventy-eight years ago at a cost of half a million dollars. Nearly all the world-famous opera stars have appeared here. Faces Central Park on the Prado. The ground floor is occupied by shops, offices, restaurants, etc.

NATIONAL UNIVERSITY : On the hill on San Lazaro Street (now Avenida de la Republica), close to Avenida Presidente, a few blocks from the Malecon.

NAVY YARD or ARSENAL : On the water front five blocks south of Colon Park. Originally used as a yard for building armed ships to serve as convoys for galleons and plate ships bound for Spain, the Cuban woods being considered the finest timbers for ships at that time. For over a century many of Spain's best ships were built here, over 100 vessels having been constructed at this spot. The old ship-building yard is now occupied by the railway station.

ORIENTE PARK (RACE COURSE) : At Marianao.

PALACE (GOVERNORS' GENERAL) : The old palace used by the governors of Cuba in Spanish days is on the Plaza de Armas. It is now vacant and undergoing extensive repairs and alterations.

PARQUE COLON (COLUMBUS PARK) : This was originally a fever- and mosquito-breeding swamp but was drained and converted into a park through the efforts of Bishop Espada, who instituted and carried out many reforms and public improvements. Under Governor Tacon the spot was transformed into the Campo de Marte (Field of Mars) and used as a parade and drill ground for Spanish troops. During the American intervention it was used as a camp by the American soldiers.

PAULA PARK : On the water front, where Paula, Jesus Maria, Merced and Acosta Streets end at Oficios Street.

PLAZA CENTRAL (CENTRAL PARK) : The largest of the city's numerous parks and plazas and the center of Havana's social and night life. In the center is a large statue of the patriot, Marti.

PLAZA DE ARMAS : The plaza at the foot of Calle Obispo

and O'Reilly Streets. The oldest portion of the city with the Templete marking the spot where the first settlers landed, and the scion of the original silk-cotton tree under which the first Mass was said.

POLICE HEADQUARTERS: Montserrat and Empedrado Streets.

PRADO: The fine boulevard leading from India monument to the Malecon at La Punta Fort. It consists of a series of central parklets with tiled raised promenade, with a broad drive on either side. Now called Paseo Marti.

PRESIDENTIAL PALACE: One block from the Prado in a magnificent setting of broad boulevards and parks extending from the Malecon (Luz Caballero Park) to Trocadero Street and from Montserrat to Zulú-eta Streets.

PRINCIPE CASTLE: On the hill at the end of Carlos III Street (now Avenida de la Independencia). Built in 1774. Now the National Penitentiary.

PRISON: See Principe Castle.

PRODUCE EXCHANGE (LA LONJA): A domed building close to San Francisco docks on San Francisco Plaza. Reached by Muelle or Aduana cars.

PUBLIC WORKS: Luz Street extending from Havana to Cuba Streets.

PUNTA FORT: Properly the Castillo San Salvador de la Punta. Commenced in 1528 and completed in 1589. Today this fort is preserved as a historic monument and is used to house certain naval offices.

SANITATION DEPARTMENT BUILDING: At the junction of Carlos III, Nueva del Pilar and Padre Varela Streets.

SAN JUAN DE DIOS PARK: A little plaza occupying the block bounded by Empedrado, Progreso, Aguiar

and Habana Streets. It contains a statue of Cervantes, author of *Don Quixote*.

SAN LAZARO TOWER: An ancient round tower—much like the famous stone tower of Rhode Island made famous by Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor." On the Malecon just beyond the Maceo Monument. It was erected (with several others now destroyed) by the Spaniards in the old buccaneer days (1556), and was used as a watch-tower and a blockhouse.

SANTA CATALINA CHURCH (AND CONVENT): On Calle O'Reilly. Contains many relics of Christian martyrs from Europe. Erected in 1698.

SANTA CLARA BATTERY: Malecon at foot of Calle 23. Now surmounted by the new National Hotel.

SANTA CLARA CHURCH (AND CONVENT): The wealthiest convent in Havana. Founded in 1644. Between Luz and Sol Streets.

SANTO DOMINGO CHURCH: Close to the Dominican convent on O'Reilly Street.

STATE DEPARTMENT BUILDING: See Congress Building.

STUDENTS' MEMORIAL: A fragment of wall bearing an inscription commemorating the execution of eight of the students of the University who were slaughtered on this spot in 1871. At Zulueta Street and Prado. The class of students was accused of desecrating the grave of a Spaniard who had been killed in a duel with a Cuban at Key West. The young men were tried and acquitted, but a mob of Spanish volunteers arose, paraded the streets and threatened the governor if he did not pass the death sentence on the accused youths. Through fear, the governor caused the verdict to be set aside, and the eight students (the oldest only 16 years of age) were executed and their bodies hauled away in an open cart and buried crisscross in an open grave.

outside of consecrated ground. The other members of the class were sentenced to hard labor and were compelled to break rock in the quarries. Later they were pardoned, while the bodies of those executed were reinterred in Colon Cemetery.

TEMPLATE: The commemorative chapel on the Plaza de Armas situated on the spot where the first settlers landed and heard Mass under a silk-cotton tree, a sprout from which now forms a good-sized tree within the plot of land surrounding the Templete. Open once a year, on the night of November 15. On that evening and the following day it is brightly illuminated in commemoration of the founding of the city.

ZAYAS PARK: Forming the upper part of the Presidential Palace grounds. Contains a statue of ex-president Alfred Zayas y Alfonso who is (when this is being written) still living.

HAVANA'S CHURCHES

Under the Spanish rule, services in any church not of the Roman Catholic denomination were prohibited, and no immigrants were permitted to enter Cuba except those of the Roman Catholic faith, while the Protestant Bible was deemed contraband and liable to seizure by the customs. Even as late as 1898, when the funeral of the victims of the *Maine* disaster was held by the city authorities in the Governor's Palace, and Captain Sigsbee asked that the Protestant burial service might be read over the Protestant dead, his request was denied. Today, however, all denomina-

tions are free to have their own churches and to conduct their services, and practically all faiths have their places of worship. But, of course, as the population is largely—at least nominally—Catholic, the Catholic churches are in the majority. The principal churches are as follows:

SAN AUGUSTIN: At Cuba and Amargura Streets, formerly a monastery built in 1608 and the oldest church in Havana.

LA MERCED: At Cuba and Merced Streets. The wealthiest and most aristocratic church in the city and attended by the wealthiest and most distinguished families of the Cuban capital. Built in 1746 and rebuilt in 1792. This church contains a marble altar and many priceless paintings, among others a very old picture representing a group of Indians being ruthlessly slaughtered by a party of Spaniards. A full orchestra plays in this church during High Mass.

BELEN CHURCH. On Compostela Street at the corner of Luz Street. Built by Bishop Diego Evelino de Compostela in 1704. Named in honor of Santa Maria de Belen (Our Lady of Bethlehem), patroness of the Franciscan Jeronymite order. For over a century the church and monastery, with a free school, were conducted by the Franciscans. The buildings were then taken over by the government to be used as barracks. In 1853 they were given to the Jesuits who formed schools, established the Belen College, set up an observatory claimed to be the best in Latin America, formed a library and established a natural history museum. A covered

passage or bridge crosses the street and connects the buildings.

THE CATHEDRAL: On Empedrado Street at the corner of San Ignacio and widely famed as having been the resting place of Columbus's bones—so called. The real name is La Catedral de la Virgen Maria de la Concepción. The building, with a dome and twin towers, is of Cuban limestone which is cream-colored when fresh but darkens with age, while the superficial disintegration of the coral rock gives a false appearance of great age. Thus the Cathedral appears to be many centuries old, whereas in reality it is quite modern, having been built by the Jesuits in 1656-1724. It occupies the site of the original cathedral, which was destroyed during a raid by French buccaneers. Contains some very old paintings and a valuable silver altar.

LOS ANGELES: A beautiful, cream-colored Gothic church with numerous spires. It contains little of interest, as it is comparatively new, having been founded in 1679. It has been altered and repaired several times, and after the hurricane of 1846 it was practically rebuilt. On Montserrat Street close to the Presidential Palace. At one side is the Loma del Angel, famed as the narrowest street in Havana.

SANTO DOMINGO: Adjoins the Dominican convent and faces on both O'Reilly and Mercaderes Streets. Founded in 1578, the convent was opened as a school by the Dominicans in 1728. The tower is a conspicuous landmark in the lower part of the city.

FRANCISCO DE PAULA: On Paula Street facing the harbor. An ancient church largely attended by sailors and fishermen. It has a façade of antique Spanish design which is extremely interesting.

SANTA CATALINA: This church, built in 1698, and adjoining the Santa Catalina convent, is mainly of interest as containing numerous bones and other relics of the Christian martyrs brought from Europe. On O'Reilly Street.

SANTA CLARA: Also adjoins a convent which is the wealthiest nunnery in Cuba. Founded in 1644. Situated between Sol and Luz Streets.

URSULINE CONVENT: On Egido Street near Dragones, two blocks from the Prado.

CRISTO CHURCH: At Villegas and Amargura Streets. An Augustinian church of interest to visiting American Roman Catholics, as services are conducted in English.

HOLY TRINITY CATHEDRAL (EPISCOPAL): At Neptuno and Aguila Streets. More commonly known as the English Church.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH: San Rafael Number 29. A reading room is maintained at Room 530 Manzana de Gomez Building on Central Plaza.

BAPTIST CHURCH: At Zulueta and Dragones Streets. Services in English only.

METHODIST CHURCH: Industria Street No. 82.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

COLUMBUS CEMETERY: Founded in 1787. Contains many handsome tombs and monuments. On the main avenue is the Firemen's Monument, erected at a cost of \$79,000, by popular subscription, in memory of thirty volunteer firemen who lost their lives in a conflagration that destroyed a store on Mercaderes Street in 1890. In this cemetery there may be seen the niche-like tombs in the walls in which the dead are placed, the niches being rented for a definite period. In case the rent is not paid or the period expires, the bodies are removed and buried

in a trench or pit and another occupant fills the niche. This is a universal custom in Latin America.

STEAMSHIP PIERS AND STEAMSHIP LINES

The steamship service to and from Havana is regular and frequent, a number of lines plying regularly between Cuba and other countries, while others make it a point of call. In addition to the regular trans-oceanic lines, there is a ferry service between Key West and Havana, a service between Miami and Havana, and the "Seatrain" or railway ferry between New Orleans and Havana. Among the important steamship companies serving Havana are the following:

WARD LINE: Properly the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company. This is the oldest established American line of either steam or sail, having been founded in 1840. From its beginning it has limited its service to the New York, Cuba, Mexican lines. It was the first company to use steam vessels sailing from New York; it operated the second ocean-going steamship in America and the first ocean-going screw steamer. It possesses the unique distinction of never having lost the life of a single passenger in all the years it has been in operation. Offices at Centro Asturianos Building, Central Plaza. The piers, at the foot of Egido Street, were built by the Ward Line at a cost of over \$5,000,000.

PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY (ROYAL MAIL

LINES) : The splendid "O" steamers of this line touch at Havana *en route* between Europe and South American West Coast ports. The "E" boats, plying between New York and the west coast of South America, also stop at Havana on both north and south runs. Office in Centro Asturianos Building, Central Plaza. Usually dock at San Francisco Wharf.

MUNSON LINE: This line operates ships sailing between New Orleans and Havana and between Baltimore and Havana, via Jacksonville and Miami; and in winter between New York, Nassau, Miami and Havana. Offices and docks at Paula Wharf, San Ignacio and Desemparados Streets.

VACCARO LINE (STANDARD FRUIT & STEAMSHIP Co.): An excellent service is maintained between New Orleans, Havana and Central American ports. Offices in Produce Exchange (La Lonja). Docks at foot of Aguila Street.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY (GREAT WHITE FLEET): Various services are maintained between New York and Havana, New Orleans and Havana, Boston and Havana, South and Central American ports and Havana, New York to Santiago de Cuba, New Orleans and Santiago de Cuba, and San Francisco via Panama Canal and Havana. Offices and docks, Muelle de Santa Clara. Ticket agent, Prado 110a.

P. AND O. STEAMSHIP COMPANY: Steamers between Key West and Havana, and Tampa and Havana. Offices at Bernaza No. 3 and at Prado 77. Docks at foot of Egido Street at old Navy Yard.

CLYDE LINE: Miami to Havana and vice-versa. Offices at Paseo de Marti (Prado) No. 118. Docks at Paula Wharf.

CLARK STEAMSHIP COMPANY: Palm Beach and Miami to Havana and return, via Nassau. Offices, Prado No. 114. Docks at San Francisco pier.

GRACE LINE: Ships stop at Havana *en route* to and from South America. No special docks. Office on Tacon Street near Plaza de Armas.

CHILEAN LINE: The steamers of this line call at Havana on their trips between the west coast ports of South America and New York.

PANAMA PACIFIC LINE: Stops at Havana on runs between New York and the Californian ports and vice versa. Office, Obispo 75.

DOLLAR LINE: Ships stop at Havana on around-the-world cruises. Office, Oficios, 18.

SPANISH ROYAL MAIL: The transatlantic ships of this line operate between Havana and Spanish ports.

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN and DUTCH steamships of various lines also make calls at Havana.

CUNARD LINE: Operates several ships such as the *Carmania*, *Caronia* and occasionally the *Mauretania* on the New York-Havana run during the winter months and on cruises.

ISLE OF PINES STEAMSHIP COMPANY: Between Batabano and Nueva Gerona, Isle of Pines. Office, Prado 118.

Havana is one of the world's important ports, and is noted for the excellence and safety of its harbor, with an area of nearly six million square meters and a depth of 38 feet—deep enough for the largest warships or steamships in the world. Aside from the three million square meters of anchorage space, the port has over fifty docks.

The capacity of the port for storage and warehousing is:

	<i>Square Feet</i>
General merchandise	1,787,301
Coal	120,000
Sugar	1,030,000
Refrigerator	126,000

It also has facilities for hauling out and repairing vessels, the marine railway, operated by the Havana Marine Railways Co., having a capacity of over 2,000 tons.

When docking, the ships' cargoes are usually unloaded directly onto the piers and are then distributed by electric driven trucks. In some case lighters alongside are also used for receiving and loading cargoes. Not only do the railway tracks connect with all piers, so that merchandise may be loaded into or unloaded directly from the cars, but in addition there are railway ferry ships plying between Key West and Havana, each ship with a capacity of 26 loaded freight cars, while the immense "Seatrain" ships plying between New Orleans and Havana can comfortably transport several loaded trains at one time.

In addition to the principal lines of ocean-going steamships, there are many coastwise vessels connecting Havana with ports on the northern and southern coasts of Cuba, and with the neighboring islands of the West Indies.

CHAPTER XIV

RECREATIONS

THE Cubans are very fond of all classes of games, sports and pastimes, more especially when they are of a type which presents a possibility of gambling. And of course both resident and visiting Americans have their favorite sports and recreations as well. Hence Cuba, or rather Havana, is remarkably well provided with a great variety of means for both indoor and outdoor entertainment.

JAI-ALAI (PELOTA) : The prime favorite, and one might say national, game of the Cubans is the Basque game of *jai alai* (pronounced high-a-ligh) and also called Pelota. It is probably the fastest game in the world, and to play it even tolerably well necessitates an incredible amount of skill and practice. It is said that no one but a native-born Basque can really play Jai-Alai, and, though a few Spaniards and Cubans have become well known players, yet the Basques are invariably the best. There are also women *jai alai* players, but these are exceptions. The game calls not only for skill but for tremendous muscular exertion, cat-like agility, not a little acrobatics, great endurance and extremely powerful and highly developed wrist muscles, owing to the fact that the long, hollow, curved, claw-shaped basket-work racquet or *cesta* is not grasped in the hand but is lashed to the wrist. This claw-like basket serves not only to catch the heavy, hard ball

used in the game, but also to throw it against the walls of the *Fronton*, as the court in which the game is played is called. Owing to the form of this basket—which is barely three inches in width—the ball must be hurled back the instant it is caught as otherwise it would roll from the concave curved surface. The result is that the game develops such a tremendous speed that at times it is next to impossible to follow the plays.

The court or playing ground (*Cancha*) is a rectangle 210 feet long and 36 feet wide, with a cement floor. The front, rear and side walls are of granite blocks, very carefully cut and placed. On the front wall (*Frontis*) there are three narrow strips of thin metal attached, one three inches from the floor and parallel with it, the next parallel to the first but thirty-six feet above it, while the third is vertical and connects the outer ends of the other two. The back wall (*Pared de rebote*) has two metal strips, one vertical and the other horizontal and thirty-six feet from the floor. The side wall (*Pared izquierda*) has a single strip running horizontally the entire length of the court, at a height of thirty-nine feet, three inches from the floor. These strips serve as marks within the limits of which the ball must strike in order to be considered fair, anything outside these limits being a foul, as are balls striking any of the strips themselves. The player (or team) making a foul loses one point, which is credited to the opposing team or player.

The floor itself is divided into equal blocks or spaces, twelve feet in width, indicated by vertical lines on the side wall, which are numbered consecutively from the front to the rear wall. At the fourth and seventh blocks lines are drawn across the floor.

These mark the space within which the ball must strike when served against the wall at the commencement of playing. Of these two lines, number four is called the Fault Line and number seven the Pass Line. A ball (on the rebound from the wall), if striking outside of these bounds, is a foul.

As a rule the game is played by doubles—two men to each side; but singles are very popular and frequently three men will be matched against two. In each and every case the members of the teams are distinguished by the color of their shirts (the costume worn invariably consists of white trousers and a loose shirt), one side wearing blue shirts, the other white. The names of the players, their colors and the number of points to be played are posted before the game starts, and a constant score is kept in plain view of the audience.

As the game is one of the greatest of gambling games, and as the betting, carried on by bookmakers in scarlet berets, varies from moment to moment according to the score, there is almost as much excitement in the audience as in the court, the raucous shouts of bettors, the applause and catcalls, the yells of encouragement to players, all creating a bedlam of noise; while the speed with which bets are made, altered and taken is almost as amazing as the speed of the players leaping, sliding, dashing—sometimes actually turning somersaults and catching the ball as they do so—as they catch and return the ball whose blows rattle like pistol shots when it strikes the stone walls.

At the Fronton Havana Madrid, the game is played by female professionals, daily at 2.30 and Fridays at 8.30 P.M.

BASEBALL: The Cubans are almost as fond of baseball

as are Americans, and professional games are played every Sunday at 2 P.M., and at 3 P.M. on week days, at the Almendares Baseball Grounds.

HORSE RACING: The Cubans are confirmed race track fans, and the racing at Oriental Park (during the winter season) attracts immense numbers of the natives, as well as hundreds of visiting Americans. The Oriental Park track is one of the best known and finest in the world, with a grand stand having a seating capacity of over ten thousand. Many famous horses race here each year, and large sums are lost and won. Betting is permitted, both through bookmakers and by the pari-mutual system.

POLO: There is a fine polo field at Havana, and games are played throughout the year.

MOTOR BOATING AND YACHTING: There are several yacht and motor-boat clubs in Havana, notably the Navy Yacht Club, the Havana Yacht Club and the Almendares Yacht Club. Many magnificent yachts are owned by wealthy Cubans, and there are constantly outboard motor, speed boat and sailing yacht regattas and races, notably with the popular "Star Class" boats. Many palatial yachts from the United States visit Havana each season.

TENNIS: Many private and club courts. The Vedado Tennis Club is one of the city's most exclusive clubs, and is used quite as much for giving society balls, teas and other functions as for tennis games.

GOLF: The best links are those of the Havana Country Club, but others are at the Rovers Club and the Almendares Hotel. Miniature golf has been introduced and is now very popular, and several miniature courses have been laid out.

FISHING: Fishing is one of the most popular sports or recreations—whichever it may be considered—in

Cuba. Shark fishing furnishes a deal of excitement, while the angler who does not care to waste time in this manner may indulge in trolling, deep-sea fishing or fishing from the shore. There are over 2,000 varieties of fish found in Cuban waters.

HUNTING. During the winter season hunting licenses may be obtained and excellent sport enjoyed. Deer are abundant in many localities; quail, wild doves and pigeons, wild ducks, snipe and shore birds abound, and there are wild hogs, wild cats and other game in the hills.

ROULETTE: This and all other forms of gambling may be indulged in to one's—or one's pocketbook's—limits at the beautiful Casino at Mariana near the Country Club and Playa. During the summer the gambling devices are operated in the Playa Casino at the beach.

BATHING. Largely indulged in at the Playa. There are also excellent beaches at Baracoa and elsewhere, though these are not surrounded with the luxuries, the music, the color, the society or the costs of the very popular and stylish La Playa.

CABARETS: These resorts are legion, but there are very few that may be considered even passably good. Probably the best and most attractive are the Château Madrid and Sans Souci outside the city beyond Mariana. Of the others, probably the Montmarte is the most select, if that term may be applied to a Cuban cabaret. At any rate it is the most luxuriously fitted and most artistically furnished. It is the most expensive also, and delivers the least real value for the money. Most of the others—such as the Inferno, the Tokio and Diablo—are innocuous, but designed to attract gullible tourists by a name and appearances that would suggest something very

risqué and wicked. Oftentimes one may find a better entertainment, better music, better dancing, better drinks, better people and far better, or rather lower, prices, at some of the cabarets outside the city than at those in Havana itself. Personally I have often found the Verbena on the Marianao road a more orderly and more satisfactory resort than those in Havana.

THEATERS AND CINEMAS: Havana is well provided with theaters and motion picture houses. As a rule the theaters have only Spanish plays or Spanish vaudeville. The films shown in the picture houses are usually American and have legends in both Spanish and English. News reels with local events are shown in many of these *cinémas*, as the Cubans call them.

CHAPTER XV

ITEMS OF INTEREST

PECULIAR CUSTOMS

ONE of the peculiar features of Havana which northern visitors are always quick to notice, is that all of the stores and shops are named. A clothing store may be called *El Gallo* (The Cock); a jeweler's may be *La Violeta* (The Violet); a department store may bear the name of *El Encanto* (The Enchantment); a grocer may call his establishment *Las Ninfas* (The Nymphs), and over book stores, fan stores, haberdashers, hardware stores and what not, are such fanciful names as *La Esperanza* (The Hope); *El Provenir* (The Future); *La Empresa* (The Enterprise), etc. No matter how small, how humble, how down-at-the-heels it may be, every Cuban shop, store, *bodega*, saloon, *café* and ill-smelling cook shop must have its grandiloquent or pretty name. About the only establishments in Cuba that do not bear fanciful names are the Woolworth five and ten cent stores. I have seen a miserable, filthy shack in a country village, a tiny *cantina* or drinking place for negro farm hands and herdsmen, glorying under the name of *Truth and Modesty*, and a tiny wayside *bodega* or general store in the interior bore the name of *The Grand Palace*. But perhaps the

strangest and at the same time most appropriate of all was the name of a gambling and dance hall that the brigandish looking owner had christened El Garrote!

A collection of the names of Cuban shops and other business establishments would be interesting and would fill many pages. They are named after the sun, moon and stars; after gods, goddesses, deities, demigods, heroes, famous men and women; after fruits, flowers, colors, vegetables, precious stones; after all the senses, the passions, the qualities of mankind; after birds, mammals, reptiles and insects; after every imaginable article and object; and, when all these are exhausted they are given feminine names. This custom is not confined to business places, but is applied to nearly everything. Even the wards in the prisons, jails and hospitals are named in the same manner. The guns in the forts have their fanciful names, while every town in Cuba has, as its real name, that of a saint, an apostle or some sacred object. Thus the full name of Havana is San Cristobal de la Habana; while the official name of Matanzas is San Carlos Alcazar de Matanzas.

Other customs that attract attention are the ways in which the Cubans summon a waiter or other servant or beckon to anyone. Instead of holding the palm of the hand uppermost and beckoning with a finger as we do, the Cuban holds

his hand with the palm downward and opens and closes all the fingers as if trying to seize some invisible object. Even the traffic police use this gesture to indicate that a vehicle is to proceed, a custom that is often most confusing to the stranger who mistakes the signal to proceed for a signal to go back. In summoning any servant, a jitney driver or other person, the Cuban custom is to utter a peculiar "P-s-t" or hissing sound. It is amazing how far this sound may be heard. On one occasion, while I was in a café near the plaza, a series of insistent "P-s-t-s!" sent the waiters scurrying in every direction in search of the impatient customer, until it was discovered that the summons came from a leaky soda water tank behind the bar!

PANAMA HATS

Many Americans purchase so-called Panama hats in Havana, apparently laboring under the delusion that they are very cheap in Cuba and must be "genuine Panamas." As a matter of fact "genuine" Panamas, which are not made in Panama but in Ecuador (while the cheaper grades are made in Peru and Colombia), are not only high priced in Havana but are, as a rule, made in the island, in Porto Rico or in the Virgin Islands. If one *knows* Panamas it is possible to buy a really good hat in Havana at a much lower price than in New York. But the average tourist knows

nothing about the hats and, as likely as not, pays a Panama price for a hat made in Germany or Japan or even in England, feeling confident that because it was bought in Havana he has secured a "genuine Panama" at a bargain price.

HAVANA HOUSES

It is a curious fact that will invariably interest the visitor of an economic and financial turn of mind, that, despite Cuba's business depression and alleged poverty, handsome residences, costly buildings and palatial homes are being erected everywhere. In most lands the extent of building operations is a key to the country's financial state, but not so in Cuba—or elsewhere in Latin America. The Spanish American will have his luxuries, even at the cost of necessities; and as long as he can beg, borrow or steal the wherewithal, he will have a luxurious motor car, will live in a palace, will wear the most expensive clothing it is possible to secure, and will load himself—and his women—with diamonds. No one, seeing the numbers of costly cars on Havana's streets, viewing the magnificent houses everywhere, mingling with the expensively dressed, jewel-laden crowds at the Casino, the Playa or the Race Track, would believe that Cuba is in a state of semi-bankruptcy or that many of the apparent millionaires are paupers. In no part of the world, aside from Latin

America, is it so impossible to gauge a person's financial status by his appearance.

And speaking of Cuban houses, it may be of interest to call attention to the size, the type and the costliness of many of these. As a rule the Cuban house of a well-to-do person is built with massive walls, heavy tiled roof, grilled windows, without glass but fitted with heavy wooden shutters, a provision against hurricanes, and is surrounded by shrubbery and gardens all enclosed within a high wall or fence. Many of these residences are of immense size and cost a fortune to build. Indeed, one might imagine by the number of these veritable palaces, that the majority of Havana's residents were millionaires. In a way such a supposition would not be far from the truth, for at one time the majority of the more prominent and well-to-do Cubans *were* millionaires. When sugar was king, the city was the home of the wealthiest planters, whose incomes amounted to hundreds of thousands, even millions, of dollars, and who, leaving the administration of their estates to managers, lived in Havana and Europe, spending money like water on every conceivable luxury. Today many of these men are, comparatively speaking, penniless, though they still occupy their palaces and manage, usually by credit or through political influence or connections, to maintain their semblance of great wealth. In other cases they have been forced to

economize, and their homes have been rented to wealthy Americans or have been utilized for other purposes, while not a few of the once princely mansions that, in the old days, were the homes of tobacco and sugar kings, have, owing to the fortunes of war or other causes, been transformed into offices, warehouses or factories.

Such was the home of Señor Miguel de Aldama at the corner of Reina and Amistad Streets, facing the Colon Plaza! At one time Señor Aldama was the wealthiest man in Cuba, his annual income amounting to over three million dollars. In 1860 he built the mansion facing Colon Plaza, expending over half a million on it. It was the largest, most magnificent palace of its day in Havana. He filled it with the choicest, most expensive furnishings possible to secure in the entire world, and lived like a veritable monarch. Aldama, however, was a stanch Cuban patriot and when, in 1868, the revolution broke out, he was forced to flee the country to save his life, escaping with little more than the clothes on his back. The Spanish troops, finding the owner missing, went through his mansion, looting it of everything they desired, wrecking the priceless statuary, slashing the magnificent tapestries, ripping Old Masters from their frames, tearing the hangings and carpets in pure wantonness, and leaving the place a hopeless wreck. Soon afterward the once

princely mansion was converted into a cigar factory employing 450 workers.

But other almost equally palatial homes have met rather better fates. Many of the old mansions have been converted into boarding houses, apartment houses or hotels; others have remained in the hands of the descendants of the old sugar and tobacco kings, while many more, erected during the days of Cuba's unwonted prosperity after the World War, may be seen in the Vedado, on the Prado, at Miramar, Almendares, Marianao, Country Club Park and elsewhere. It is one of the paradoxical features of Havana that the city has no exclusive residential district, and it is not unusual to see some lordly, magnificent home surrounded by miserable shacks, to see a mansion in the midst of wonderful gardens with a disreputable drinking place next door, or to find the residence of a millionaire rubbing metaphorical elbows with a Chinese grocery or a cobbler's shop. Like the Englishman, the Cuban considers his home literally his castle. He cares not a jot who or what may be his neighbors, and he sees nothing unusual or incongruous in erecting a million-dollar home in the heart of what, in any other land, would be deemed a slum.

THE CARNIVAL

Cuba, like all other Latin countries, has an almost countless number of holidays or *fiestas*. In fact one progressive and intelligent Cuban took the trouble to make a list of Cuba's legal holidays and proved thereby that there were more holidays than there were days in the year! Of course, in reality, not one half of the various Saints' Days, Church holidays and other *fiestas* are observed, in so far as interfering with business is concerned. In fact I very much doubt if the holidays actually observed in Cuba—on which all business houses close—are as numerous as those in the States.

The holidays most dear to the Cubans—as to all Latins—are the days of the Carnival. While other Latins are content to celebrate for two or three days at this season, the Cubans must have five weeks of Carnival, beginning with the Sunday preceding Ash Wednesday. But there is method in this seeming madness. The Cubans long ago discovered that the annual Carnival was a great drawing card for American tourists, that during the festivities good American dollars poured most recklessly from American pockets into Cuban hands, so they promptly decided to prolong this most profitable *fiesta* to the utmost limit. As a spectacle, the Havana Carnival cannot compare with that of many other countries or with the Mardi Gras of New Orleans. In fact a great deal

of it is so palpably and obviously purely for advertising purposes that it loses all its attractiveness. Still there is a queen and a king and beautifully decorated floats, and hundreds of automobiles filled with Havana's most beautiful women, and countless fancy dress costumes and abundant noise and endless parades, and tons and tons of confetti, and serpentine, with dances and balls and merrymaking.

The *pièce de résistance* of the Carnival is the great masquerade ball held at the National Theater every Saturday and Sunday night during the festivities. But if the visitor wishes to secure a really good idea of how the true dyed-in-the-wool Cubans celebrate—without the acquired and imported trimmings and the “show” put on for the sake of tourists—then by all means let him journey into the country and witness a carnival ball in some outlying village, where the native music holds sway and the *danzon* and *rumba*, combined with abundant native rum, make the celebration something to be long remembered.

There is, however, one feature of the Havana carnival that is well worth seeing. That is the marvelous manner in which the police handle the traffic. Despite the countless thousands of pedestrians, many far from sober, many recklessly gay and filled with the carnival—and other—spirit; and with hundreds of automobiles filling the streets and driving madly with their overloads of

revelers, everything moves smoothly without a hitch and accidents are almost unknown.

COMMERCE AND FINANCE

That nature has most richly endowed Cuba is obvious to the most casual observer who fares forth beyond the confines of Havana and its suburbs. The island's natural resources are enormous and scarcely have been scratched, the soil is marvelously rich, and statistics prove that the island readily could support a population of twenty-five million. Yet its total population is under four million, or about seventy inhabitants to the square mile, as opposed to Porto Rico with 350; England with 320; Germany with 315; Rhode Island with 505; Belgium with more than 600; and Bermuda with 1,000.

Moreover, less than one half of Cuba's arable land is under cultivation. Yet despite this the island exported, until recently, over \$400,000,000 worth of raw materials annually, while the imports were under \$300,000,000, most of which were from the United States.

The United States has always been Cuba's best customer, but as the largest of Cuba's exports has always been sugar—Cuba formerly supplying practically one half the raw sugar used in the States—with the decline in sugar, with the increase in the amount of sugar produced in the

United States, and with the increased cost of production in Cuba and the increase in our tariff, the island is in sorry plight indeed—the result of putting all her eggs in one basket metaphorically speaking.

Another economic fault in Cuba's business is the fact that practically forty per cent of her imports from the States consists of foodstuffs, most of which could be produced on the island. Only about fifteen per cent of her imports consists of machinery, clothing, drugs, construction materials and other products and manufactures.

A glance at some of the items of imports will show how short-sighted and improvident the Cubans have been, how preposterous it is for such an island to depend upon immense importations of food that could be raised on the island, and how readily the Cubans could reduce their importations by one half or even more were they to wean themselves from their adherence to sugar and branch out in other directions. Thus, in a land where coffee can be raised to any extent and where it should be an important export, Cuba is importing coffee to the value of over seven million dollars annually. Condensed milk, which could be manufactured in Cuba, is imported to the value of five millions each year. Dried meat, a product which should be an important local industry, is imported to the extent of six million dollars annually. Salt pork imports amount to

over four millions. Beans over four millions. Corn over three millions. Eggs are imported to the value of over three million dollars. Hams valued at over two millions are imported each year, and there are onions to the value of nearly two million dollars, canned vegetables valued at over a million dollars, cheese to the same amount, butter of equal value, and meat products amounting to over a million. Finally, in a land that should be a tremendous exporter of both fresh and canned fruits, we find the Cubans importing fresh fruit to the value of \$560,000 annually; canned fruits to the value of \$835,000, and dried fruits amounting to \$500,000; while, to cap the climax, Cuba imports refined sugar to the stupendous amount of \$1,107,000!

Even in manufactured articles, which form fifteen per cent of Cuba's imports, much might be accomplished if the Cubans were alive to their future and could once forget the past greatness of sugar. Among the articles already produced on the island are cement, bricks, tiles, leather, furniture, shoes, soaps, fans, perfumes, rope, alcohol, liquors, fertilizers, lard, candles, paper, matches, beer, bottles, metal work, hats, brushes, candies, chocolate, crackers, clothing, drugs, etc. Yet all of these are imported to the value of millions of dollars.

Another shortcoming of the Cubans—which is equally true of other Latin Americans—is that

they are not, by nature or by choice, business men. They may be farmers, estate owners, professional men, politicians, but they abhor the grind of commercial and mercantile business; they are not content to work hard to secure small profits, and they regard trade as degrading. As a result it is next to impossible to find a Cuban conducting a store, shop, café, restaurant or industry in Havana. Practically all the mercantile and industrial businesses are in the hands of foreigners—mainly Galician Spaniards or Gallegos, Italians, Germans, British and Americans. I have not been able to secure reliable data as to the mercantile and industrial financial interests of the Gallegos and other foreigners in Cuba, but they are many times greater than those of Americans in the same lines of business and the latest available figures place the latter at something over \$100,000,000.

Aside from strictly mercantile interests, the Americans lead in the foreign investments in Cuba, their total interests amounting to well over \$1,200,000,000 distributed as follows:

Sugar properties	\$775,000,000
Railways	115,000,000
Public Utilities	95,000,000
Tobacco properties	50,000,000
Real Estate	90,000,000
Manufactures	45,000,000
Agricultural properties	40,000,000

Mercantile interests	\$35,000,000
Banking interests	25,000,000
Docks and warehouses	15,000,000

And this does not include American interests in steamship lines or the Cuban interests of American organizations with agencies and branches doing business in Cuba. With such enormous American financial interests invested in the island, it is small wonder that there should be such ample banking facilities. Among the branches of American banks are the First National of Boston, the National City of New York and the Chase National. Canada is represented by the Royal Bank of Canada, the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Oddly enough, neither Thomas Cook & Son, Wells Fargo nor the American Express Company maintain branches in Cuba.

Banking and other commercial business is made much simpler in Cuba than in most foreign countries, owing to the money, which is on a parity with that of the United States, while United States currency is legal tender and circulates with the Cuban money. Cuba maintains a gold standard, the gold coins consisting of twenty-dollar (pesos) pieces, ten-dollar, five-dollar, four-dollar, two-dollar and one-dollar coins. These, however, are seldom in circulation, and as there is no Cuban paper money the only Cuban coins in general use are the silver one-dollar pieces, the forty-cent,

twenty-cent and ten-cent silver coins, and the five-, two- and one-cent nickel coins.

EDUCATION

Perhaps no phase of Cuba's progress since its independence is more notable and more praiseworthy than its educational system. There are over 5,000 public schools and numerous private schools in the island, the public schools employing over 6,500 teachers. The school system is patterned after the best in the United States and studies are carried on according to the American methods. For much of its school system and its financial organization, Cuba is indebted to the late Col. E. C. Brooks, who had complete charge of these matters at the close of the Spanish War.

In addition to its schools, Cuba boasts of one of the oldest universities in America—The Havana University—established by a Papal Bull in favor of the Dominican Fathers in 1721. There are courses in the National University covering law, medicine, architecture, fine arts, sciences, engineering, etc.

HAVANA'S SUBURBS

Although, broadly speaking, the various residential districts that have been developed outside the city proper are in Havana—or perhaps better help to form "Greater Havana," still they are dis-

tinct, and each has its own local officials and is more or less independent.

VEDADO: On the coast west of the city. Essentially a residential suburb, although there are numerous shops, motion picture theaters, hotels, clubs, hospitals, markets, cabarets and even a few factories in the district. The Vedado shores are flat shelves of rough coral rock and there are no bathing facilities other than in great basins cut from the rocks and arranged so that the water flows constantly back and forth. Oddly enough, although the Vedado today is the favorite residential district of Havana, the name means "Forbidden Land." It was so called by the Spaniards, owing to the fact that in the old days it was a wild, deserted area of jungle and marsh, infested by bandits and cutthroats, smugglers and escaped convicts who held up, robbed and murdered all who dared enter their domain. In a way the Vedado, with its miles of shaded streets and innumerable beautiful residences, may be considered the granddaddy of all Havana's charming suburbs, for with few exceptions they spread along the coast from this first residential district outside the city limits. At the Almendares River, with its drawbridge, the boundaries of the Vedado are passed and one enters Miramar. Here, too, are Almendares, Alturas de Almendares, Ampliación de Almendares, Kohly, La Sierra, the Country Club Park, La Coronela, Barandilla and Playa de Marianao (commonly known as La Playa). Many of these districts are merely subdivisions, and others—like the Country Club Park—are private urbanization enterprises. And as there are no visible or indicated boundary lines between them, the visitor

cannot tell where one begins and the other ends, although in one or two cases—as at the limits of Miramar—signs indicate the boundaries.

MIRAMAR: As yet little developed, but its beautiful Avenida Quinta (Fifth Avenue) with its dual drives separated by delightful central parkways filled with flower beds and remarkably clipped trees, the whole forming a boulevard fifty yards in width and five miles in length, is in many ways the most attractive avenue in or about Havana. It is the direct route to the Playa, the Yacht Club, the Casino, the Country Club and other resorts.

LA SIERRA: A charming section with a large recreation park, a Japanese garden and a magnificent electric fountain.

COUNTRY CLUB PARK: A perfect example of landscape gardening on a gigantic scale. Boasts some of the most palatial of modern homes.

CORONELA: A veritable garden ablaze with flowers and with masses of the mauve Bougainvillea which, in Cuba, is pruned into hedges, clumps and fanciful forms. With broad smooth avenues and many attractive homes.

BARANDILLA: Another garden spot with broad boulevards and châlet-like houses giving the place a decidedly European aspect.

PLAYA DE MARIANAO: Already described.

THE HAVANA-BILTMORE YACHT AND COUNTRY CLUB: This is the newest and most ambitious urbanization project yet carried out. Where a few years ago there was an immense mangrove-covered mud flat and bottomless swamps, there are now hundreds of acres of green lawns, smooth, broad avenues and streets, splendid golf links, beautiful gardens and grounds and several fine residences, in addition to

the immense, luxuriously fitted club house and the splendid bathing beach. In many respects it is far superior to La Playa and it is destined to become a very serious rival of that resort, its only drawback being its distance from Havana. But then, with automobiles, and magnificent roads, and amid such surroundings, distance is a delight and an advantage rather than an objection.

CLUBS IN AND ABOUT HAVANA

VEDADO TENNIS CLUB: Calzada and Twelfth Streets, Vedado. In addition to being a tennis club with several fine courts, this is a social club, a swimming, a rowing and a yachting club. Considered one of the most select of Havana's many clubs.

THE AMERICAN CLUB: 83 Prado (Avenida Marti) Havana.

UNION CLUB: Malecon 10.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB: Malecon.

YACHT CLUB: Marianao Playa.

CUBA-AMERICAN JOCKEY CLUB: Oriente Park, Marianao.

CASINO: Marianao.

BRITISH CLUB.

HAVANA COUNTRY CLUB: Marianao. Composed of foreigners and Cubans.

ROTARY CLUB OF CUBA: 341 Manzana de Gomez Building, Havana.

CASINO ESPAÑOL: Prado and Animas Street.

CLUB MILITAR: Camp Columbia, Marianao.

NAVAL YACHT CLUB: La Playa, Marianao.

HAVANA YACHT CLUB: Marianao Beach.

ALMENDARES YACHT CLUB: Almendares River, Vedado.

ASOCIACION DE DEPENDIENTES DEL COMERCIO (CLERKS' CLUB): Prado and Trocadero Street.

CENTRO ASTURIANO: San José and Zulueta Streets, Central Plaza.

CENTRO GALLEGO: Prado and San José Street, Central Plaza.

TRADE ORGANIZATIONS IN HAVANA

HAVANA PRODUCE EXCHANGE (LA LONJA DEL COMERCIO): Lonja building, Pedro Perez Street.

GERMAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE: San Pedro 4, Room 8.

CUBAN SUGAR MILL OWNERS ASSOCIATION (ASOCIACION DE HACENDADOS Y COLONOS): Marta Abreu 32.

RETAIL DEALERS ASSOCIATION: Lonja Building, Room 432.

CUSTOMS BROKERS ASSOCIATION: Havana Port Docks Building.

AMERICAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE: Obispo 7. Rooms 302-304.

LANDLORDS ASSOCIATION: Avenida Wilson and B Street, Vedado.

CUBAN NATIONAL TOURIST COMMISSION: Seville Biltmore Arcade.

HAVANA ROTARY CLUB: 341 Manzana de Gomez Building.

HAVANA STOCK EXCHANGE: Obrapia 33.

MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION: Lonja Building, Room 425.

CUBAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE: Marta Abreu 11.

SPANISH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE: Lonja Building, Room 418.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF ECONOMIC CORPORATIONS: Lonja Building. Room 442.

ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVES OF FOREIGN FIRMS: Lonja Building. Room 410.

ASSOCIATION OF CUBAN MANUFACTURERS: Manzana de Gomez Building. Room 342.

TOBACCO AND CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION: Miguel Aldama 97.

STREETS WITH TWO NAMES

During the past few years an effort has been made to change the names of many of Havana's streets, replacing the old Spanish names by new appellations having some significance in relation to Cuba's heroes, prominent men and history. Although officially the new names are the legal ones, the public as a whole continue to use the old names. This leads to no little confusion. Among the more important thoroughfares with dual names are the following:

CARLOS III (TERCERO) : Now, AVENIDA DE LA INDEPENDENCIA.

CALZADO DE LA INFANTA : Now, AVENIDA DE MERCED.

ZANJA : Now, FINLAY.

SAN LAZARO : Now, AVENIDA DE LA REPUBLICA.

CALZADO DEL MONTE : Now, MAXIMO GOMEZ.

BELASCOAIN : Now, PADRE VARELA.

REINA : Now, AVENIDA SIMON BOLIVAR.

MALECON : Now, AVENIDA ANTONIO MACEO.

MONTSERRATE : Now, AVENIDA DE BELGICA.

VIVES : Now, RUIZ DE LUZURIOGA.

GALIANO : Now, AVENIDA DE ITALIA.

PRADO : Now, PASEO DE MARTI.

HOLIDAYS

Although, as I have said in connection with the Carnival, there are more legal holidays than days in the year in Cuba, yet comparatively few of these are observed by the business houses. Those

on which banks and shops close for all or half a day are as follows:

January 1: New Year.
January 28: Birthday of José Marti.
February 24: Anniversary of the Grito de Baire.
May 1: Labor Day.
May 19: Anniversary of death of José Marti (mourning).
May 20: Independence Day. Also inauguration of President of Cuba.
October 10: Grito de Yara.
October 12: Discovery of America; Dia de la Raza.
December 7: Anniversary of death of Antonio Maceo (1896) (mourning).
December 25: Christmas.

In addition to these, many of the business houses and banks observe the national holidays of the countries of their organization. Thus the British keep Empire Day, the King's Birthday and, to some extent, Whitsunday. The Americans keep the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving, while many of the Church feast days, such as Easter Monday, Ash Wednesday, Corpus Christi and Good Friday, are generally observed, and of course there are holidays more or less observed by business firms during Carnival time.

CLIMATE

Much has been said of the marvelous climate of Cuba, and while, in some ways and at some sea-

sons, the island *does* possess a wonderful climate, yet in their desire to paint Cuba in the most glowing colors, in order to attract tourists, the Cubans have rather overdone the climate propaganda.

As a matter of fact the climate of Cuba varies a great deal in different portions of the island, and Havana probably has the poorest all-the-year climate of any portion of Cuba—with the possible exception of Santiago. During the winter, the nights—and often the days as well—are not only “pleasantly cool,” as the Cubans put it, but are downright cold. No one, that is no resident, dreams of wearing light clothes or straw hats during the winter in Havana. Tweeds are the rule, and every store displays heavy woolen garments, heavy tweed suits, overcoats, and even furs. Just how cold it may be depends upon the wind. If the wind behaves as it should, and blows from the south across the Caribbean and the surface of the island, the temperature is delightful in Havana. But if it it blows from the north—as it often does for day after day—it brings with it the frosty breath and chill of the snow-covered, ice-bound United States. It is not unusual to see ladies wearing heavy fur coats at a dance, or to see men bundled in ulsters as they drive through the streets after sundown. And do not believe it if you are told that Cuba’s, or rather Havana’s, winter season is one of endless sunshine. Time and time again I have been at the race track when

there was a dull lowering sky, a cold drizzling rain and an icy wind. And that at the height of Havana's ideal winter resort weather!

Neither should the stranger be hoodwinked into thinking that Havana is not hot in summer and that the nights are always "delightfully cool," as the Cubans would have us believe. Havana can be a veritable oven in summer and, though it is true that the thermometer never soars into the high nineties for day after day and night after night as in New York, still it hovers close to the ninety mark for long periods. As in winter, the climate of Havana in the summer depends largely upon the winds. Theoretically the prevailing wind should be from the northeast; the trade wind should blow steadily and freshly, and the temperature should be around 77. But the trade wind in the latitude of Cuba and the confines of the narrow Florida Straits is a fickle, unreliable thing. Often it disappears completely and there is a flat calm, or again the wind may come from the south and bring the heat-laden air of the interior and the Caribbean. Also, it must be remembered that Cuba has a wet and a dry season, with the addition that, as it is not geographically or climatically in the true tropics, it is liable to be wet in the dry season or dry when it should be wet.

And when it *is* wet in Cuba it *is* wet with a vengeance. Although the annual average rainfall is not excessive, yet the rain comes down in solid

sheets in a manner unknown outside the tropics. I have seen the Malecon knee-deep with water in ten minutes during one of these downpours. To be sure it does not often rain in such torrents for long. Usually the heaviest showers are of short duration, but there are exceptions. During the summer of this year, 1930, there were days in succession when it never ceased to rain, and most of the time it poured. At such times, to make matters worse, Havana and its suburbs usually suffer from hordes of mosquitoes. Roughly speaking the wet or rainy season is from June until September, but it often comes on in May and may extend into November, or again it may rain but little until July, or the dry season may appear by August.

And now, having told the worst things about Havana's climate, let me mention its good points. During fine weather the air is marvelously clear, the sunshine brilliant, the stars and moon incredibly bright. The days are just warm enough, the evenings cool enough and the sea sparkles like a polished sapphire under an azure sky flecked with lazily drifting trade clouds. The climate *is* ideal and worthy of all the most enthusiastic Cubans claim for it. At such times mosquitoes are practically unknown, and for day after day—sometimes for week after week—it remains the same. But it is impossible to depend upon such fine weather—even in the winter—although as a rule

it is more than delightful during the greater part of the dry season.

Neither must we forget that Cuba is subject to hurricanes. To be sure, the island is a little out of the beaten track for these "monstrous stormes," as old Captain John Smith called them, and in the past Cuba has suffered less from hurricanes than have most of the West Indies. Still, within the past few years, the island has twice been swept by terrific hurricanes that caused immense losses to shipping, sunk many vessels in Havana's harbor, leveled more than half the trees in Havana, tore houses to pieces, blew over such massive objects as the bronze eagle on the *Maine* monument, and took a considerable toll of human lives. And when the Cubans and tourist propagandists declare that Cuba's "lowest temperature is 70° and the highest 81°" they are woefully misrepresenting the facts. The actual truth is that the *average* temperature for the hottest month is 82.4° and the *average* temperature for the coldest month is 70.3°. Hence there appears to be an average mean temperature variation of only 12.1°. But the Weather Bureau has repeatedly recorded temperatures of 90°, 92° and higher, while on August 24, 1899, it reached 98° and on more than ten occasions it has soared to 96° and 97°. The opposite extreme was reached on January 27, 1901, with a low temperature of 47°, which is mighty cold in a land where there

are no provisions for artificial heating, and on numerous occasions the temperature has fallen to fifty or below, while twice, in the past, snow actually has fallen in Havana.

Still, compared with other countries, Cuba *does* have an ideal climate in many respects, while in point of healthfulness it leads the world, the Cuban death rate being only 12.54 per thousand as against 15 in the United States; 17.70 in England; 17.80 in Germany; 20.60 in France; 29.70 in Spain; 13.40 in Uruguay and 12.60 in Australia.

POPULATION

Although the most recent available figures for Cuba's population are those for 1925, it is not probable that the number of the island's inhabitants has changed to any appreciable extent. There have been comparatively few immigrants, while quite a number of Cubans have left the island for South America, the United States, the other West Indies and elsewhere.

PROVINCES

Pinar del Rio	274,086	Santa Clara	707,204
Havana	890,608	Camaguey	241,599
Matanzas	330,293	Oriente	830,844

PRINCIPAL TOWNS

Pinar del Rio	49,439	Consolacion del Sur	33,828
Artemesia	22,790	Guanabacoa	32,420

Guines	29,069	Vueltas	25,855
Havana	538,721	Yaguajay	24,184
Jaruco	22,362	Camaguey	81,330
Marianao	37,908	Ciego de Avila ...	46,198
San Antonio de los Baños	24,942	Moron	46,415
Cardenas	34,275	Alto Songo	34,770
Colon	29,633	Banes	28,688
Marti	25,217	Baracoa	34,998
Matanzas	66,316	Bayamo	49,537
Aguadas de Pasa- jeros	25,348	Cobre	21,515
Cienfuegos	73,044	Guantanamo	52,194
Remedios	26,671	Jiguani	25,486
Rodas	24,949	Manzanillo	61,018
Sagua La Grande	31,576	Mayari	28,948
Sancti Spiritus ...	24,507	Palma Soriano ...	51,030
Santa Clara	70,077	Puerto Padre	46,287
Santo Domingo ...	26,276	San Luis	21,322
Trinidad	44,563	Santiago de Cuba .	141,455
		Victoria de las Tu- nas	35,249

In most cases the figures are for the entire municipal district of each town. This is often misleading, as the town itself may be very small and yet the entire population within its borough boundaries may be large.

Thus, while the population of Pinar del Rio is given as 49,439, the city of Pinar del Rio has but 14,212 inhabitants. Cienfuegos is given 73,044, but the city proper has only 36,961 inhabitants. Sancti Spiritus shows a population of 87,343, but the city's population is barely 24,000. Trinidad is a small town with 12,776 inhabitants, but as

given in the list it has a population of 44,563; while Guantanomo, with a population of less than 14,000 in the town, appears with a population of 52,194 in the tables. Even Santiago de Cuba which, gauged by its apparent population of 141,455, appears a metropolis, is a comparatively small town with a city population of only 62,677.

DISTANCES FROM HAVANA BY MOTOR HIGHWAYS

	Miles		Miles
Pinar del Rio City..	130	Santiago de las Ve-	
Isle of Pines	160	gas	12
San Antonio de los		Guanabacoa City ...	5
Baños	20	Marianao City	9
Matanzas City	65	Cardenas City	100
Cienfuegos	195	Caibarien City	226
Sancti Spiritus	234	Sagua La Grande ..	175
Trinidad	365	Santa Clara City ...	176
Ciego de Avila	272	Camaguey City	336
Holguin	465	Guantanamo	572
Santiago de Cuba ..	532	Manzanillo	487
Guanabano Beach ..	20	Guines	34
Batabano	38	Camp Florida	18
		Guanajay	28

RAILWAYS

There are nine recognized railway lines in Cuba, several of which are primarily for the benefit of private estates or industries, the total mileage in operation being 3,372 divided as follows:

	<i>Miles</i>
United Railways of Havana	1,941
Hershey Cuban Railway	76
Guantanamo and Western R. R. Co.	90
Cuba Northern R. R.	192
Havana Electric Railways	96
Tunas-Saneti Spiritus R. R.	25
Cienfuegos, Palmira & Cruces R. R.	24
Guantanamo R. R.	72
Central Railway of Cuba	856
 Total	 3,372

AIR TRANSPORT SERVICE

Cuba was one of the very first countries to recognize aviation as a commercial advantage, and the Key West-Havana service of mail- and passenger-carrying planes was the second regular commercial air service in the world. Today Cuba has become a most important air-line junction. Not only are there a number of planes operating on regular daily schedules between Havana and United States cities, but in addition there are lines that make Havana a stopping point between the United States and Central and South America, both the Pan-American Grace and the N. Y. R. B. A. planes calling at Havana.

POSTAGE FOR AIR MAIL

Many persons are under the impression that by purchasing a Cuban air mail stamp and placing it on a letter addressed to some city in the United States the letter will go through by air mail. This is not the case. The Cuban air mail stamp takes the letter by airplane only as far as Florida whence it is sent to its destination by regular mail. If it is desired that a letter should go through to its destination by air mail, it must bear not only the Cuban air mail stamp but also a United States air mail stamp. These may be purchased at most of the hotels and at several of the kiosks that sell stamps about the Central Plaza. To send letters by air mail to the West Indies, Central or South America stamps of the respective companies must be secured from the offices of the lines in Havana.

THE ARMY AND NAVY

Cuba's regular army consists of 17,000 enlisted men and 600 officers. There are also 6,000 rural guards or "country police" who are similar to our State Police. The navy, which is entirely confined to coastal patrol, consists of two small cruisers, seventeen gunboats and a number of armed launches and small craft.

POLICE

Havana may well be proud of her police force, which compares favorably with that of any city of its size in the world. It comprises several sections, such as the Traffic, Judicial, Secret Service, Special and Tourist Police.

The last was created for the express purpose of protecting, aiding and assisting visitors in Havana. Every member of this division speaks English fluently and possesses an intimate and extensive knowledge of anything and everything that may be of interest, value or aid to visiting Americans and others. They are readily distinguished from the other police by their dark blue uniforms and white helmets, the others wearing light blue denim and caps.

TAXICAB RATES IN HAVANA

Anywhere within the "first zone," which comprises practically the entire city, twenty cents for one or two persons; ten cents more for each additional passenger. Regardless of rates, it is the usual custom to pay from \$1.00 to \$1.50 for a cab to carry passengers (whether one, two or more) with a reasonable amount of luggage (not small hand packages) from the docks to hotel or *vice versa*.

Hourly Rates: Usually the driver of a small

car will ask \$2.00 to \$3.00 per hour for two, three or four passengers, but the legal charge for any five-passenger car for two persons is \$2.50 per hour; for three persons, \$3.00; four persons, \$3.50. Seven-passenger car rates are from \$4.00 to \$6.00, but, with few exceptions, or when cars are in great demand, a bargain may be made for much lower rates. Between 2 A.M. and 6 A.M. it is legal for the chauffeurs to charge double the rates.

Although most of the jitneys, cars and taxis now display signs reading "for hire" or "livery," many still retain the Spanish signs bearing the words: *Se alquila* (for hire). There are many cars whose chauffeurs speak—or think they speak—English. These usually bear cards or signs notifying the public that: "Good English Spoking Here" or "This man speaking English" or "English spoken Driver" or, at times, usually when the chauffeur is a British West Indian, one may see a car with a card with quite an elaborate legend, such as: "Tourists patronize this man who speaks English his own language," or "This car has a Jamaican chauffeur who speaks English and Spanish." But perhaps the best sign of all was one which I noticed pasted across the windshield of a car parked at the Central Plaza a few months ago, which informed all and sundry that: "Here is one car with chauffeur who is good guide and speaking English and American very well."

TAXICAB ZONES IN HAVANA

FIRST ZONE—From any point in the city to another point not beyond Padre Varela Street to the west.

SECOND ZONE—From any point in the city to any other point beyond Padre Varela Street, as far as Infanta Street. Ten cents additional added to the regular fare for first zone.

THIRD ZONE—From any point in the city to any point to the Quinta de los Molinos or Puente de Agua Dulce. Another ten cents added to the fare for second-zone rates.

FOURTH ZONE—From any point in the city to Vedado or Infanta Street, Cerro, the fare for third zone is doubled. However, as a rule a bargain for less than the legal rate is possible on these long runs.

BAGGAGE

Although every porter, taxicab driver, expressman and roustabout will try to collect every cent he thinks the stranger will pay for handling baggage, there are regularly established charges which are legal. Any charge in excess is sheer robbery, and should never be paid. Of course the rates may be changed by new rules and laws at any time, but at the present date they are as follows:

FIRST ZONE—As far as Padre Varela Street.

Despatch and transfer of trunk or large box	\$1.00
Despatch and transfer of suitcase or small parcel50

Clearance through Customs—any package or trunk	\$0.50
Transhipment of trunk or large package	1.00
Transhipment of suitcase or small parcel50
SECOND ZONE—Beyond Padre Varela Street and including Vedado, Cerro and Jesus del Monte.	
Despatch and transfer of trunk or large package	1.50
Despatch and transfer of suitcase or small parcel	1.00

PORTER CHARGES AT DOCKS

Handling trunk or large package from passenger landing to express or taxicab20
Handling suitcase or small package as above10
Handling trunk or large package from aboard ship to customs or <i>vice versa</i> ..	.20
Handling suitcase or small parcel as above10

All porters and expressmen are compelled to carry copies of the tariff rules and to produce them when called upon to do so. All porters who are licensed as such wear uniforms and have their license numbers conspicuously placed on their breasts. The same rule applies to guides, runners, tour conductors, interpreters and all persons authorized to deal with tourists or strangers. Unless the man who approaches you bears a number corresponding with his license, which he must possess and show, he is an impostor, probably an out-and-out rascal, and liable to arrest.

CIGARS

Many persons—even experienced cigar smokers—seem to think that any cigar purchased in Havana must be good and cheap. On the contrary there are some vile cigars made and sold in Cuba. The purchaser of a box of Havana cigars—even if it bears the name and brand of the best maker and best grade of cigars made in Cuba—should be very careful and examine the contents, not only the upper layer but *all* of the cigars.

It is a common practice for the vendors of cigars to fill a box bearing a standard name, with inferior cigars, and place a few of the good ones on top. Another trick is to fill the box with old, worm-eaten cigars and with good cigars forming the upper layer. Be very careful when purchasing cigars from any of the small shops, kiosks, cafés, bars or street vendors. They will not sell a box of any reputable, well known cigars one cent cheaper than the price asked for the same grade and quality by the factories' authorized sales agents. If you wish to be on the safe side, buy at a factory or from one of the factories' agencies.

THE END

